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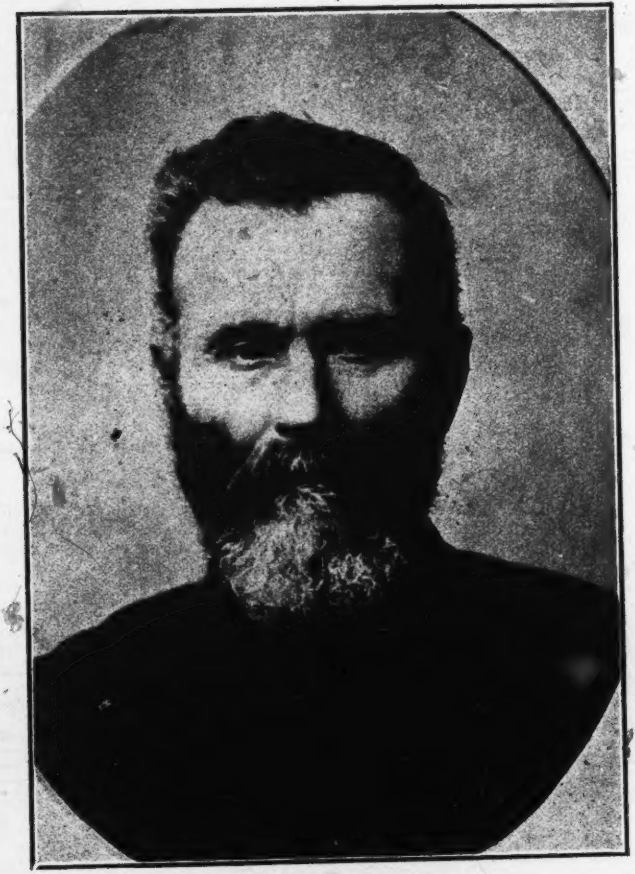

**JOHN R. YOUNG**
On his Sixtieth Birthday

# Memoirs
# of
# John R. Young
## Utah Pioneer
## 1847

*Written by Himself*

Salt Lake City, Utah
The Deseret News
1920

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By John R. Young

"Words are the soul's ambassadors who go
Abroad, upon her errands to and fro,
They are the chief expounders of the mind,
And correspondence kept 'twixt all mankind."

They place in memory's clasp, truths we have read,
Beautiful words, of both living and dead,
Helping us cherish, and nurse as they grow,
Elysian plants, from thoughts that we sow,
Bringing to memory, and waking to life
The form, and face of a child, or wife,
The choicest treasures to mortals given,
The golden thread that leads to heaven.

O, may the thoughts in this book penned,
Prove sweet, and pure, to kindred and friend,
To a child, or grandchild, as the case may be,
Loyal scions, from the ancestral tree;
Whose pulse will quicken, and brain will throb,
As they view the path the grandsire trod.

# *Appreciation*

*With pleasure I express thanks to Professor N. L. Nelson, Historian Andrew Jenson, Elder Walter J. Lewis, Sister W. Lyle Allred, and to my son, Newell K. Young, and to you, my many friends, who have given words of encouragement to*

THE AUTHOR.

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# Memoirs of John R. Young.

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## CHAPTER 1.

### Birth.—Childhood Recollections.

I was born April 30, 1837, at Kirtland, Ohio. I am the third son of Lorenzo Dow and Persis Goodell Young. My parents were early numbered among the followers of the Prophet Joseph Smith; and my father, being physically strong and restless, full of spirituality, and endowed with deep human sympathy, was naturally among the foremost in all the troubles the Church passed through during the first twenty years of its existence. He suffered much in the Missouri persecutions, being one of those who participated in the Crooked River Battle, and risking his life to aid in delivering his brethren from the hands of kidnapers. His heroic part in that fight led to a price being set upon his head; in consequence, and following the counsel of his brother, Brigham Young, he, with others, fled to the State of Illinois. Of those early troubles I write what I have heard my parents and my brothers say; my own memory reaching no farther back than Nauvoo.

My earliest recollection is of suffering with the chills. How cold I would be! We must have been poor, for the food did not suit me. It rained so much I had to stay indoors, although I cried to go out.

One day father took me for a walk, to give me air and sunshine. We met Joseph and Hyrum Smith and Sidney Rigdon. Father shook hands warmly with Joseph and Hyrum, but he merely bowed to Brother Rigdon. Joseph asked if I was the child father had requested the elders to pray for. Being answered in the affirmative, the prophet removed my hat, ran his fingers through my curly locks, and said,

"Brother Lorenzo, this boy will live to aid in carrying the Gospel to the nations of the earth."

His words thrilled me like fire; and from that hour I looked forward to the day when I should be a missionary.

Not long after that, Joseph was martyred at Carthage. I remember how my mother wept, and how shocked and prostrated everybody was, when the bloodstained bodies of the Prophet and his brother were brought home. Father was away doing missionary work when that fearful tragedy took place. A little later, while attending meetings, I noticed that Uncle Brigham sat in the place where Joseph was wont to sit, and one evening, after father's return from Ohio, I heard him say, "They will now seek for Brigham's life as they did for Joseph's, just so long as he proves true to the trust God has placed upon him."

I wondered why that should be. If a man does good, and God loves him, why should men hate him? Yet the angel Moroni understood that principle, for he said to the boy Joseph, "Your name shall be had for good and evil, among all the nations of the earth"—a wonderful prophecy, and wonderfully fulfilled.

And right here we have a vivid illustration of the operation of prejudice or jealousy, so called. In 1839, the Saints, under the guidance of their Prophet leader, came to Commerce, Ill., and purchased a tract of land, principally wild woods and swamps, and on that account, very unhealthful. In five years' time, without capital, by faith and intelligent labor, the swamps had been drained, much of the forest removed, and a thousand comfortable homes had been erected. The walls of a magnificent temple adorned the central part of the new-born city; and the master spirits, who brought about the mighty change, were loved, as men are seldom loved, by the builders of those happy homes. But the dwellers round about were filled with jealousy and rage; and, aided by a few apostate members of the Church, waged a cruel war, until Joseph and Hyrum were slain, and the Saints were driven from the homes their industry had created.

In 1904 my home was at Fruitland, New Mexico.

One day Mr. Butler, editor of the "Aztec Enterprise," invited me to write for his paper my recollections of our people's leaving Nauvoo. I complied, and from memory wrote the following narrative which I wish to place on record as a gift to my children:

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood;
  How I love to cherish, and con them o'er,
The cottage, the Temple, the river and wildwood!
  All sweetly remembered, though seen no more.
    "With malice to none,
    With charity to all."

I turn the wheels of memory back to the home of my childhood. Of this terrible episode in the history of our people, others have written better than I can hope to write; nevertheless, through the eyes of a boy of nine, let me look out once more upon the tragic fate of Nauvoo, the city beautiful.

It is the month of February, 1846. The sun is shining brightly, yet the air is keen and cutting. The wheels ring as we drive over the frozen snow. In our home since early morning, all has been hurry and bustle; two wagons stand in our front yard, and my father with two other men, strangers to me, are carrying out our household goods. My mother looks pale, and when I ask her, "What is the matter?" she takes me in her arms, kisses me, and says, "We are going to leave our home, and will never see it again!"

Just then some other teams come along, and one of the brethren calls to my father to be sure to put out the fire, and to hurry up, for it is getting late. In a few minutes mother and the children are lifted tenderly into the wagon. Father next takes his place on the front seat, turns his face to the west, and his back upon the home, which it had taken seven years of sacrifice and toil to build.

At the river are three flat boats, or scows. Here and there on the banks of the river stand pale-faced mothers cuddling their little ones, while husbands and fathers quietly, yet resolutely, roll the wagons on to the boats, then with long poles push from the shore out upon the bosom of the mighty river. No farewells are uttered, no words spoken. Each man knows his duty, and performs it energetically; for they are not hirelings, these men of stout hearts and muscular arms. Nor is it a light task to guide those unwieldly scows through drifting ice, across that mile-wide river.

Today, as I recall the scene, and remember the names of some of those heroic exiles: Edwin Little, Thomas Grover, Warren Snow, William and Lige Potter, Charles Shumway, and many others whose lives are interwoven with whatever is great and enduring in our beloved commonwealth, I cannot but liken them to the brave men who faced ice and cold on Christmas night when the invincible Washington led them across the Delaware to do battle with their country's foes.

Like these, and also inspired with a new and higher ideal of liberty, our fathers and mothers knew no fear, but trusting in God they crossed the river to the dark beyond, knowing that a conflict awaited them, yet feeling beforehand as only a virile faith can make man feel, that theirs would be the victory, they left their homes in the dead of winter, seeking a better home, but when or where, they knew not!

# CHAPTER 2.

Camp on Sugar Creek.—Brigham's Charge to the Exiles.—Death of a Noble Woman.—Garden Grove.—Free from Mobs.

God pity the exiles, when storms come down—
When snow-laden clouds hang low on the ground,
When the chill blast of winter, with frost on its breath
Sweeps through the tents, like the angel of death!
When the sharp cry of child-birth is heard on the air,
And the voice of the father breaks down in his prayer,
As he pleads with Jehovah, his loved ones to spare!

My father was among the first of the Saints who left Nauvoo and the State of Illinois to avoid the storm of persecution that religious prejudice had created against us. A general gathering place had been chosen nine miles from the river, on Sugar Creek. Here an advance company of brethren had prepared for our coming by shoveling away the snow, so that we had dry spots on which to pitch our tents. Nor did we pitch camp a day too soon; for a heavy storm swept over that part of the country, leaving the snow fourteen inches deep, and being followed by a cold so intense that the Mississippi froze over, and many later teams crossed on the ice.

On the fifteenth day of February Presidents Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball joined us; and for the next two weeks a continuous stream of wagons poured into the encampment so that by the first of March over five thousand exiles were shivering behind the meager shelter of wagon covers and tents, and the winter-stripped groves that lined the Creek. Their sufferings have never been adequately told; and to realize how cruel and ill-timed was this forced exodus one has only to be reminded that in one night nine children were born under these distressing conditions.

When it is remembered that only seven years had elapsed since twelve thousand of our people had fled "naked and peeled" from the state of Missouri, and that now the entire community of twenty thousand souls were again leaving their homes unsold, it can be easily understood that they were ill prepared to endure the hardships they were thus forced to meet.

By ascending a nearby hill we could look back upon the beautiful city and see the splendid temple we had reared in our poverty at a cost of one and a half million dollars; moreover, on a clear, calm morning we could hear:

> The silvery notes of the temple bell
> That we loved so deep and well:
> And a pang of grief would swell the heart,
> And the scalding tears in anguish start
> As we silently gazed on our dear old homes.

To remove this ever present invitation to grief and sorrow, our leaders wisely resolved to make a forward move. It was believed the frost would hold up our wagons. If not, short drives could at any rate be made. Activity would relieve our severely tried hearts. I remember hearing the ringing voice of President Young as standing early in the morning in the front end of his wagon, he said:

"Attention, the camps of Israel. I propose to move forward on our journey. Let all who wish follow me; but I want none to come unless they will obey the commandments and statutes of the Lord. Cease therefore your contentions and back-biting, nor must there be swearing or profanity in our camps. Whoever finds anything must seek diligently to return it to the owner. The Sabbath day must be hallowed. In all our camp, prayers should be offered up both morning and evening. If you do these things, faith will abide in your hearts; and the angels of God will go with you, even as they went with the children of Israel when Moses led them from the land of Egypt."

This brief epitome of the rules and regulations that were to guide us, will give the thoughtful reader a key to the wonderful influence of President Young and the Twelve Apostles. The Saints were intensely religious and their peculiar faith in prophets and present and continuous revelation had stirred up the anger and prejudice of their Christian neighbors until it culminated in the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and the expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo. Americans, and in many instances the near and direct descendants of Revolution sires, cast out from American civilization because they believed in the visitation of angels and persisted in worshiping God according to the dictates of their own conscience.

It was on the first of March, 1846, only two weeks after leaving Nauvoo, that the Saints broke camp and moved forward in two general divisions, under the leadership respectively of Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. Their course was westward over the rolling prairies of Iowa. Only too soon did they find every hollow to be a mud hole, in which the wagons would sink to the axle. But having started, they could do no better than "double teams" and go slow. Often they would not make over three miles a day, and what added to their discomfort was the continuous rain which wet those who were walking to the skin, and even beat through the wagon covers, wetting and chilling the sick and feeble. These conditions gave rise to acts of heroism as noble as were ever recorded.

I remember one notable instance:

Orson Spencer was a graduate from an eastern college, who having studied for the ministry, became a popular preacher in the Baptist Church. Meeting with a "Mormon" elder, he became acquainted with the teachings of Joseph Smith and accepted them. Before doing so, however, he and his highly educated young wife counted the cost, laid their hearts on the altar and made the sacrifice! How few realize what it involved to become a "Mormon" in those early days! Home, friends, occupation, popularity, all that makes life pleasant, were gone. Almost over night they were strangers to their own kindred.

After leaving Nauvoo, his wife, ever delicate and frail, sank rapidly under the ever accumulating hardships. The sorrowing husband wrote imploringly to the wife's parents, asking them to receive her into their home until the Saints should find an abiding place. The answer came, "Let her renounce her degrading faith and she can come back, but never until she does."

When the letter was read to her, she asked her husband to get his Bible and to turn to the book of Ruth and read the first chapter, sixteenth and seventeenth verses: "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

Not a murmur escaped her lips. The storm was severe and the wagon covers leaked. Friends held milk pans over her bed to keep her dry. In those conditions, in peace and without apparent suffering, the spirit took its flight and her body was consigned to a grave by the wayside.

A thousand times thereafter the Saints had occasion to sing:

"How many on the trackless plains
  Have found an unknown grave,
Pure, faithful Saints, too good to live
  In such a wicked place.
But are they left in sorrow,
  Or doubt to pine away?
Oh, no, in peace they're resting
  Till the Resurrection Day."

From the first of March until the 19th of April not a day passed without rain, making the roads almost impassable, and entailing a vast amount of labor with but little advancement. At this date our camps had reached Grand river. President Young called a halt and set all hands at work fencing a field and planting crops for the benefit of the poor who would follow. First an ample guard was selected to look after the stock. That left three hundred fifty-nine laboring men; of these, one hundred were selected to make rails under the direction of C. C. Rich; ten under James Allred to put up fence; forty-nine under Father John Smith, uncle of the Prophet Joseph, to build houses; twelve under Jacob Peart to dig wells; ten under A. P. Rockwood to build the bridges, and one hundred eighty under Daniel Spencer to clear land, plow, and plant.

All were thus employed, and the camp became presently like a hive of bees. There being no room for idlers, all seemed happy. This place was named Garden Grove; and Samuel Bent, Aaron Johnson, and David Fullmer were chosen to preside over those that should remain. They were instructed to divide the lands among the poor without charge; but to give to no man more than he could thoroughly cultivate. There must be no waste and no speculation. Moreover, the settlement was not regarded as more than temporary; for as soon as our leaders should find the "place," all energies were to be centered in gathering to that place. As yet, however, no one, not even Brigham Young, knew where the "place" would be; but it was talked at the camp fires that President Young had seen, in vision, a wonderful valley, so large that all our people could be gathered into it, and yet so far from civilization, that mobs could not come at night to burn and whip and kidnap. Strange as it may seem, this vision formed the most entrancing theme of our conversations, and the national song of Switzerland became our favorite hymn:

"For the strength of the hills we thank Thee,
Our God, our father's God."

# CHAPTER 3.

Petition Governors.—Wm. C. Staines, Captain James Allen.

Push on, push on, ye struggling Saints,
The clouds are breaking fast.
It is no time to doubt or faint;
The Rubicon is past.

Behind us storms and rivers lie;
Before the sun shines bright,
And we must win or we must die—
We cannot shun the fight.

On the 11th of April the main camps moved forward again. There being now more sunshine and the roads firmer, better progress was made; and on the 18th they reached the middle fork of Grand river. Here President Young selected another farm, and all hands were set at work fencing, plowing, and planting. This place was named Pisgah, and Wm. Huntington, E. T. Benson, and C. C. Rich were chosen to preside. The counsel given at Garden Grove was repeated here. The policies were to be the same. Brigham's whole soul was thrown into the work, and this can be as truly said of his associates, the Twelve. They were united in their counsels. They thought of everything and of everybody. They gave much thought and anxiety toward the poor who were left in Nauvoo and these farms were established for their benefit. Brigham and Heber remained at Pisgah until June 2nd, when they and the main camp pushed on again. We were now in the Pottawattamies' land, but the Indians received us kindly—I might say, even in a brotherly manner. They said, "We have plenty of grass and wood, and our Mormon brothers are welcome to all they want." This kind reception by the Red men touched a tender spot in the hearts of the Latter-day Saints. It was like a ray of sunshine in a dark day; a glimmer of light to a benighted traveler.

Before leaving Nauvoo, the Twelve had addressed petitions to the governors of every state in the union asking for an asylum for our people. Only two states deigned to reply. Governor Lucas of Iowa wrote a kind reply, expressing his personal sympathy, but advising us to leave the confines of the United States. This we did not wish to do, for we were Americans and loved our country. My grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier and served under General Washington in three campaigns. My father was proud of that record, and transmitted his feelings of loyalty to his children.

But now the nation through representatives had risen against us—we were forced to go. Senator Cass wrote that we had better go to Oregon; but to go there we had to pass through powerful tribes of Indians, and we feared lest their tomahawks should be turned against us.

However, the reception given us by the Pottawattamies encouraged us; and President Young, ever ready to grasp an inspiration and to act promptly, quietly sent a few discreet men to labor as missionaries among the Indian tribes. One of these men, Wm. C. Staines, is worthy of note. He was a young English boy, a late convert to the faith, small in body, and so deformed as to be almost a cripple; yet he had a soul and an ambition as grand and lofty as the immortal Wolfe's.

He penetrated the Indian tribes as far as the Sioux, by his sacrifices and force of character won their friendship and made impressions that opened the way for our people to pass through their lands in peace.

From Pisgah westward the country was wild, with no roads running in the direction we wished to; for we had now left civilization, and I have sometimes thought that we felt like Adam and Eve when cast out of Eden. The world indeed was before us, but the richest and loveliest part was behind us, and a flaming sword guarded it on every side so that we could not return.

However, the people were cheerful and as the weather was pleasant, camp life had an air of romance that amused the young.

On the 14th of June President Young and the main camps struck the Missouri river. As it would require some time to construct ferry boats, a place was selected on the high lands near by and named Council Bluffs. The tents were pitched in a hollow square and a brush bowery was erected in which to hold our meetings.

As we had no lumber, saw pits were erected, and men suitable for that labor having been selected, under the direction of Frederick Kesler the work of sawing planks was commenced.

In the meantime provisions were becoming scarce. Small companies were organized under the leadership of capable men, and sent down into Missouri to trade off our watches, feather beds, shawls, and any other articles that could be spared. While God did not rain manna down from Heaven for the sustenance of the impoverished Saints, still there was a Providence over them for good, for conditions had been brought about that made food cheap. The northwestern settlements of Missouri had been blest with bounteous harvests. Their cribs were full of corn, and the forests were full of hogs, with no market for either. The Missourians were therefore eager to take our beds and give us their surplus food.

Toward the close of the last day of June, Captain James Allen of the United States army, with a small escort rode into our midst. Instantly the camp was filled with a nervous, tremulous excitement. Who is he? What does he want? These were the questions that flew from lip to lip.

Soon the voice of Brigham was heard: "Attention, Israel! We want all the people to assemble in the bowery at ten o'clock tomorrow. We have matters of importance to present to them."

The shadows of evening rested down upon the camp, then the stars rose in the east and slowly ascended to the meridian of the heavens. Still the camp fires burned and men talked with bated breath wondering what the morrow would bring forth. A spirit of unrest brooded over the white city and many an eye had not closed in sleep when the golden flashes of light appeared in the east.

I am not writing these sketches from a theological standpoint, or to make converts to the Mormon faith. I was there. I heard, I saw, I suffered, and am trying to write as I felt and still feel.

At ten o'clock the people assembled in the bowery, and began services by singing Cowper's inspired hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Ye fearful Saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and will break
In blessings on your head."

After an earnest prayer, President Young introduced Captain James Allen, who said in substance that he had been sent by President Polk to ask for five hundred of our young men to enlist in the army and go to California to fight the Mexicans. And now let an abler pen than mine speak a few words:

"Imagination can alone picture the surprise, almost dismay, with which this startling news was received! The nation whose people had thrust them from its borders and driven them into the wilderness, now calling upon them for aid? And this in full face of the fact that their own oft reiterated appeals for help had been denied!"

Captain Allen affirmed that President Polk's heart had been touched by our sufferings and that this was done as an act of kindness! An act of kindness! Was it not rather a deep-laid plan to bring about our entire destruction? If we refused, then disarm us and the Indians would soon finish the job.

From that day to this it has been a debated question among the Mormon people as to what the motive was in asking for the battalion. If the men enlisted, Captain

Allen pledged himself to be a friend to the Boys "as long as breath remained in his body;" and, be it said to his honor, faithfully and conscientiously did he keep that pledge.

After free discussion by several of the brethren President Young arose. Instantly breathless silence reigned. He was not a brilliant speaker like Orson Hyde, Parley P. Pratt, or Amasa M. Lyman, whose masterful speeches so often charmed their assemblies; but he possessed a magnetism and forcefulness that always claimed attention. The Saints realized that he was a man of wonderful resources.

"I want to say to the brethren present that this is a surprise to me, but I believe Captain Allen to be a gentleman, and a man of honor, and I accept his pledges to be a friend to our boys. Now, I would like the brethren to enlist and make up a battalion, and go and serve your country, and if you will do this, and live your religion, I promise you in the name of Israel's God that not a man of you shall fall in battle."

That settled the matter. Brigham's promise was as good as gold; the clouds passed away, the spirit of unrest fled the camp, the people returned to their tents satisfied, and on the morrow the stars and stripes were unfurled and nailed to a liberty pole. Duzett's martial band and Pitt's celebrated brass band were hauled in wagons from camp to camp and aided, with soul stirring music, to enthuse the boys. With Brigham and the twelve as recruiting officers the matter went with a rush. In no part of our broad land were five hundred men ever more quickly enlisted than in the Mormon camps.

The charge of treason and of want of loyalty to our country was flung back into the teeth of those who uttered it. The sacrifice having now been made, the blessing was sure to follow. The raising of the Mormon battalion was an event of great importance, for while it brought about many heartaches and much individual suffering, it taught a lesson of patriotism never to be forgotten. It led to enlarged emphasis in regard to our relationship to the national government, for Latter-day Saints have ever taught that the Constitution of our country was given by inspiration, and consequently that all laws made in accordance therewith ought to be loved, honored, and obeyed.

As soon as the labor of raising the battalion was accomplished, Brigham turned the energies of his active mind to the task of pushing further west. The hope of reaching Oregon or California that season was given up; but Brigham was anxious to place the turbid waters of the Missouri between us and our old enemies. About the 1st of July the ferry boat was launched and families began crossing over into the land of the Otoes.

Boy that I was, the swimming of the cattle was an achievement of great interest. Early in the morning, so that the sun might not shine in the cattle's faces, a boatload was taken across and held on the opposite shore. Then a thousand head were driven some distance up the stream and forced into the river. Good swimmers would climb upon the backs of some of the strongest oxen, and slapping them on the sides of the faces would guide them into the current. Soon we had a string of animals reaching from one shore to the other. Of course it was lively and exciting, and called for courage and physical endurance.

In days of rest our camp would present scenes of competitive athletic sports which would have been a credit to any nation. Brigham, like Joseph, was very fond of witnessing tests of manhood, and always had near him trusted men, who could be relied upon for strength, courage, and fidelity. In the act of swimming our cattle not an animal was lost; nor were the hardy swimmers who breasted the Missouri river with them ever lost sight of thereafter.

About 3 miles southwest of the ferry a place was selected for a winter encampment and called Winter Quarters. It is now called Florence. A town was laid out, a hewn-log meetinghouse was erected, a grist mill was built, and a day school was conducted in the meetinghouse under the direction of Professor Orson Spencer of Boston. In the evening a grammar school was taught.

I remember one of the short humorous lectures given by Apostle George A. Smith, cousin of Joseph. Speaking on the beauties of simplicity in language, he told, by contrast, the following story: A young graduate called at a country hotel for entertainment and said to the hostler,

"Detach the quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him a sufficient quantity of nutrition aliment, and when the aurora of day shall illuminate the horizon, I will award thee a pecuniary compensation."

The boy ran into the house and said, "Landlord, come out; there is a Dutchman here, and I can't understand a word he says."

As soon as it was decided to remain over winter an application was made to Otoe chiefs for permission to remain on their lands until spring. In consideration of some presents, their consent was obtained, but they did not welcome us as the Pottowattamies had done. The finest spots of meadow lands were sought out and soon the white man's scythes were cutting heavy swaths and hay stacks were looming up on all sides.

The rising of the stacks seemed to be a signal for the Indians to make raids upon our stock. Joseph F. Smith, then a lad of nine years, and two companions by the name of Aldrich were herding milk cows. At about three o'clock in the afternoon the Indians raided the herd, the herders barely escaping with their lives. Fortunately Captain Davis with his mounted scouts were nearby and recovered the cattle. From that time on our stock was closely guarded.

Trouble next began with the government Indian agent who lived at Sarpees Point. He ordered our people to move off from the Otoes' lands, and threatened to eject them by force. He even went so far as to refuse to let our people go down to the frontier settlements in Missouri without permits from him. As teams would return he would stop them by force and search the wagons under the pretext of looking for firearms, ammunition, and whiskey. As a matter of fact we needed all these things; especially arms and ammunition for defense and self protection, and as the summer passed on, many of the Saints were afflicted with malarial fevers, and alcohol was needed for medical purposes.

But Mitchell refused to allow anything of the kind to pass his post on its way to our camps. Several barrels of alcohol bought openly from merchants at St. Joseph were knocked in the head and spilt by Mitchell's orders. These oppressive acts were very humiliating; and it required constant vigilance on the part of our leaders to keep some of our boys from resenting these open insults.

Fortunately for us, Colonel Kane was still at our camps. He wrote to his father at Philadelphia, and the judge visiting Washington ably represented our true condition to President Polk and his cabinet. The result was, Mr. Indian agent was called down and the Mormons were allowed to winter on the west bank of the Missouri river.

Many years ago I visited Hilo, a beautiful city on the Island of Hawaii. I noticed when gentlemen walked out that they always carried umbrellas with them; and when I asked them why, the reply was, that you never can tell here when it's going to rain. That's a good representation of Mormon life. We never know when a storm is brewing from the outside, nor from what quarter the wind will blow.

When the main body of the Church left Nauvoo, it was understood with the mob that the poor and destitute would be allowed to remain in peace, in the possession of their homes, until our leaders should find a place for our permanent settlement. But in this promise we were disappointed. Those who thrust us out, were not only desirous of being rid of our presence, but they sought our utter destruction, as the history of all their aggressive operations, when taken collectively, plainly shows.

See how thoughtfully they waited until the strength of our camps, the battalion was gone; till our main camps were encroaching on the Red Man's domain, so that wicked men might stir up the Indians to hostilities against us. Then our enemies, for I cannot call them else, marshaled all their strength, fifteen hundred or two thousand men, and with a battery of artillery on the 16th of September, set upon the remnants of our people, who were still in Nauvoo, and after three days' battle took possession of the city and drove the inhabitants across the Mississippi to perish of hunger and exposure.

# CHAPTER 4.

## Thomas L. Kane's Description of the City of Nauvoo, and the Exiled Mormons.

And now I wish you to read the graphic lecture of Thomas L. Kane before the Historical Society of Philadelphia:

"A few years ago, ascending the upper Mississippi in the autumn, when its waters were low, I was compelled to travel by land past the region of the rapids. My road lay through the Half Breed tract, a fine section of Iowa, which the unsettled state of its land titles had appropriated as a sanctuary for coiners, horse thieves and other outlaws. I had left my steamer at Keokuk at the foot of the lower falls, to hire a carriage and to contend for some fragments of a dirty meal with the swarming flies, the only scavengers of the locality.

"From this place to where the deep water of the river returns my eye wearied to see everywhere sordid vagabond and idle settlers, and a country marred without being improved. by their careless hands. I was descending the last hillside upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half encircled by a bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun. Its bright new dwellings, set in cool green gardens ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill, which was crowned by a noble marble edifice, whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover several miles, and beyond it, in the backgrounds, there rolled off a fair country chequered by the careful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise and educated wealth everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty. It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I procured a skiff, and rowing across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked and saw no one. I could hear no one move, though the quiet everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz and the water ripples break against the shallow beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as in a dream, under some deadening spell of loneliness, from which I almost feared to wake it, for plainly it had not slept long. There was no grass growing up in the paved ways, rains had not entirely washed away the prints of dusty footsteps, yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty workshops, rope walks and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle, the carpenter had gone from his work bench and shavings, his unfinished sash and casings, fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and fresh chopped light wood stood piled against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was cold; but his coal heap and ladling pool and crooked water horn were all there, as if he had just gone for a holiday. No work people looked to know my errand. If I went into the garden clinking the wicket latch loudly after me, to pull the marigolds, heartease and ladyslippers and draw a drink with the water sodden well bucket and its noisy chain, or, knocking off with my stick the tall, heavyheaded dahlias and sunflowers, hunted over the beds for cucumbers and loveapples, no one called out to me from any opened window, or dog sprang forward to bark an alarm.

"I could have supposed the people hidden in the houses, but the doors were unfastened, and when, at last, I timidly entered them I found dead ashes white upon the hearths, and had to tread a tip-toe as if walking down the aisle of a country church, to avoid arousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors.

"On the outskirts of the town was the city graveyard, but there was no record of plague there, nor did it in any wise differ much from other Protestant American cemeteries. Some of the mounds were not long sodded; some of the stones were newly set. Their dates recent and their black inscriptions glossy in the mason's hardly dried lettering ink. Beyond the graveyard, out in the fields, I saw in one spot hard by where the fruited boughs of a young orchard had been roughly torn down, the still smouldering embers of a barbecue fire that had been constructed of rails from the fencing around it. It was the latest signs of life there. Fields upon fields of heavy headed yellow grain lay rotting ungathered upon the ground. No one was at hand to take in their rich harvest.

"As far as the eye could reach they stretched away, they sleeping too, in the hazy air of autumn. Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude. On the eastern suburb the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered woodworks and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been a mark of destructive cannonade, and in and around the splendid temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barracked, surrounded by their stacks of musketry and pieces of heavy ordnance. These challenged me to render an account of myself and why I had the temerity to cross the water without a written permit from the leader of their band. Though these men were more or less under the influence of ardent spirits, after I had explained myself as a passing stranger, they seemed anxious to gain my good opinion. They told the story of the dead city—that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over twenty thousand persons. That they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and had finally been successful only a few days before my visit, in an action fought in front of the ruined suburb, after which they had driven them at the point of the sword. The defense, they said, had been obstinate, but gave way on the third day's bombardment. They boasted greatly of their prowess, especially in this battle, as they called it. But I discovered they were not of one mind, as to certain of the exploits that had distinguished it. One of which, as I remember was, that they had slain a father and his son, a boy of fifteen, not long a resident of the fated city, whom they admitted to have borne a character without reproach.

"They also conducted me inside the wall—of the curious temple, in which they said, the banished inhabitants were accustomed to celebrate the mystic rites of an unhallowed worship. They particularly pointed out to me certain features of the building, which having been the peculiar objects of a former superstitious regard, they had as a matter of duty sedulously defiled and defaced. The reputed site of certain shrines they had thus particularly noticed, and various sheltered chambers, in one of which was a deep well, constructed, they believed, with a dreadful design. Besides these, they led me to see a large and deep chiseled marble vase or basin, supported upon twelve oxen, also of marble, and of the size of life, of which they told some romantic stories. They said the deluded persons, most of whom were emigrants from a great distance, believed their Deity countenanced their reception here for a baptism of regeneration, as proxies for whomsoever they held in warm affection in the countries from which they had come. That here parents 'went into the water' for their lost children, children for their parents, widows for their spouses, and young persons for their lovers. That thus the great vase came to be for them associated with all dear and distant memories, and was therefore the object, of all others, in the building, to which they attached the greatest degree of idolatrous affection. On this account the victors had so diligently desecrated it as to render the apartment in which it was contained too noisome to abide in. They permitted me also to ascend into the steeple to see where it had been lightning struck on the Sabbath before, and to look out east and south on wasted farms like those I had seen near the city, extending till they were lost in the distance. Here in the face of pure day, close to the scar of divine wrath left by the thunderbolt, were fragments of food, cruses of liquor, and broken drinking vessels, with a bass drum and a steamboat signal bell, of which I afterwards learned the use with pain.

"It was after nightfall when I was ready to cross the river on my return. The wind had freshened after sunset, and the water beating roughly into my little boat, I headed higher up the stream than the point I had left in the morning, and landed where a faint glimmering light invited me to steer. Here among the dock and rushes, sheltered only by the darkness, without roof between them and the sky, I came upon a crowd of several hundred creatures, whom my movements roused from uneasy slumber upon the ground. Passing these on my way to the light I found it came from a tallow candle in a paper funnel shade such as is used by street vendors of apples and peanuts, and which flaring and fluttering away in the bleak air off the water, shone flickeringly on the emaciated features of a man in the last stage of a bilious, remittent fever. They had done their best for him. Over his head was something like a tent made of a sheet or two, and he rested on a but partially ripped open old straw mattress, with a hair sofa cushion under his head for a pillow. His gaping jaw and glazing eye told how short a time he would enjoy these luxuries, though a seemingly bewildered and excited person, who might have been his wife, seemed to find hope in occasionally forcing him to swallow awkwardly a measured sip of the tepid river water from a burned and battered bitter smelling tin coffee pot. Those who knew better had furnished the apothecary he needed, a toothless old bald head, whose manner had the repulsive dullness of a man familiar with death-scenes. He, so long as I remained, mumbled in his patient's ear a monotonous and melancholy prayer, between the pauses of which I heard the hiccup and sobbing of two little girls who were sitting upon a piece of driftwood outside. Dreadful indeed, were the sufferings of these forsaken beings, bowed and cramped by cold and sun burn, alternating as each weary day and night dragged on. They were almost all of them, the crippled victims of disease. They were there because they had no homes, nor hospitals, nor poor house, nor friends to offer them any. They could not satisfy the feeble cravings of their sick. They had not bread to quiet the fractious hunger cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughters and grandparents, all of them alike, were bivouacked in tatters, wanting even covering to comfort those whom the sick shiver of fever was searching to the marrow.

"These were the Mormons, famishing in Lee county, Iowa, in the fourth week of the month of September, in the year of our Lord, 1846. The city, it was Nauvoo, Ills. The Mormons were the owners of that city, and the smiling country around, and those who stopped their plows, who had silenced their hammers their axes, their shuttles and their workshop wheels, those who had put out their fires, who had eaten their food, spoiled their orchards and trampled under foot their thousands of acres of unharvested grain, these were the keepers of their dwellings, the carousers in their temple, whose drunken riot insulted the ears of their dying. They were, all told, not more than six hundred forty persons who were thus lying on the river flats, but the Mormons in Nauvoo had numbered the year before over twenty thousand. Where were they? They had last been seen, carrying in mournful trains their sick and wounded, halt and blind to disappear behind the western horizon, pursuing the phantom of another home. Hardly anything else was known of them and people asked with curiosity —what had been their fate, what their fortune!"

Just a word to let the reader know of Col. Kane's first coming to our people.

One day, while we were still encamped at Council Bluffs, a delicate-looking stranger rode up on horseback. The young man was Colonel Thomas L. Kane, son of Judge Kane of Philadelphia, and brother of Dr. Kane, the celebrated Arctic explorer. Soon after reaching our camp he was stricken with fever. The best medical talent we had watched him unceasingly; and to the joy of the whole camp, he recovered. Never was watching, nursing, and praying better requited by man than he repaid to the Mormon people. As soon as his returning strength would allow, he hastened back east, and unsolicited by us delivered in his native city and in Washington some of the most truthful, vivid life scenes of the suffering of our people that have ever been published.

## CHAPTER 5.

**Daniel H. Wells.—Baptism for the Dead.—Lorenzo D. Young's Mission.—Wilford Woodruff.—Saved by Prayer.**

The little band of one hundred twenty-five men who for three days defended the city of Nauvoo against fearful odds, are to me patriots and heroes, and their names and deeds should be handed down in history; for the wealth of history is the noble ideals it creates. Had there never been an angry Jewish mob, we should not have the martyr Stephen. Had there been no Gesler to hoist his cap on a liberty pole, there would have been no William Tell. Had there been no George III., there would have been no Patrick Henry nor Lafayette; and had there been no battle of Nauvoo, we should have had no Daniel H. Wells, as noble a patriot, and as true a lover of justice and liberty, as ever lived.

Daniel Hanmer Wells was one of the first settlers of Commerce, later called Nauvoo. When Joseph came in 1839 and bought land for the Church, Wells met the Prophet for the first time. He noted the intelligence and activity of the young leader. He (Wells) was studying law, and his legal attainments made him a useful man in the community. For several years thereafter he was justice of the peace, and thus became thoroughly acquainted with the people and their history. The result was that when the war-cloud broke, he shouldered his gun and for three days fought in defense of the weak and oppressed; and when they were overpowered, rather than submit to the enforced humiliation, he mounted his horse, bade adieu to his old home, and fled to the wilderness, casting his lot with the exiles, and becoming one of their staunchest leading men.

Now a few words about the ill-fated temple, that beautiful edifice which the Saints reared with so much love and sacrifice, and in which so many of our hopes and expectations centered. Like all other of our temples, it was erected for the benefit alike of the living and the dead. The Apostle Paul says, "If the dead rise not at all, then why are ye baptized for the dead?" Around that doctrine, amplified by later revelation, the Latter-day Saints have woven a social service that lays hold of the deepest affections of the heart, and in its scope is as broad as the ocean and as endless as eternity.

In the sacred font of that temple in Nauvoo, parents were baptized for their dead children, and children for their dead parents. There the husband and wife were sealed as such for eternity, and family ties were cemented to last forever. In the faith of every Latter-day Saint, the temple was therefore the holy of holies, the most sacred of all sacred places. Our enemies knew this; and fearing, that as long as the temple stood, we might be tempted to return, they resolved to destroy it.

A purse of five hundred dollars was raised by subscription and given to Joseph Agnew if he would burn it. On the night of October 6, 1848, Thomas C. Sharp and Agnew rode from Carthage to Nauvoo, twenty miles, and having a key to the front door, Sharp stood guard, while Agnew ascended to an upper floor and fired it. At sunrise the next morning there was nothing left but its four blackened walls.

Afterwards the Icarians, getting possession of the ruins, started, in 1850, to repair it for educational purposes; but a hurricane swept through the city and blew down the walls. Finally, piece by piece, the rock was hauled away, until not a stone was left to mark the place where the noble edifice once stood.

As soon as word of the mob's treachery reached Winter Quarters, teams were sent back to bring up the suffering remnants; and they were given all the care and attention possible under existing conditions. They received at least one comfort—they had the privilege of dying, if die they must, with sympathizing friends.

And die many of them did. As previously remarked, Winter Quarters was the Valley Forge of Mormondom. Our home was near the burying ground; and I can remember the small mournful-looking trains that so often passed our door. I also remember how poor and samelike our habitual diet was: corn bread, salt bacon, and a little milk. Mush and bacon became so nauseating that it was like taking medicine to swallow it; and the scurvy was making such inroad amongst us that it looked as if we should all be "sleeping on the hill" before spring, unless fresh food could be obtained.

While we were in this condition there happened one of these singular events which so often flit across the life of a Mormon. President Young called one day at the door of our cabin, and said to my father:

"Lorenzo, if you will hitch up your horses and go down into Missouri, the Lord will open the way, so that you can bring up a drove of hogs, and give the people fresh meat, and be a blessing to you."

As I remember, the next day father took me in the wagon, and with a "spike" or three-horse team, started on that mission. The only recollections that I have of that wonderfully productive land, were given me by that journey. The Mormons believe that Missouri embraces, in its bounds, that portion of the earth where Eden stood. Adam-Ondi-Ahman, the place where Adam gathered his children and blessed them, is situated five miles northwest from Gallatin, on Grand river.

I will now relate some incidents that took place on that trip to St. Joseph, Missouri. Soon after reaching the frontier settlements we camped for the night with a man who claimed to have been living on his ranch for sixteen years. The home was rather primitive, but the farm must have been a good one. His bins were full of corn, and his horses, cows, sheep, and hogs were fine and fat.

Father asked if he would sell a horse.

"Yes, if I can get a good price for one."

What was the grey Messenger filly worth?

"Well, that is a good animal; a wonderful traveler," and he wanted a dollar a mile for every mile that he had driven her in a day. And though we might not believe it, yet it was gospel truth, that he had driven that mare in his spring cart, thirty-five miles from sun to sun.

The next morning my father pulled out with a four-horse team. The Messenger fully proved one of the best animals that we ever owned. After a lapse of sixty years I tell this story to my children to show them the difference of ideas about hard driving between the people of the woolly west and the stay-at-home farmer near St. Joseph.

Upon arriving at St. Joseph we put up at Polk's Tavern. A Mormon family by the name of Lake had left Winter Quarters in search of work. One of the daughters had found employment at Mr. Polk's. Being frequently questioned, she had told much about the sufferings and the present conditions of our people. She knew my father well, and joyfully recognized him.

In the evening the bar room was full of gentlemen, all eager to learn the news and for two hours they listened almost breathless to father's talk. The next day parties approached father and offered to load him with merchandise. This he declined; but he secured the loan of one thousand dollars—I believe from a Jewish merchant—and wasted no time in getting down to business.

The first move was to buy a forty-acre field of unharvested corn. He paid four dollars an acre for the corn as it stood in the field. It was estimated to average sixty bushels to the acre. The best corn was gathered and put in bins. Heavy logs were then drawn crosswise over the field to mash down the stalks. Then a notice was posted for hogs. As a rule, they came in droves of about thirty and were bought in the bunch, at seventy-five cents a head. They would weigh from one hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds each. Father returned to Winter Quarters with a thousand head of hogs, and in this way President Young's promise to him had been realized.

We read in the good old Bible of an angel giving water to Hagar and Ishmael in the desert, when the patriarch Abraham had sent them away; and when Moses led two million Hebrew bondsmen from slavery to freedom, we read of how God rained manna down from heaven for their sustenance, and so wrought upon the elements, that for forty years their garments did not wax old. And I understand that the Hebrew children to this day remember with grateful hearts those special acts of providence.

Now, while I do not claim for the Latter-day Saints manifestations so marked as these, yet was there many a providential help given to us. What caused the quails to come in such tame flocks to our suffering camps on the west bank of the Mississippi river? They were so tame that many of them were caught by little children. And who led the Mormon maiden to Mr. Polk's tavern. and inspired her tongue to utter words of deep interest to citizens of St. Joseph, and thus prepared the way for my father to bring to our camps large quantities of food as sweet and nutritious as the quails or manna bestowed so providentially upon the camps of the Hebrews in the land of Palestine?

I remember well the place where I first saw Wilford Woodruff. It was out in the timber west of Winter Quarters. I was driving a yoke of oxen on a sledge, after a load of wood. Father and a man by the name of Campbell were chopping. The wood was oak and hickory. There were several men in the grove chopping, among them Apostle Woodruff. A cry came for help and the men ran together. Brother Woodruff had been caught by a falling tree and pinned to another one. The tree that imprisoned him was so heavy that the men could not lift it away until they had chopped it in two.

All said his breast was crushed, and they feared he was dead. Nevertheless, the brethren took off their hats, and kneeling around him, placed their hands on his body and prayed. Then some quilts were placed on the sledge and father hauled him home. I was but a boy; yet the earnestness and power of that prayer entered my soul, and gave me a testimony that has never left me.*

I know that the brave, resolute men who left their homes in Nauvoo rather than renounce their faith, were God-fearing men. Prayer was the balm applied by them for every ill. It was their comfort and solace from every pain. It was their first thought in the moning, and the last word they breathed at night. It burst from the lips of the father and the mother at our camp fires, or from the hearth stones in our humblest dugout homes. In case of misfortune or accident, the first thought was for an Elder. The admonition of the Apostle James, as recorded in the New Testament, was engraven on the hearts of the Latter-day Saints. "If any are sick let them call in the Elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick." And I testify that our hearts were often gladdened by the reception and fulfillment of that gracious promise. In this instance our hearts were again comforted. Our people were passing through a period of sorrow and suffering. It was one of the darkest days in the history of the Church. Death was reaping a rich harvest from our stricken and depleted camps. We felt keenly the giving up of five hundred of our young men. Their absence made men precious with us, and Wilford Woodruff, being such an active, helpful man, how could we spare him! That cry came from our hearts, and God heard our prayers and answered them. In three weeks' time, Wilford Woodruff was again on the "firing line" as active and helpful as ever. Thus we saw recorded another miracle to strengthen our faith.

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*President Woodruff's statement makes it plain that I am wrong. My memory has become confused. It must have been some other man that father hauled home.

# CHAPTER 6.

Brigham's Wise Counsels.—Joseph Toronto.—Joseph Smith.—Seer and Organizer.—Prophecy of August 6, 1842.

In those days of constant home changing Brigham was somewhat like the father of a large rustling family; everybody came to him for comfort or counsel. Perhaps I cannot do better than relate a few incidents to show how they trusted to his guidance.

In 1845 an Italian sailor by name of Toronto, had saved his earnings, until he had several hundred dollars. But he was worried for fear he would lose it, and could not decide where to deposit it. On returning from a voyage, and just before reaching New York, he had a dream in which a man stood before him, and told him to leave his money with "Mormon Brigham" and he should be blessed.

On reaching New York, he began to inquire for "Mormon Brigham," but no one knew him. Finally he met a person who told him that Brigham Young, the President of the Mormon Church, lived at Nauvoo, Ill. Toronto never rested until he reached that place. Making his way to President Young's office, he laid the money on the table, and, merely asking for a receipt, would apparently have left without further explanation, if Brigham had not detained him. The money was sorely needed, and the act was so deeply appreciated, that the humble trusting man was taken to the President's home, and became a permanent member of the family.

At Winter Quarters a man by name of Majors, a gentleman of wealth and scholarly attainments, came to Brigham and said that one of his thoroughbred mares was down from starvation and could not get up,—then asked if he had better not kill her. "No," replied the President, "never destroy life. Try to save her. If you can't provide for her give her to Toronto and I will tell him how to provide for her." He further arranged to have a windlass erected, and the mare swung up. Then sods were cut. Of them a stable was built around her, and so the animal was saved.

Afterwards I saw Brother Toronto sell a pair of her colts to Kinkaid of Salt Lake for seven hundred dollars. Moreover, Joseph Toronto, humble, untutored Italian sailor, became, under the wise counsels of Brigham Young, a man of property, raised up an honorable family, and gave his children a good education.

I could relate numerous other instances coming under my notice during boyhood days, to demonstrate the fact that President Young, whether on the plains or in his office, was always accessible to the common people, and that his counsels, when carried out, invariably brought blessings.

At Winter Quarters he was everywhere; now at the bedside of the dying, next in his carriage flying perhaps to the scene of a prairie fire, where his calm voice might be heard directing the labors of his willing followers: counseling peace, but ever urging eternal vigilance.

No sooner would his hands drop the critical labors of the moment, than his mind would turn forcefully to preparing for the onward move, which all knew would come in the early spring. From the various camps he selected the hardy, robust, and energetic men whom he wished to have with him in the pioneer movement that the council had decided should be made as soon as grass grew.

In my frequent use of the name Brigham, I do not wish to convey the idea that there was only one capable man, only one great leader in our camps. On the contrary, I consider that we had a collection of able men. Joseph Smith, in his short prophetical career of fifteen years, had not only given the Book of Mormon to the world, but had brought forth and established the most perfect church organization that we have any record of. In doing this he had gathered around him many able, and some very learned men. Among the latter were such men as Sidney Rigdon, Willard Richards, Lorenzo Snow, Orson Spencer, Orson Pratt and Dr. Bernhisel; while of the former the new faith had gathered into its fold, a legion of strong, intelligent spirits, such as Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, George A. Smith, John Taylor, and a host of others equally honorable and worthy of mention; men who have since made notable history. These were now numbered in the camps of Israel and Brigham Young valued their stalwart character, their sterling integrity, and their wise counsel, and honored their decisions.

As a matter of fact, it was not President Brigham Young's personal superiority which gave him preeminence. His leadership came by calling and ordination from Joseph, and the approval of the people. Hence in Mormon theology, back of Brigham stood Joseph and the people, and back of Joseph stood the mighty Lord, even Jesus Christ, from whom came the power and influence that held this multitude of moving families together, and made it possible for one man—Brigham Young—to select the men he desired to accompany him on the wonderful journey that still lay before them.

Of course our people knew, or had reason to believe, that in Oregon there were grand rivers, and extensive forests, with rich intervening glades, inviting the home-seeker to come and take possession; but experience had taught us that prosperity and wealth excite jealousy, and invite turmoil and trouble, and so far had culminated in expulsion from our homes. On the other hand, the interior of California was marked on our maps as an uninhabitable desert, and Brigham said: "If there is a place on this earth that our enemies do not want, that's the place I'm hunting for."

If the reader will bear in mind that in July we had given a battalion of five hundred of our ablest men to fight our country's battles in Mexico, it will help them to realize the additional sacrifice the people would now have to make to fit out and part with one hundred and forty men for a pioneer advance guard, whose duty it would be to find the place where, under the blessing of God, the Saints might rest in peace. By parting with the battalion boys, our camps were so weakened that in many instances mothers and children had to do the rough, out-of-door work of husbands and fathers; and many of the early converts to Mormonism were from the eastern states, and came from homes where refinement had clustered round the family hearth and music and song had happified their lives. The strenuous nature of frontier struggles was consequently new to them. Nevertheless, in building up temporary homes at Winter Quarters, it was no strange thing to see the sisters hauling logs for the cabin, or mixing and carrying mud for the chinking and daubing; and in the winter, when death stalked through our camps, it seemed that a heavy per cent of the "called ones" were our strongest, bravest men; men whose places could not be filled, no matter how willing the substitutes were.

Nature seldom qualifies the woman to do the work of the man. There is, however, much truth in the adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," and the deeds accomplished under the most trying circumstances prove that the Mormon people had the will, for what, indeed, is will but another name for faith? And to those who have faith, all things are possible. Only by this God-given power, so little known and comprehended, were our people enabled to cross the trackless plains, subdue the wilderness, and make the "desert to blossom as the rose."

Often in our public meetings the Elders would liken the Church to a ship, and the "Ship Zion" was no mean figure of speech. Let us carry it further and see her launched upon a boisterous, unknown sea; then let an emergency arise in which the captain and many of the ablest sailors are called away and the ropes have to be manipulated by inexperienced hands; for that is exactly the condition we were in.

How appropriately even we might paraphrase Nelson's historical signal: "England expects every man to do his duty." England was not disappointed, and to this day the English nation is proud of the record made by her gallant sailors. In simple justice, that is the way the

United States should feel toward the Mormon people; for never in the history of the world was a grander movement made for the establishment of liberty, than the exodus of the Saints from Nauvoo. Like the cutting of the dykes of Holland, or the burning ot Moscow, it was the making of a whole-souled sacrifice, that they and all the children of men might receive an expansion of religious freedom. And, we, their descendants, have reason now to rejoice that it was the Latter-day Saints who were thus resisting oppression and injustice, and suffering untold sorrows, that this nation might retain the proud distinction of being an asylum for the oppressed and down-trodden of the world. Coming generations will award the Mormons the just praise that is now withheld from them.

On the 6th of April, 1847, the annual Church conference was held at Winter Quarters. It lasted only one day, for the labor of fitting out the pioneers seemed to engross everybody's time. Hearts had not yet ceased aching over the parting with the battalion boys; yet now a band of the fathers were on the eve of starting on a perilous journey, and the end thereof no man knew. Their departure would leave a poverty-stricken community of widows and orphans. Thoughts of that parting dampened every attempt at revelry and would have filled every bosom with gloom, save that we knew it was God's will. For a year we had been singing:

"In upper California, O that's the land for me—
It lies between the mountains and the great Pacific sea.
The Saints can be protected there, and enjoy their liberty
In upper California, O that's the land for me."

We furthermore recalled to mind that on the 6th of August, 1842, Joseph had prophesied: "You will be driven to the Rocky Mountains; many will apostatize, or lose their lives in consequence of exposure or disease; yet some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and in building cities and will see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains." All believed in this prophecy and rejoiced that it was on the verge of fulfillment. Consequently, as Hannah, in the gratitude of her heart, gave Samuel to the Lord, so these daughters of modern Israel gladly gave their husbands and grown-up sons to be the standard bearers of the Prophet Brigham in planting the Ensign of Zion in the tops of the mountains.

## CHAPTER 7.

**A Religious Commonwealth.—General Clark's Decree.—Brigham's Indian Policy.—Its Peaceable Fruits.—The Glory of the Immigrants' First View of The Valley.**

On April 10, 1847, that historical band of one hundred forty-three men, three women, and two children, known as the Mormon pioneers, started for the West, led by Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. The story of that journey has been so often told, and our western people are so accustomed to traveling with team, and camping out, that I fear my weak descriptions would not be interesting. But the conditions of colonizing Utah were so different from those of any other state of the union, that the history will bear repetition.

The Latter-day Saints' founding of a commonwealth was actuated by almost purely religious motives and influences. They came West because they had to, or else give up their faith. As early as 1838 General Clark said to us, "You must no more organize with Presidents and Bishops; you must scatter out among the people. And if you ever get together again, I will be upon you, and I will not show the mercy that I have shown this time."

That, in effect, was the decree of the Nauvoo mob. It was not couched in the definite words that Darius's decree was, but it meant, "Daniel, if you pray to the God of the Hebrews, we will cast you into the Lion's Den." The same spirit that over two thousand years ago decreed what the Hebrew children should worship was today dictating to sons of America what they should, and what they should not do, in matters of faith. And it was the loyalty of the Mormon people to God, and their country, that led them to travel westward over trackless and timberless plains. Rather than submit to this belated tyrrany of intolerance, on and on they came westward for more than a hundred days until they struck the valley of the Dead Inland Sea, the spot where Brigham had in vision seen the tent come down from Heaven, and had heard a voice saying, "Here shall Israel find rest."

But to return to the starting point. Anticipating that they would come into frequent contact with the Indians, President Young sought earnestly to imbue the men with a feeling of friendship toward the Red Man. He pointed out that from the first coming of the white man to America the Indian had been pushed off his lands, his game had been wasted, and feelings of hatred had been fostered until the dictum had been reached that no Indian is a good Indian until he is dead.

"We shoot them down as we would a dog. Now, this is all wrong, and not in harmony with the spirit of Christianity. In only one instance, that of William Penn, has Christian treatment been accorded them. But even aside from the aspect of Christian duty, I am satisfied it will be cheaper to feed them, than to fight them."

Such was ever Brigham's policy thereafter. In later years the annual passing of thousands of our people in peace through the lands of the Sioux, the Shoshones, and Utes, gave to the world the belief that the Mormons were in collusion with and had secret treaties with the Indians. Such, however, was not the case. Our friendship with them was the natural outgrowth of following the wise counsel given to us in those early days. Light cleaveth to light, and love begets love as readily in the heart of a heathen as in the bosom of a Christian.

As an illustration of this fact I may relate a little incident in my own life. My father and my younger brother, a lad of five years, went with the advance company of pioneers. My brother Franklin W. and I followed in Jedediah M. Grant's company. On Ham's Fork, near Fort Bridger, a cow gave out, and I was left behind the train to try to bring her into camp. At sunset, while about three miles behind the camp, letting the cow rest, I saw an Indian just across the creek move from behind a tree. Needless to say I made quick tracks toward camp.

In the morning we found that the Indians had killed the cow. It proved to be a band of Sioux, on the war path after Shoshones. Had they been angry at us, they could have killed me as well as the cow,—Brigham's counsel was bearing fruit. Neither my scalp, nor our cattle, beyond that one cow, were interfered with, while Fort Bridger was heavily raided.

To me the migration of our people for the next twenty years was a wonderful history. Our companies often scattered far apart in order to get feed for the cattle; our men, weak in numbers and but poorly armed; our women and children often compelled to walk, and therefore, sometimes quite unconsciously going too far ahead to be safe, or, in spite of the vigilance of the guards, becoming weary and lagging behind, yet not a single life was lost by the hand of the Indians.

Again the cheerfulness with which the people passed under the rod during these unparalleled journeys was no less marvelous than the protecting providence that was over them. Picture in your mind starting out on a certain morning, in company with five hundred men, women, and children. We walk eight or ten miles, then halt for dinner. Five hundred head of cattle have to be unyoked, watered, then driven to pasture and guarded, while fires are built and dinner is being prepared. Then the cattle are reyoked, the wagons packed, and the line of travel is taken up again.

Thousands of our people, many of them mothers with babes in their arms, walked every foot of that ten hundred thirty-seven mile stretch from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake. Day after day the toilsome journey is renewed. At night a quilt or blanket is spread upon mother earth for a resting place. Days pass into weeks, and weeks into months, before the longing eyes find rest and the weary feet pass down the dusty road of Emigration Canyon. Picture then, their feelings, when, on reaching a certain eminence, the Salt Lake Valley, with the Dead Sea glimmering beyond, burst like a vision of glory upon their view! Old and young break down, and weep for joy.

O, marvel not, dear reader, if on this day and place
Unbidden tears bedew each care-worn, sun-burnt face!
If long enshrined hope, and over-burdened heart
Cause weary, toiling pilgrims here to act the childish part,

If the glory of this vision, of a truly "sought out land,"
Like a cloud of joy descending, enshroud the little band,
Reveal to them the blessings their future life shall gain,
And blurs the recollections of former toils and pain—
Recall the days of sorrows, of Diahman, and Far West,
When the cup of bitter anguish to their trembling lips was pressed,
When hordes of heartless mobbers, led by Lucas, and by Clark,
Despoiled them of their homes—the fruits of honest work;
Confined in chains and dungeons their youthful prophet guide—
And scattered wives and children on Missouri's prairie wide,
Then like a bird of plunder, followed on their footsore trail
Till Joseph and Hyrum were martyred, in Carthage bloodstained jail.
And still the lash and fire brand, to our backs and homes applied,
Compelled us to surrender, and cross the Mississippi's tide,
Take to our tents and travel, like Israel of old,
To the valleys of the mountains, a standard to unfold;
An ensign to the nations, a banner ever blest—
Where the children of the covenant can find God-given rest,
Where the "stone cut from the mountain," not by mortal hand,
Shall become a mighty people, and fill "the promised land."
Such was the glorious vista that opened to their souls
And filled with joy and gladness, their hearts beyond control,

Filled hearts with joy and gratitude, and bent each willing knee,
To Him, their loving Father, the Lord who set them free.

# CHAPTER 8.

**Mormon Stalwarts.—A Waif on the Plains.—Death of Celestia Kimball.—Two Indian Girls Tortured.—Sally's Death.—Ira Eldredge's Dog and the Wolf.—Delicious Rawhide Soup.—Eat Thistles.—The Devastating Crickets.—Deliverance Wrought by the Sea Gulls.**

Having foreshadowed the immigration movement in general, I turn back to the parting at Winter Quarters. Owing to the poverty of our people, and to the lack of men, conditions were such that in making up the Pioneer Company many families were divided. Such was the case in my father's family. My dear mother, poor in health, was left behind with my only sister, Harriet, to follow several years later.

It fell to my lot to cross the plains in Captain Jedediah M. Grant's company. Brother Grant was a man of wonderful energy. In fact, the various companies which followed on the heels of the pioneers were led by a host of stalwarts; so that in my youth I became acquainted with many solid men of Joseph's day. Foremost among them, to my mind, were Brigham Young, John Taylor, Geo. A. Smith, Parley P. Pratt, Uncle John Smith, and Uncle John Young.

The last-named stood as a father to me; and yet, during that pilgrimage I was like a waif upon the ocean. The camp fire was my home, and I was everybody's chore boy. While this arrangement taught me self-reliance, it chilled my heart, and turned me against those finer, more tender endearments of life which ever abound in happy, lovable homes; and from this experience I have learned to pity the child that grows up without a mother's care and caress.

On reaching the Valley, our people at first all lived in the "Old Fort." Father was the first to move out. He had built a two-roomed log house on the lot where Uncle Brigham later built the Bee-Hive and Lion Houses.

On one of father's trips to the canyon for wood, he took me with him. As we returned, we saw Apostle John Taylor and George Q. Cannon running a whip saw. They gave father a red-pine slab, which he hauled home and later placed across City Creek, and it remained in use for years as a foot bridge. It lay with the round side up, and after the bark peeled off, it became very slippery, especially when wet.

After Presidents Young and Kimball moved onto their lots the path leading to this footbridge connected their homes. One day Aunt Prescinda Kimball's little daughter Celestia, unknown to her mother, started to go to Aunt Zina's. It was in the spring of the year, 1850 and City Creek was swollen by the melting snows. The child evidently slipped off the slab and was drowned.

As soon as the family missed her, a cry of alarm was given. I was confined to the house with a painful flesh would in my left leg. Hearing the tumult, and seeing the excited people running along the creek, I surmised what had happened. Running to the slab, I dropped into the water and was carried by the swift current to Brother Wells' lot, where the fence had caught flood wood, and formed a dam and eddy. I dove under the drift, and finding the body, brought it to the surface, and gave it to Dr. Williams; but the precious life was gone.

Soon after we moved on to our city lot, fall of 1847, a band of Indians camped near us. Early one morning we were excited at hearing their shrill, blood-curdling war whoop, mingled with occasional sharp cries of pain. Father sent me to the Fort for help. Charley Decker and Barney Ward, the interpreter, and others hurried to the camp.

It was Wanship's band. Some of his braves had just returned from the war-path. In a fight with "Little Wolf's" band, they lost two men, but had succeeded in taking two girls prisoners. One of these they had killed, and were torturing the other. To save her life Charley Decker bought her, and took her to our house to be washed and clothed.

She was the saddest-looking piece of humanity I have ever seen. They had shingled her head with butcher knives and fire brands. All the fleshy parts of her body, legs, and arms had been hacked with knives, then fire brands had been stuck into the wounds. She was gaunt with hunger, and smeared from head to foot with blood and ashes.

After being washed and clothed, she was given to President Young and became as one of his family. They named her Sally, and her memory has been perpetuated by the "Courtship of Kanosh, a Pioneer Indian Love Story," written by my gifted cousin, Susa Y. Gates.

But Susa gave us only the courtship, while the ending of Sally's life, as told to me by a man from Kanosh, was as tragic as her childhood days had been thrilling. After she married Kanosh, several years of her life passed pleasantly, in the white man's house which he built for her. Then her Indian husband took to himself another wife, who became jealous of Sally, and perhaps hated her also for her white man's ways.

One day when they were in a secluded place digging segoes, the new wife murdered Sally and buried the body in a gully.

When Kanosh missed her, he took her track and followed it as faithfully as a blood hound could have done, and was not long in finding the grave. In his grief he seized the murderess, and would have burned her at the stake, but white men interfered.

In due time the Indian woman confessed her guilt, and in harmony with Indian justice, offered to expiate her crime by starving herself to death.

The offer was accepted, and on a lone hill in sight of the village, a "wick-i-up" was constructed of dry timber. Taking a jug of water, the woman walked silently toward her living grave. Like the rejected swan, alone, unloved, in low tones she sang her own sad requiem, until her voice was hushed in death. One night when the evening beacon fire was not seen by the villagers, a runner was dispatched to fire the wick-i-up, and retribution was complete.

Sally's funeral had taken place only a day or two previous. Over a hundred vehicles followed the remains to their last resting place, and beautifully floral wreaths covered the casket; for Sally had been widely loved among the white settlers for her gentle ways.

Just across the creek on Brother Kimball's unoccupied lot stood an old gnarled oak tree. Ten feet from the ground a large limb shot straight out, making a good gallows on which to hang beeves, and father used it for that purpose. The first ox that he slaughtered he hung the hide, flesh side out, on that limb; and it attracted dogs from the Fort, and wolves from the mountain. Father set two steel traps at the root of the tree, and during the first night caught a large grey wolf in one trap, and Ira Eldredge's spotted mastiff in the other.

About midnight we heard their terrible fighting; but in the morning the wolf was gone. He had chewed his own leg off below the knee. After liberating the mastiff, I went to the fort, and got Ham Crow to come with his dogs and run the wolf down. We caught the ugly brute in the mouth of Red Butte Canyon; and Brother Crow added the carcass to his scant store of provisions, and grateful for it.

By the time the grass began to grow the famine had waxed sore. For several months we had no bread. Beef, milk, pig-weeds, segoes, and thistles formed our diet. I was the herd boy, and while out watching the stock, I used to eat thistle stalks until my stomach would be as full as a cow's. At last the hunger was so sharp that father took down the old bird-pecked ox-hide from the limb; and it was converted into most delicious soup, and enjoyed by the family as a rich treat.

As the summer crept on, and the scant harvest drew nigh, the fight with the crickets commenced. Oh, how we fought and prayed, and prayed and fought the myriads of black, loathsome insects that flowed down like a flood of filthy water from the mountainside. And we should surely have been inundated, and swept into oblivion, save for the merciful Father's sending of the blessed sea gulls to our deliverance.

The first I knew of the gulls, I heard their sharp cry. Upon looking up, I beheld what appeared like a vast flock of pigeons coming from the northwest. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. My brother Franklin and I were trying to save an acre of wheat of father's, growing not far from where the Salt Lake Theatre now stands. The wheat was just beginning to turn yellow. The crickets would climb the stalk, cut off the head, then come down and eat it. To prevent this, my brother and I each took an end of a long rope, stretched it full length, then walked through the grain holding the rope so as to hit the heads, and thus knock the crickets off. From sunrise till sunset we kept at this labor; for as darkness came the crickets sought shelter, but with the rising of the sun they commenced their ravages again.

I have been asked "how numerous were the gulls."

There must have been thousands of them. Their coming was like a great cloud; and when they passed between us and the sun, a shadow covered the field. I could see the gulls settling for more than a mile around us. They were very tame, coming within four or five rods of us.

At first we thought that they, also, were after the wheat, and this thought added to our terror; but we soon discovered that they devoured only the crickets. Needless to say, we quit drawing the rope, and gave our gentle visitors the possession of the field. As I remember it, the gulls came every morning for about three weeks, when their mission was apparently ended, and they ceased coming. The precious crops were saved.

I have met those who were skeptical about the gulls' being sent by divine Providence, for the salvation of our people, but I believe it most firmly; as witness the preparedness of the Indians. They kept on hand baskets purposely made to put in the creeks to catch the loathsome insects as they floated down the streams, and they caught them by tons, sun-dried them, then roasted them, and made them into a silage that would keep for months. Their skill in this convinces me that the coming of the crickets had been continuous for ages. Nor had the cricket crop ever been interrupted before until our people came, and the coming of the gulls checked the increase of the loathsome insects. The gulls were sent by the same Power that sent the quails to feed the Israelites.

Do I love the sea gulls? I never hear their sharp, shrill cry but my heart leaps with joy and gladness, for I know that they saved my father's family and his people from a fearful death. Bless the gulls! They and the lovely sego lilies should ever be remembered, protected, and sacredly cherished by the children of the Latter-day Saints.

# CHAPTER 9.

**My First Mission.—Uncle Brigham's Counsel.—Parley P. Pratt, Teacher and Orator.—My First View of the Ocean.—San Francisco.—Tracting the City.—Scrap with a Hotel Keeper.—Labor as a Cook in the Home of Mr. McClain.—The Man Who Murdered Parley P. Pratt.**

In 1854, at the April Conference in Salt Lake City, I was appointed a mission to the Sandwich Islands. I was then in my sixteenth year, and with my overcoat on I weighed, on Father Neff's mill scales, just ninety-six pounds. On the 4th of May I started on my mission; George Speirs, Simpson M. Molen, Washington B. Rogers, and I having fitted up a four-horse team with which we traveled across the desert to San Bernardino. In our company were Joseph F. Smith, then in his fifteenth year, John T. Caine, Edward Partridge, William W. Cluff, Ward E. Pack, Silas, and Silas S. Smith, and some others.

Parley P. Pratt was president of the company.

We traveled as far as Cedar City in President Brigham Young's company, among whom were my brother Joseph W., and my Uncle Joseph, and my father. At Cedar City I was ordained a Seventy by my brother Joseph W. Before the company started westward, Uncle Brigham, in bidding me goodby said:

"Johnny, I will give you a little advice. Be humble. Live near the Lord. Keep yourself pure from sin. Do not tell the people that you are unlearned; it will only weaken their faith. Avoid public discussions. I have noticed that they engender feelings of bitterness and seldom do good. Never tell all that you know at once; keep back something to talk about the next time. Be careful to say nothing but what you can prove."

President Kimball said, "Your name is no longer Johnny, but Rooter; for you shall root up iniquity whereever you find it." Uncle Joseph Young said, "Be of good cheer. Great trees from little acorns grow, and you will grow to be a man yet." My father and brother Joseph added their blessing; and with a swelling heart, I turned to face the world, as a Mormon missionary boy.

Cedar City was our southern frontier settlement. From there to San Bernardino the country was almost an unknown desert. At Rio Virgin, Muddy, Las Vegas Springs, and Mohave were small bands of hostile, thieving Indians; but a watchful pacific policy carried us safely through.

While walking on those deserts, I formed an attachment for Apostle Parley P. Pratt that has never died. In conversation he was pure and intelligent; and he excelled as a faith-promoting teacher, while as an orator he had, to me, no superior in the Church.

Upon arrival at San Bernardino, we were warmly welcomed by Presidents Amasa M. Lyman and Charles C. Rich, and also by the colony of Saints. We rested there for three weeks. I made my home with Elder Addison Pratt. Sister Pratt and her amiable daughters were very kind to me.

As soon as we had disposed of our outfits, we moved on; the Saints kindly furnishing teams to haul us eighty miles to San Pedro, where I first saw the blue ocean, and sensed for the first time the rotundity of the earth by looking upon that vast expanse of oval water. Here we took passage on a sailing vessel for San Francisco, entering the bay in the night. I remember, when I came on deck in the morning, how amazed I was at the sight of the great forest of masts, and city built along the beach on piles, or stretching sparsely over the sand ridges.

In a few days President Pratt called a council, and the missionaries gave all their money to help buy the ship Rosalind, with the understanding that she would carry us free to our fields of labor. The idea was, that she would be an "Order-of-Enoch" ship, devoted to Zion's cause. I was young and thoughtless, hence I can say but little about the matter. It was, however, an unfortunate investment, for the hired captain ran away with the ship, and we lost our passage money. After our hopes had thus winged their flight to lands unknown, we missionaries went out among the farmers hunting work to earn money to take us to the islands. As I was too small for a harvest hand, President Pratt set me to tracting the city. I went from house to house leaving tracts, and offering to sell Church books. At that time there was a bitter feeling towards our people, and I met with much ill treatment.

One day I met a man by the name of Crump, recently from Michigan. As he passed through Salt Lake valley enroute to the gold mines, he had rested a few days at father's; and now he was cook at a large hotel. He asked me to come in and rest until he had served dinner. I sat at a table in the kitchen by an open window, reading.

Presently the proprietor came in and looked at my basket. I arose and invited him to buy a Book of Mormon. With an oath he grabbed the basket and started to throw it into the furnace. I held on, and began pleading with him, when he suddenly let go of the basket, and grappling me, swore he would throw me out of the window. I clinched with him and threw him on his back, and held him until the boarders came in and pulled me off.

The rough, big-hearted men were so amused, that I had to go into the dining hall and eat dinner with them. Then they bought all my books; and for the first and only time I went back to the office with an empty basket and a well-filled purse. Brother Pratt was so pleased with my bit of experience, that he released me from tracting. My first sacrifice had been accepted.

While making my home in San Francisco, I had been kindly cared for by a Sister Evans, a widow lady. I also made the acquaintance of Sister Eleanor McLain, an intelligent, energetic, but over-zealous woman, who had recently been baptized by Elder William McBride.

The morning after my release from tracting, I took my carpet bag, walked down to the ferry, and paid a dollar for a ticket to Oakland, intending to hunt work among the farmers. As the boat was on the eve of pushing off, I saw Elder McBride hurrying down the street waving his hat. I stepped on shore, when he told me that I must come back at once, as Parley had a mission for me. Upon reaching the office I was told by Brother Pratt that McLain was making arrangements to send his wife to the insane asylum because she had joined the Church, and my mission was to prevent his doing so. He then placed his hands upon my head, and blessing me, said that McLain should never harm a hair of my head. The spirit and power of that blessing gave me more than natural strength and courage; and I at once commenced my labor.

It occurred to me that if I could get to talk to McLain and his wife, I could bring about a reconciliation. After repeated calls, I persuaded him to hire me as cook in the family. Every day for a month, I dusted his room, made up his bed, handled the revolver with which he was going to kill the Mormon Elder who should dare to call at his home. During evenings I would read aloud selections from the Bible, and pray with the family; and as David played upon his harp to sooth Saul in his angry moods, so God gave to me, child though I was, power to soothe that wicked man, and drive the evil spirit from his abode.

At the end of a month, having been told by someone that I was a Mormon Elder, he rushed into the house like a madman, and in a fearful voice shouted: "Were you not a child, I would kill you."

I reminded him that he claimed to be a minister of the Gospel. (He was acting temporarily in that capacity in the Unitarian Church). He quieted down enough to get his Bible, and said he would prove to me that there was not to be any more revelation, and that laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost was blasphemy. But his hands trembled, and he could not find the passages.

I read to him the words of Peter on the day of Pentecost, "For the promise is unto you, and unto your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord, our God, shall call." He then sprang from the table, went into an adjoining room, came back and, giving me forty dollars in gold, my month's wages, dismissed me.

I had thus filled my second mission,—had turned the shaft of madness from Sister McLain, had earned my passage money, and Parley's blessing on my head had been realized.

## CHAPTER 10.

**Sail for the Islands.—At Honolulu I Labor in Tin Shop.—My First Kanaka Meal—At Home With Kiama.—Attend Native Funeral.—Meet Mr. Emerson.—Three Days Without Food. —Saved by a Donkey.—Lose My Eye-sight.—Receive a Glorious Vision.**

On August 29, 1854, I sailed for the Sandwich Islands. The voyage was long and disagreeable, especially as I was sea-sick all the way. How glad I was when we reached the sunny, coral-reefed Islands!

At first I as appointed to labor at Honolulu in President Phillip B. Lewis's tin shop. I was useful in running errands and in collecting bills. There was a brisk demand for our goods, and our trade was helpful to the mission in its poverty.

But I was not satisfied: I had no love for tinkering. On the contrary, feeling that I had been sent to preach the Gospel, I desired above all things to begin my mission; and though I made no complaint, I prayed to the Lord about it. As my health was failing, the brethren finally released me from the tin shop, and appointed me to labor in the Oahu conference under the presidency of Elder John S. Woodbury.

Having obtained two horses, President Woodbury and I started on a visit to Waialua, a large settlement on the north side of the island forty miles from Honolulu. For thirteen miles we passed a continuous string of villages, including the residence of a high chief, who hailed us, and asked if I was the son of the Prophet Brigham Young. I told him my father was the prophet's youngest brother.

"Well then," said he, "you are the prophet's son, and you must stay with me tonight."

Our horses were soon cared for, and he directed his people to cook a chicken. They caught a Shanghai rooster, and commenced plucking the feathers before killing. I took the chicken and wrung its neck. Brother Woodbury mildly cautioned me not to be particular, and especially not to meddle with their affairs, adding, "When in Rome, you should do as the Romans do." I thanked him, and profited by the admonition.

When supper was announced, the rooster came on to the table, "pin-feathers and all." I was hungry, and with difficulty kept from crying. It was my first genuine Kanaka meal.

President Woodbury stayed a few days at Waialua, held a meeting, arranged for me to live with Kiama, the priest presiding over the little branch, then returned to Honolulu, and I was left alone among the natives.

About a week after this, a woman of the neighboring families died; and attracted by the wild wailing, I visited the family, saw them wrap the body in kapa, their home-made paper cloth, then sew it up in a mat, which prepared it for burial. I next followed the mourners to the burying ground, where I met their minister, the Rev. Mr. Emerson. He was a venerable-looking man, and I, being young, unsuspecting of evil, and feeling kindly toward all men, shook hands with him, and told him who I was.

I saw him draw Kiama aside, and noticed that he talked angrily to him. That evening I had no supper, and in the morning, no breakfast. For the next three days I got no food save as I helped myself from the neighbors when I would see them eating. Resolving to leave Kiama's, I went to our grass-thatched, floorless meetinghouse, pulled some grass, and placing it in one corner, made a rude bed. At night I would button my coat about me and lie down till too cold to sleep, when I would get up and run until warm, then go to bed again.

But such a life could not continue. Extreme hunger at last conquered me; and taking my carpet bag, I started for Honolulu. But when I came to the bridge that spanned the stream south of the village, I stopped, overpowered with the thought that I would rather die than back out from my mission.

Sitting down on the ends of the planks, I looked into the muddy stream, and wondered, if I fell in and were drowned, whether it would be a sin. Then I felt ashamed, and picking up my sack, went up the creek to a grove, where I knelt down and prayed. Needless to say I soon felt cheered and strengthened; and retracing my steps, I came back to the bridge where I met a Kanaka leading a donkey loaded with oranges. There was a ring in the animal's nose, and a rope tied to it with which to lead it.

As the native started up the short, steep hill on the north side of the creek, the donkey refused to go. The man commenced swearing in English, and holding the brute with his left hand, stoned it mercilessly with the right.

I asked him why he swore, and why he was so cruel to his donkey. He replied: "Don't all white men swear? And I'd like to see you get him up the hill without stoning him."

I took the rope, wiped the blood from the donkey's head, patted it gently on the neck, when it followed me eagerly up the hill.

The Kanaka was both surprised and pleased; and taking me to his home up among the orange groves, treated me kindly until President Woodbury came and provided me with another place.

I was next transferred to Waianae, to live with a native by the name of Kaholokahiki. The village is built on a treeless plain near the beach. In order to avoid the fleas, it was my wont to sit out of doors when not at work. Here the strong refraction from the sea and white strand so strongly affected my eyes that in a short time I was nearly blind. The family were kind to me, but insisted that my room be darkened, and that I stay indoors until I should be better. But I was restless under confinement, and planned that when the monthly fast-day came, I would plead with the Lord until He should heal my eyes.

It was arranged for the Saints to go on fast-day to the mountains; the women to weave mats, the men to gather pili grass to thatch the meetinghouse. As soon, therefore, as the family was gone, I fastened the doors, and commenced praying. I was faint from fasting, but I continued my pleadings until a glorious vision was given me.

I saw Joseph and Hyrum Smith coming from the north. When they came to the gate that opened into the yard of our house, Joseph said: "Let us call in here." Instantly the house was filled with light, and they were standing in the room. I sprang to my feet and reached out my hand to shake hands with Joseph; but he moved his hand away. I thought he was displeased; but he smiled and said: "Hyrum will bless you." I saw Hyrum hold his hands above my head, and rays of light came from the palms of his hands and rested on my head: "Be of good cheer; you shall be healed, and you shall speedily learn the language and do a good work. Now do not worry any more."

They then passed out of the west door and moved southward; and when I came to myself, I was standing out of doors, on the west side of the house, weeping with joy. My eyes were healed, and when the Saints came home, I went capering like a freed colt, from house to house bearing testimony, as best I could, to the truth of Mormonism. I soon began visiting the Saints in the different branches, asking blessings and praying with the families in the native tongue.

On the 30th of April, 1855—my eighteenth birthday—I visited Elder William W. Cluff at Laie, and spent a week with him. We received an invitation to hold meeting in a Catholic village. Taking a native elder with us, we visited the settlement and held services in the chief's large dwelling house. After singing and prayer, we invited this elder to preach. He was a Lahaina Luna—a graduate of the Lahaina High School, and an eloquent and fluent speaker. He undertook to explain Daniel's vision of the setting up of God's Kingdom, in the last days, and made a sad failure of it. The people hissed and groaned until he sat down.

What were we to do? Brother Cluff read the third chapter of Matthew and commented on the baptism of the Savior. While he was talking, I was earnestly praying that our visit might not be a failure. When he finished speaking, I arose and quoted the sixteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Mark: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." I talked for one hour. The spirit of the Lord rested upon me in mighty power. The hearts of the people were touched. At the close of the meeting, we walked down to the river, and I baptized eight persons.

Previous to this, at Honolulu, I had baptized a white man, Collins E. Flanders; but I looked upon these eight souls as the first fruits given me in the ministry.

After the confirmations had been attended to, I was invited to preach the next Sunday in the Presbyterian church at Laie, where Brother Cluff was laboring. I accepted the invitation, and having studied hard, I went out into the woods by myself and preached until I knew a sermon by heart. On Saturday President Woodbury, Elders John T. Caine, and S. E. Johnson came from Honolulu, forty miles, to attend the meeting.

On Sunday the church was crowded to overflowing. I tried to speak but could not. There seemed a dark cloud suspended before me. I came near fainting, and had to catch hold of the pulpit to keep from falling. Turning to President Woodbury, I confessed that I had sinned in taking glory to myself; and said if he would preach and the Lord would forgive me, I would never sin in that way again. I believe I have kept that promise.

After being nearly a year on Oahu, I was appointed to Hilo, Hawaii, where I labored six months, under the presidency of my cousin, Henry P. Richards. I was then called to preside over the Molokai conference. I labored alone five months on that Island. Here let me quote from my journal, dated Wednesday, April 16, 1856 :

"At Lahaina, Maui, at 8 a. m., I parted with the brethren, and sailed in Opuus Canoe for Molokai. Elders Richards and Cluff walked with me to the beach and waited to see me off. The wind was blowing hard from the southeast; and as soon as we passed the north end of Maui it increased to a gale.

"We were carried westward beyond our proper landing, and as we neared the shore of Molokai, the surf ran so high that the canoe was capsized, and I was rolled for a quarter of a mile over the coral reef, and finally reached shore half drowned, but not a bone broken. When Apostle John Taylor set me apart for my mission, he said, 'you shall be cast upon the bosom of the sea; but be not afraid, for the hand of God shall be over you, and you shall return in safety to your father's home.' Surely there is a spirit in man that revealeth things that are to come.

"Friday, April 25, 1856. Attended meeting in the Calvinist Church. Asked permission to preach, was refused.

April 30, 1856—My nineteenth birthday. I was alone on Molokai. I started early on horseback for Kaluakoi, the place selected by the government as the prison colony for lepers. At noon, reached Paakea, and had two Irish potatoes for dinner. I crossed Mauna-Loa, (high mountain) from whence I could see the islands of Maui, Lanai, and Oahu. At sundown I reached Kaluakoi, a small fishing village on a lava flat.

"In the house where I lodged, the fleas were so thick that I went out and slept on the beach,—a beautiful moonlight night.

Saturday, June 21, 1856. Just as the morning star made its appearance, I arose and started with Brother Luu in a whale boat for Pele Kunu (burning hole), where we landed at ten a. m. I was very sick while on the water. I always suffer in these boat rides; they turn me inside out, hence I dread them.

"Sunday, June 22, I obtained a private house and held two meetings. All the community attended, wondering how one who had been so short a time on the islands could talk so well in their language. I told them it was a gift from God, and not by my own wisdom.

"Monday, June 23, on foot, and alone, I found my way over the mountain through the tangled, trailless forest to Waialua, my headquarters."

The above is a fair sample of my labors while on Molokai. A wave of indifference to religious matters was sweeping over the islands. It was with difficulty that I could obtain food, and several times I worked for twenty-five cents a day to get money to pay the postage on my letters. During those days of loneliness, one of my most valued correspondents was Elder John T. Caine. I copy herewith a part of one of his last letters to me:

"July 30, 1856. Dear Brother Young: I believe I told you in a former letter, my intentions relative to returning home. I am on the eve of departing, if the Lord will; and I could not feel justified in leaving without dropping you a line, just to say, Aloha. Brother John, goodby; and may the Lord bless you and qualify you for every duty you may be called to perform. And when you have done your share here, may He return you in safety to Zion, is the prayer of your brother and friend,—John T. Caine."

I love these expressions of good will from bright, intelligent, pure-minded men. May peace go with him, and I know it will.

## CHAPTER 11.

**On Oahu Again.—John Hyde's Apostasy.—I Meet Him in the Presbyterian Church.—At Waialua.**

On October 6, 1856, all the Elders of the mission met in conference at Wailuku, island of Maui. Here I met my brother Franklin W. and John Brown, an old playmate. They had just arrived from Zion. Our conference was a truly happy one. I was appointed to labor on Oahu, under the presidency of Edward Partridge.

October 12, 1856, with a large company of Elders, I walked over the mountain, forty miles, without water, to Lahaina, getting there at 3 a. m. At 4 p. m. Elders Pack, Brown, Thurston, Cluff, Alma L. Smith, and Franklin W. Young sailed on the Manuokawai (ocean bird) for Hawaii, their field of labor for the next six months. At sunset President Partridge and Elder West and I sailed on the John Boyle for Honolulu. We went deck passage at two dollars each. The schooner being large, and having but few passengers, we were not crowded into a jam, as often happened. She was also dry on deck so we were quite comfortable.

On October 14th, at 8 a. m., having reached Honolulu, we learned that Elder John Hyde was in the city. For some reason he had not reported his arrival. On Friday, October 17, 1856, an article from John Hyde appeared in the Polynesia, slandering the Latter-day Saints. I therefore called on him demanding his Church recommends and his temple clothes. He gave them to me, but was very bitter in his attitude toward the Church. Sunday, October 26th, he delivered a public lecture in the Seamen's Bethel, as he said, "Exposing Mormonism." The hall was crowded, and the speaker was liberally applauded. To me it was a strong testimony that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God.

Mr. Hyde was a bright, well-educated man. He had been in the Church nine years, and much of the time he had been associated with some of our ablest Elders. Surely, I thought, if there is a weak spot in our Gospel armor, he has been able to detect it, and can expose the fraud to a listening world. The people came, and he "tickled" them; but he did it by repeating old tales, and sickly community gossip! Not one sensible reason did he show for leaving the Church.

After the meeting, President Partridge called a council of the Elders in our conference house, and it was decided that I should follow Mr. Hyde, in his lecture tour around the island, and give him battle.

On Monday, October 27, 1856, eating an early breakfast, I shouldered my pack, and walked forty miles to Waianae. I was warmly received by Kaholokahiki and the Saints of that little branch; and great was my joy at being again in the house where, when a boy, sick and afflicted, the vision of God had comforted me, healed my eyes, and loosened my tongue.

On Wednesday, November 5, 1856, I met Mr. Hyde in the Presbyterian Church at Waialua. Several clergymen and about fifty white people were seated on the stand, while the body of the church was packed with natives.

Mr. Hyde lectured on the "Evils of Mormonism." He commenced by saying:

"The Mormon Elder will tell you that plural marriage is a heaven-born institution, calculated to bless and exalt the human family. If this is true, why did not God in His infinite wisdom, make in the morning of creation a dozen wives for Father Adam, and thus forever set the question at rest? In France, Apostle John Taylor denied being a polygamist. At that time he was the husband of five wives. As that took place nine years ago, John Taylor stands before the world, a liar of nine years standing. My Christian friends, what confidenee can you have in the testimony of a liar of nine years standing? (Prolonged applause). I went to France, and converted thousands of the French people to the Mormon faith. Alas, today, I awake, as from a dream, and find Mormonism to be false."

During his long talk, which was interpreted by the Reverend Mr. Emerson, a dry reed, many of the Kanakas had gone to sleep. When Mr. Hyde closed, I sprang to my feet, and asked permission to reply. The chairman refused to let me talk; but several gentlemen demanded fair play. At length the chairman gave me fifteen minutes' time; requesting me to speak in English and let Mr. Emerson interpret to the Kanakas. This I refused to do for the reason that our Elders have visited the homes of the white people, have borne testimonies to them, and have given them tracts explaining the restored Gospel. I feel that we have rid our garments of their blood; but we are under obligations to the natives—I shall speak to them.

I then said in substance: "Mr. Hyde asks why did not God make a dozen wives for Father Adam, and thus forever set the question of plural marriage at rest. I am surprised that a man of Mr. Hyde's intelligence should ask such a question. Your Bible, King James' translation, says God made man from the 'dust of the earth,' then caused a deep sleep to come upon him, and took a rib from his side, of which He made woman. Now, I will answer Mr. Hyde's argument by asking him a question. If God had taken twelve ribs from Adam, out of which to have made twelve wives, would not Adam have been a weak reed for the twelve women to lean upon?

"He says he went to France, and converted thousands of the French people to the Mormon faith. I never knew before that thousands of the French people were converted to the Mormon faith. I understand that our Elders met with poor success; in fact, that they had to leave France to avoid arrest. But grant for argument's sake, that Mr. Hyde converted thousands of them. In the next breath he tells you that he has awakened as from a dream, to find that Mormonism is false. So he confesses that he persuaded thousands of people to believe a lie. My Christian friends, what confidence can you place in a man who has persuaded thousands of people to believe a lie?"

Here they interrupted me and closed the meeting. I walked across the street, mounted a horse block, and preached for an hour to an interested audience. This was my first experience in debate. Opposition strengthened my faith, and added members to the Church.

On Sunday, November 9, 1856, two foreign gentlemen, evidently of the wealthy class, called on me and asked if Joseph Smith and the Mormons believe in a plurality of wives, and a plurality of Gods. I answered yes; to which they replied: "The moral sense inherent in man compels us to reject such doctrines." I answered that the moral sense in man caused the pious Jews to reject Jesus Christ; yet He was the Son of God, all the same. Mormonism, moreover, is the power of God unto salvation to all who receive it.

In the afternoon meeting Brother Kiama asked forgiveness for having starved me on my first arrival here. I forgave him, especially when he explained that he had been living in Mr. Emerson's house, and that this pattern of piety had threatened to turn him out if he kept me. I called later upon the reverend gentleman, told him of his unchristian-like conduct, and said, "If I get into the Kingdom of Heaven first, I will stand at the door and keep you out until you make this thing right with me."

On Friday, March 13, 1857, I made Mr. Goodale, my mother's cousin, a present of a "Voice of Warning," and Spencer's Letters; I also baptized a German by the name of John De Grais. On April 6th following, I attended conference on the Island of Lanai. We had an enjoyable time. Edward Partridge was appointed president of Maui, and his assistants were Wiliam W. Cluff, John R. Young, William Naylor, Thomas Clayton, and Robert A. Rose. Thus for the second time I had the privilege of laboring under the presidency of the son of the first bishop of this Church; a man who, like his father, was without guile; a righteous man whom I learned to love.

In Maui it was our practice to hold meetings in the morning before the natives went to their labors. On the morning of May 14, 1857, I did the preaching; and after meeting we separated for active labor; President Partridge remaining at Wailuku, Elders Cluff and Naylor going to Waienae, Elder Rose to Kula to teach an English school, while I went to Waiohue. My labors at this time required much walking, often forty miles in a day; and frequently I had to swim the mountain streams, which, when swollen by rains, were rapid and dangerous.

On May 27, 1857, in company with Elders Partridge, Cluff and Rose, I visited the extinct crater of Haleakala. Its crest is eleven thousand feet above sea level. Brother Kaleohano, with a pack horse, accompanied us as guide. For commissary, he had a calabash of poi and a string of red peppers. The ascent was steep, the soil rich, and vegetation rank and beautiful.

An hour's walk brought us to the cloud belt, after which we were enveloped in vapor, thick, cold, and chilly. At 5 p. m. we arrived at the big cave, within a mile of the summit. Here we camped for the night.

As I stood upon a high cliff and gazed upon an endless ocean of white clouds one thousand feet below me, I thought I had a vision of the Christian's heaven, which, they say, lies "beyond the bounds of time and space." Such a heaven would not suit me. The scene, strange and sublime though it was, brought no joy,—rather a feeling of unrest, mystery, and doubt; and I felt relieved, when the sun sank below the horizon, for then the clouds settled down, and gave me a pleasing view of West Maui, and the Island Lanai, Molokai, and Oahu.

We arose early the next morning, having passed a sleepless night. The air was damp and cold, the mountain being swathed in heavy clouds. Our pack horse was gone. Fortunately for us, a strong wind sprang up, and soon we had a clear view of Maunakea on Hawaii, rearing its snow-crowned crest nineteen thousand feet above the sea.

There are nine pots, or cone chimneys to this ancient crater. We descended into one of them; and having spent half a day in explorations, returned tired and hungry to the cave where we rested until Kaleohano broiled a bird that he had snared. For our ravenous appetities it proved only a morsel. On our way down the mountain, a rainstorm completely drenched us, and we were glad to reach our guide's hospitable home, and enjoy the rich treat of standing before a cheerful fire while our wet garments dried.

On Saturday, May 30th, I accompanied President Partridge, on horseback, to Honuaula, where we met Elder Kanahunahupu. He had been one of the first six to embrace the Gospel on these islands. He was a firm, intelligent man and an eloquent speaker. Our meeting the next day was well attended. President Partridge, Kanahunahupu, and I spoke, and a good spirit prevailed. Before closing, Brother Partridge, arising a second time, said he was impressed to make a few remarks on the mysteries of the Kingdom. You know we all love to hear things. *Pohi-*

*hihi!* "Well," said he, "Elder Young needs a pair of shoes, and that is something that you do not seem to comprehend."

I want to finish this shoe story. I went barefoot for several weeks, actively engaged in preaching, and sometimes to large congregations, when Brother Poaono of Kipahule gave me a pair of Russian leather slippers. They were two inches too long for me, as hard as a board, and as tough as iron. Some of the Saints scolded the old man for giving them to me; but I checked their fault-finding, then laid my hands upon his head and blessed him.

That night Elder Cluff slept with me. Toward morning I had a curious dream. A person came to me, and taught me several trades. At last he said there was one more trade that I should learn—shoe making. "Suppose you have a pair of shoes that are too long. It is the simplest thing in the world to cut them in two and splice them short."

When I awoke it was just breaking day. I reached at once for the shoes, and taking my pocket knife, cut them in two. Then during the day I made a last, and a pegging awl out of a hoseshoe nail, using a piece of lava rock for a file. I next made some pegs, and spliced them up short; and that pair of shoes, and the pair I traded them for, lasted me until I reached my father's home in Salt Lake City.

One incident more, then I am done with these little temporal matters. I was traveling with Elder William Naylor, of Salt Lake City. I still had in my care a little mule that Brother George Raymond had furnished me. In going from place to place in the mission, we would take turns riding. In that way the patient animal was of great help to us.

One day it was raining hard, and the creeks soon became swollen. On coming to a large stream, we were confronted with the awkward fact that Brother Naylor could not swim. Near by, however, stood a Catholic village and I went from house to house, beseeching the people to let us stay until the water went down. But they all refused, saying their priest had told them we were false prophets, and that God would be displeased if they took us into their homes.

Coming back to our outfit, I took our hats, coats, and shoes, and tying them firmly to the saddle, fastened one end of my stake-rope around the mule's neck; then going up stream the length of the rope, I plunged in and swam across. Brother Naylor held to the mule's tail with both hands, while I pulled both mule and missionary through the rushing flood, much to the amusement of a hundred people who had come to see us make the dangerous passage.

Brother Naylor had on a pair of white linen pants, which had too long done good service. As we walked on in our wet clothes, I noticed that his trousers were bursting in strips. They soon looked like a bifurcated dishrag, and taking them off, he threw them away. For the next week we had but one pair of pants between us. He was five inches taller than I; and when he would put on my nether garments to take the air, as he did every day he would look comical.

Want of clothing was not our only privation those days; we often suffered for want of food. I have walked many a day along the sea shore, gathering moss off the rocks to satisfy my hunger. But these things were as trifles to us; for we were rich in the Spirit of the Lord.

# CHAPTER 12.

**Hear of Parley P. Pratt's Death.—Buchanan Sends Harney to Utah.—Letter from Brigham Young.**

On Tuesday, August 25, 1857, I learned from the Western Standard of the death of Apostle Parley P. Pratt. I was deeply moved by the news. He had been cruelly murdered by Mr. McLain, the man with whom I had lived a month while in San Francisco.

I wrote the following humble lines, and only regret that my tribute is not more like the noble man whose untimely fate I mourned:

He was fifty years old—how little he dreamt
That his hours of life were so nearly spent,
Bright visions inspired his bosom with hope,
And nerved his arm to successfully cope
With the powers of darkness; and he broke
The bands of tradition with a master stroke.
But few have battled as manful as he,
Or braved the perils of land and sea,
Or slept in dungeons loaded with chains,
By a Prophet's side, sharing his pains.

He had traveled far, had labored wide,
A light to the meek, to the blind a guide.
With a noble, untiring, unselfish stride
He stemmed the rush of sin's evil tide.
The ancient prophets, oracles of God,
Burst into life, at the touch of his rod.

Thousands, yea millions, shall add to his fame
When they read the works that emblazon his name.
For, loved and cherished by all good men
Are the heaven-born truths he faithfully penned,
His children's children on earth shall abound,
When the murderer's seed shall nowhere be found.

A month later, on Sunday, Oct 4, 1857, I had the pleasure of meeting in conference at Palawai, island of Lanai, with elders and native Saints. On this day, three years and one week before, I had landed at Honolulu. How quickly the time had passed! We had three excellent meetings on that day. All the missionaries bore their testimonies, some of the Saints wept, and the hearts of all were softened by the Spirit of God.

Oh, how my heart beats with love, even today for these trusting dark-skinned Saints, who, with tears in their eyes pressed around us, each one eager to clasp the hand they might clasp no more in this life. May the God of Abraham ever bless the Saints of Hawaii..

At this time the papers from the United States were full of boastful predictions as to what the government was about to do with the Mormons of Utah.

Lo, the whelps of Missouri loudly boast,
  And a "Harney" echoes from plain to hill,
While every ass that's seeking a post
  Is loudly braying the Mormons to kill!

But Brigham with a steady hand
  Guides Zion's Ship of State aright,
And with Jehovah's helping hand,
  She'll weather the seas on this stormy night.

During the preceding three months the elders who came in 1854 had been released, a few at a time; and as fast as they had been able to get means, they had quietly sailed for home. On the 4th of October, 1857, after having labored three years, I also was released. Accordingly, as soon as conference was over, I crossed the channel in a whale boat to Molokai. I had not a cent in my pocket, and was poorly clothed. I worked one month for Mr. Meyers, a German whose acquaintance I had made while presiding over the Molokai conference. For this service I received twenty dollars. I next sold my gold pen and some books for five dollars, and then returned in a whale boat to Lahaina. Of this, my last sea voyagle in a whale boat, my journal says:

"Friday, November 7, 1857, at midnight I set sail in Makapoos' whale boat. The moon shone brightly, throwing her soft mellow light over the surface of the great deep. Not a breath of air was stirring; the sea was calm and smooth; and we sped swiftly on, propelled by four stout oarsmen. Presently I lay down to sleep. Sweet dreams visited me. I forgot for a time that I was a stranger on a strange land, or rather an inexperienced youth dwelling with a benighted branch of Israel, and trying to teach them the Gospel of salvation.

We reached Lahaina at sunrise, but as there was no wharf, I had to be carried ashore. A brawny Kanaka undertook the job, but stumbled headlong, giving us both a thorough ducking. As I walked along the public thoroughfare I met several half-clad prostitutes returning to their homes from the dens of vice that befoul this fair city of palm trees.

Presently I turned aside to a little grass hut, ten by twelve in size, and surrounded by numerous fish sheds. Here I was greeted by Elders Alma L. Smith and William Naylor, two faithful Mormon boys. Brother Smith was laid up with a broken arm. For one month these brethren had lived in this unwholesome place, with none to pity, or administer unto them, except Brother Kalua, who lived from hand to mouth by fishing.

We sat down to breakfast,—poi and salt, and not enough of that. I went out and bought twenty-five cents' worth of fish, and this addition gave us an enjoyable meal. I next paid Alma's doctor bill of twenty dollars, which left me five dollars to go home with.

On November 9th, Elder William W. Cluff arrived from Waialuku. He, like myself, was hunting work in order to get money with which to return home. Brother Smith's arm having got strong enough so that he could travel, he and Brother Naylor started for Waialuku, a mile walk over a waterless mountain.

I wrote as follows to my brother who was laboring on Hawaii:

"Dear Brother Franklin W.: It has been a long time since I received a line from you. I presume your letters have not reached me, as I have been shifting from place to place for the last two months. I came to Lahaina last Saturday with intention of going to Hawaii to see you; but no opportunity has been offered, and I am compelled to go home without seeing you. I have only five dollars with which to go, hence I cannot run around much;—but my heart yearns to see you. The thought of going home without saying farewell is painful. If I could see you for one day—then I could return to our loved ones, rejoicing.

"As it is, I go—pure and uncontaminated from the evils of the world. I love those with whom I have been associated while on this mission; both those who have returned and who are about to return to our war-threatened vales; and my heart is no less warm to those whose duty it is to tarry in the mission field. I pray God to bless them, and to bless you, my brother.

"Be humble, prayerful, and diligent; 'tis the only path that leads to honor, glory, and salvation."

The night of November 10th was dark and stormy. I heard the captain of the Maria say he would not unfurl canvas for five hundred dollars; but the captain of the Moi was more venturesome. Desirous of obtaining a cargo that had been promised to the Maria, he sailed immediately for Honolulu. Elder Cluff and I took passage, two dollars each cabin. Upon reaching that city I walked the streets three days before I found work. I then got a job of digging a well, and building some stone wall for a Mr. Duncan, he giving me one dollar a day and board.

On November 20, 1857, I received the following letter from the President's Office, Salt Lake City, dated September 4, 1857:

"John and Franklin Young, Honolulu, Sandwich Islands:

"My dear Nephews: Yours of April 23rd has just been received per southern California mail. I feel thankful to observe the good spirit breathed in your letter. The prospects for Zion's cause are indeed cheering, when elders like unto a majority of those now abroad are found to preach the Gospel.

"Our harvest has been most abundant. We have threshed eighty bushels of wheat from an acre on the Church farm. Almost all the men are engaged in harvesting and securing our grain.

"The public works are progressing rapidly; and although there are apparent prospects of an open rupture with the United States government, yet the brethren continue to build and improve, much as though we were at peace with all the world.

"I suppose you are posted in regard to the difficulties that threaten us. The government has collected two regiments of infantry, one of dragoons, and two batteries of artillery, and has placed them under the command of that blood-thirsty old villain, General Harney, with orders to come to Utah and regulate the Mormons. This has been done without investigating, or even taking into consideration our own reports, or looking at any circumstance which would withdraw the pretext, which they have for years been seeking, to make a final or fatal blow at the kingdom.

"We had determined years ago, if a mob again attacked us, whether led by their own passions, or unconstitutionally legalized by the general government, or by the government of any of the states, or territories, that we'll resist their aggressions by making an appeal to God and our own right arms, for that protection which has been denied us by christianized and civilized nations. Our former determination remains unshaken.

Your father, mother, and all the family are well. William G. and James A. have not arrived; but I expect them in the course of three or four weeks. Brother Heber and Daniel desire kind remembrance to you.

"May the God of Israel ever inspire you to do His will, and make you an honorable instrument in His hand of accomplishing much good upon the earth, is the sincere prayer of your uncle,

"BRIGHAM YOUNG."

## CHAPTER 13.

**Praise for the Elders.—Efforts to Bring Two Natives to Utah.—Sail for Home.—Description of Steerage.—An Earnest Prayer.—Timidity of the Saints.—Baptize a New Convert at Midnight.**

November 22, 1857. The day was beautiful, perhaps because my heart felt to rejoice; for I had been truly blest during my sojourn on these islands. I attended meeting and listened to remarks by Elders Bigler, Woodbury, Bell, and Cluff. I loved Brother Bigler for his wisdom and humility; Brother Woodbury for his loyalty to the Church, and for his eloquence in preaching in Kanaka. Truly his speaking was a gift, and came not by his own wisdom.

I spoke on the nature of opposition. Herod sought to kill Jesus Christ, because Christ came with power to organize and establish God's kingdom upon the earth. The Jews persecuted him because they feared, "lest all the world would go after him, and they would lose their place and nation." And so it was with the Christians when the Prophet Joseph came; they feared him, for he had more power, wisdom, and godliness than all of them. They do not hate us personally; but they are determined to resist the truth, and overthrow the kingdom. Their inspiration comes from Satan.

The following is from my journal of Friday, November 27, 1857:

"We are anxious to take two native elders home with us; but their laws forbid their emigrating without a government permit. For this reason Elders Bigler, Woodbury, and I waited on his excellency, Governor Kekuanaao. He is a large, robust, fine-looking, elderly man; and like all Hawaiians, he is fond of ease and good living.

"We apprised him of our desires and asked his permission for two of our Hawaiian brethren to go home with us. He was quite ignorant of the law on this matter, but said he would consult Prince Lot, and if there were no objections he would grant our request. We called next on his royal highness, Prince Lot, and found him clad in rich Chinese costume. He is above the medium height, strong, well-built, about twenty-five years of age, kind and courteous in manner, and speaks good English.

"On December 2, 1857, the government informed us that they declined to let the native brethren go with us.

"Monday, December 7th. For thirty dollars I secured steerage passage on the bark Yankee, to San Francisco. I had ten dollars left, and having sold my only coat for ten dollars, left the twenty dollars with Elder Bigler to give to my brother Franklin W. who was still on Hawaii.

"Wednesday, December 9, 1857, Elders Sextus E. Johnson, William King, Eli Bell, William W. Cluff, Smith B. Thurston, John A. West, Simpson M. Molen, George Speirs, and John R. Young sailed for home on the bark Yankee. The treatment we received was anything but courteous, and so the following doggerel verses fairly illustrate our feelings:

"The wealthy gent may think I'm wrong
In writing this poor, uncouth song.
But those who share my humble berth
Will count my theme of greater worth.
Perhaps you all who've crossed the sea
Have, of the famous bark Yankee,
Heard much of good, by fiction told.
But now the truth I will unfold.
Poverty, I know, is oft despised
By those who think they're rich and wise.
But oft in modest birth we'll find
Men of sense, and noble mind.

"Excuse sufficient this must be,
True worth needs no apology.
You to our steerage I'll invite,
Where you shall see a motley sight.
For here we sit 'mong ropes and rags,
Spars, chicken coops, and dirty bags,
Turkeys, sheep, and guinea hens,
With Johnny Ching Ching,—all in one pen—
A pen some folks a steerage call,
With ample room to hold us all.

"From morn till night we sit around,
Like gypsies camping on the ground.
Some of us talk, and others sing,
While some are busy scrimshawing.
Some of politics are talking,
Others on the decks are walking,
And with the dogs ofttimes are playing,
But pause to hear some witty saying.
Below sits Caesar with open hymn-book
Seeking grace with a pious look;

While carpenter and mate with hammer,
Do their best to make a clamor.

"Hark! now the bell for dinner rings,
And each one for the hatchway springs.
'Old Salt horse again' half raw,
To chew would need an iron jaw.
'Look here, cook, this meat's not done.'
'Boiled three hours,' cries Afric's son.
'But if you do not like the meat,
There's murphies plus sea bread to eat.
You can't complain, for as the crew
Are treated by us, so are you.'
These are the words of Captain Bob,
Who thinks no harm poor men to rob.
For robber it is, in every sense,
To treat men thus, to save expense.

"Now for our hammocks let us look;
Search your corner—scan each nook.
Vain the search. From hatch to hatch
The Yankee's steerage has no match.
On ropes and barrels men must lie,
Thankful to get a little hay.
For forty dollars per head we've got
A passage minus bed or cot.
Filled with barrels, ropes and sails,
Where light o'er darkenss ne'er prevails,
Here men are classed with brutish dogs,
And treated worse than farmer's hogs.

"Such odious scenes you can't admire,
So from the steerage let's retire.

But when again we go to sea
'Twill not be in the bark Yankee.
To you, dear friends, I'll say goodbye—
For supper time is drawing nigh—
And welcome are the hours of night
That from my view will hide the sight
Of filth and dirt, and drive away
The thoughts that haunt me all the day.

"Saturday, December 26, 1857. This morning land could be seen from the mast head. At ten a. m. it could be seen from deck. At noon we hove in sight of the Golden Gate, and soon sailed into the beautiful bay of Frisco.

"But now the wind died, and we were left without a breath of air. The sailors whistled, but the sails flapped lazily, and the ship moved not. The day slipped away, the moon rose in all its splendor, the night was beautiful, and there lay the city with her thousand sparkling lamps. Oh, how I longed to be on shore, to tread American soil once more, to walk on my native land the land of my fathers, where I should be glad to dwell in peace.

"But alas, that boon is denied me. Even now the camp fires are kindled by a strong, and well-disciplined army sent by a corrupt government to rob my parents, kindred, and people, of the sacred rights bequeathed them by their noble sires who fought and bled, to win the freedom and justice that England refused to grant. And yet this same nation, that became thus, under the blessing of God, a home for the free, and an asylum for the oppressed has now turned to be an oppressor!

"O, God, hear my prayer. For Thou knowest the integrity of my heart. I have returned from the mission Thou gavest me through Thy servant, to find Thy covenant people denied their rights; falsely accused, and persecuted without cause; therefore, I pray Thee, do Thou guard and protect them. Deliver them, Father, from all their enemies. Let the armies of the oppressor go backwards and not forward! Let the fierce storms and tempests of the mountains block their way. May contentions arise among them, and union be far from them, until they turn to righteousness and abide by the Constitution which Thou didst give by inspiration to our fathers. I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Amen."

On Sunday, December 27, 1857, I attended meeting in the home of Brother Dwight Eveleth, President of the San Francisco branch. The local Saints were afraid to sing, or talk aloud in our meetings, for fear of being heard upon the street. But I felt like shouting Hosannah, and I would not be restrained. Attracted by my voice, several strangers called in. After meeting, I walked down to the bay and baptized Elijah E. Warren, a young man from Santa Clara.

## CHAPTER 14.

**Visit My Cousin.—His Tempting Offer.—Meet the Agents of Mr. Walker, the Nicaragua Filibusterer.—Baptize Mrs. Bradford.**

On Monday, December 28, 1857, I borrowed two dollars and fifty cents and bought from a Jew store a very good second-hand coat as I had come from the islands in my shirt sleeves. The returning elders scattered out in search of work. Elders Molen and Speirs went to Sacramento. Elders Johnson, King, West, and Thurston went to the Redwoods; while Elders Cluff, Bell, and I remained in the city.

I visited my cousin, Lorenzo Sawyer, attorney general for the state of California. He said if I would stay with him, he would send me to school for three years, then let me study law in his office a year, and then give me one thousand dollars in gold to commence life. I thanked him, but told him there was not gold enough in California to bribe me from going home, and sharing the destiny of the Latter-day Saints.

I also met at Brother Eveleth's, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Harbin, and Mr. Mathewsen, straight from New York, agents of Mr. Walker, the celebrated filibusterer. They were commissioned to go to Utah and sell the Mormon people two million acres of land in Central America. I did all I could to dissuade them from going, but in vain.

Before leaving the island, I was counseled to change my name, as the spirit of persecution was strong against us in all parts of the United States. Hence, I was now passing under the name of John Brown; but I could not conceal my identity. Everybody knew me, and President Eveleth advised, as a precautionary measure, that I should leave the city.

Tuesday, December 29, 1857. Elders William Cluff, Eli Bell, and I took stage for the Redwoods, seeking opportunity to work where no one knew me. When within four miles of Whipple's mills, we left the stage and walked through the fields. The mill had closed for the day. One man was working at the saw. Brother Cluff and I sat down on a log, while Brother Bell went to make inquiries.

As soon as the man was addressed, he left his work and came straight to me, saying, "Brother Young, I am glad to see you. A few nights ago, I saw you in a dream, and I know you have been sent here to do a good work." Again everybody knew me, and I told the brethren that, live or die, from this time on I would be John R. Young.

I went to work for Brother Eli Whipple. He owned a large steam saw-mill, and was anxious to close out and go to Utah. His wife and three daughters were not in the Church, and were opposed to gathering. In fact Mrs. Whipple was very bitter toward me. I pleaded earnestly with the Lord that He would soften her heart and bring her into the Church. In about three weeks I had the joy of seeing her and Mrs. Mary Whipple Walker baptized.

Sister Whipple gave me the following account of her conversion: "When you first came to live with us, I thought you were the ugliest-looking man that I had ever seen. You looked dark and swarthy, and I could not help but hate you. One evening, after you had borne a testimony to me, I went into my room, knelt down and prayed. I asked God, if what you had said was true, to give me some evidence of it. That night I dreamed that I saw you clothed in white raiment, and your face shone like the face of an angel. In the morning when I met you, I could see a halo of light around your face. And I never see you now but what there is a bright spot on your cheek."

Ever since that day Aunt Patience has been as kind and gentle to me as my own mother. So did the Father answer my prayers.

Brother Whipple had a large number of logs scattered among the timber, ready to be hauled to the mill. I took four yoke of his oxen and went to logging. One day, as I came in muddy and tired, I met a gentleman who asked for Mr. Young. I answered: "That's my name." But he wanted Elder Young, the Mormon preacher; and he could hardly comprehend how a man could be an ox driver and a minister of the Gospel at the same time. After supper I held meeting in the kitchen, and talked to a house full of earnest listeners until midnight.

On Saturday, February 6, 1858, I went home with Mr. Bradford, the gentleman who came the previous evening. I stayed a week with him. Daytimes I threshed barley with a flail, at two dollars a day; evenings I gave Gospel talks to his family and a few invited friends. At the end of the week, his wife wanted to be baptized. The doctors and ministers visited her, and said that if she went into the water it would kill her, as her health was delicate, and she had been heavily dosed with calomel.

Nevertheless, at three o'clock Sunday morning, we put her into a spring wagon and drove fifteen miles to a secluded place on a sparkling mountain stream. Mr. Bradford helped me carry her into the water, and I baptized her for the remission of her sins, and confirmed her a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I then returned to the Redwoods and held a meeting at Brother Whipple's. A good many strangers attended; and as a result of these meetings seven persons were added to the Church, for which I greatly rejoiced.

About this time my Brother Franklin W. arrived from the islands.

# CHAPTER 15.

**Start for a Thirteen-Hundred-Mile Walk.—Become Indian Scout.—Meet Jacob Hamblin, the Indian Peacemaker.—Surrounded by Forty Indian Warriors.—Shooting a Dove Saves our Scalps.**

By the first of March forty persons had gathered at the Redwoods, 40 miles south of San Francisco, prepared to go to Utah. We organized a company by appointing Eli Whipple, captain; Sextus E. Johnson, sergeant of the guard; John R. Young, chaplain; and Elemuel Sawtell, clerk.

Brother Whipple furnished the provisions, and hauled the blankets for the returning elders, thirteen in number; and with hearts full of hope and joy we started out for a walk of thirteen hundred miles. Before setting out, Joseph A. Kelting and I went to San Francisco and purchased thirty-five rifles and one hundred pounds of powder.

At the start grass was short, and teams were heavily loaded, so we traveled slowly. By the middle of April, it was evident that our provisions would not last us through. Our meat was nearly gone, and I began to urge the brethren to lie over a day and hunt. However, as we saw but little game, and killed none, there was no spirit for hunting.

On the 20th of April we camped at Elizabeth's Lake. After evening camp prayers, I talked and prophesied that if we would lie over, and go out to hunt, we should kill all the meat we should want. The company consented; and the next morning at daybreak thirteen of us started out. I was the odd man, and went alone.

I had walked about a mile when I saw nine deer standing across a hollow. I fired and killed a large buck. That commenced the ball. William King killed three without moving out of his tracks. By noon we had in all, twenty-two deer. We lay by and jerked the meat. Needless to say, we had plenty to last us the rest of the journey.

At Stony Creek, Mr. Cooper and party from New York, overtook us. My services were secured to pilot them to Salt Lake City. So bidding goodbye to my fellow missionaries, who were very dear to me, and to the Saints that composed our little company, I mounted a mule and struck the trail for home.

On the Mohave, having struck the Mormon road leading from Salt Lake to San Bernardino, we saw Indian signs. The redskins approached our camp at night, but kept out of sight in the day time. That looked unfriendly. At the lower crossing of the Mohave we picketed our animals close around our wagon.

At three o'clock in the morning, they stampeded, and all got away but one. I mounted bareback, without stopping to dress, and soon overtook the frightened animals, and making a wide circuit, brought them safely to camp.

At the Vegas Springs I met for the first time, that renowned Indian peacemaker, Jacob Hamblin, and learned from him the history of the Mountain Meadows Massacre. He said the Indians were still hostile, and thirsting for more blood. On the Muddy, a small stream of that region, we found living in a wagon-bed, turned bottom-side up for a shield from heat and sand, Ira Hatch and Thales Haskell, strong men, giving the better part of their lives to missionary work among the Indians—a labor that brought them neither pleasure nor wealth.

Taking their advice, we rested a day, purposing to make rapid drives from there to the settlements. On the 13th of May we nooned at the Beaver Dams, rested until night, then drove to the Clara Mountains, made a dry camp, kindling no fire. In the morning we drove to the Cane Spring for breakfast.

Scarcely had we turned out our horses when we were surrounded by forty Indian warriors, their faces all blackened. I soon became convinced that they had been watching for us, and intended to rob, if not kill us. Many of them had on good broadcloth clothes, which I suppose they had taken from the people they had murdered at the Mountain Meadows. Most of them had good guns, and they were very insolent, helping themselves to whatever they wanted.

A few minutes after they came, a mourning dove alighted on a willow at the head of the spring, about twelve rods from our camp. The wind was blowing hard from the south, waving the willow on which the bird rested. The Indians commenced shooting at it. With a sudden impulse, I raised my rifle and fired. If I had had the dove in my hand, I could not have cut its head off more nicely than I did.

The Indians seemed astonished, and for a short time were quiet. In our small company—only five of us—was a mountaineer by the name of Hardin. I felt that he was the only man that could be relied on in case of trouble. He had loaded a double-barrelled shotgun with navy balls, and stood leaning by the side of the carriage, the butt of his gun on the ground, the muzzle resting in his right hand.

Three Indians crawled under the carriage and commenced scuffling. Instantly one barrel of his gun went off, taking off the upper part of Hardin's ear, and tearing away the rim of his hat. It knocked him down, and I thought he was killed. The chief threw the back of his hand to his mouth and gave the war whoop.

I cocked my gun and put the muzzle against his belly. He stopped yelling, and Hardin sprang up and attempted to shoot him; but I interfered, telling the men that our lives depended on our keeping the chief.

I then spoke in Ute, and ordered the Indians to their camp, but kept the chief a prisoner. We hitched up, and putting the chief into the carriage, drove until three o'clock, then rested until dark, when we hitched up and drove rapidly until midnight. We then camped, tied up, and stood guard without a fire until morning. After breakfast, we gave the Indian a shirt and plug of tobacco, and told him to "git."

Years after, I became intimately acquainted with this chief Jackson. He was a bad man; and while he lived there was no peace with his band. Without doubt, all that saved our scalps at that time was the fortunate shot in killing the dove, and the course we pursued in keeping the chief a prisoner.

After turning the Indian loose, we passed a painfully anxious day; our animals were so exhausted that we had to take several rests, and were fearful of being followed by the Indians. Just before night, however, we had the good fortune to pull into the town of Pinto, the frontier Mormon settlement.

We were kindly received by the good people of that ward, and after resting a few days, continued our journey. The monotony of the desert was now pleasingly changed by the many ranches and busy villages we passed. At Parowan, two hundred miles south of Salt Lake City, we encountered a scene that I shall never forget. I remember distinctly, the "Exodus," as it was called, from Nauvoo, when sixteen thousand souls left their homes and commenced that marvelous journey of fourteen hundred miles to the unknown valley of the Salt Lake. But that exodus was like a small rivulet by the side of a mighty river when compared with the seventy-five thousand men, women, and children that we now met in one continuous line of travel.

Horses, oxen, and cows were harnessed or yoked to wagons and carts; and one family by the name of Syphus, was moving their effects on a handcart drawn by a pair of yearling steers. Mothers and children walked along as merrily as if going to a corn husking; each family moving its little bunch of cows and flock of sheep, and all starting on the journey (that was never completed) to Sonora, in Mexico, or some other place.

At times we were compelled to drive our wagon for miles outside the beaten road, everywhere hearing and seeing evidences that increased my gentile companions' wonderment of the marvelous power held by Brigham Young over his people; and added to my curiosity to see the outcome of Mr. Cooper's colonizing scheme. Surely everything looked favorable for the promoters of that idea.

At last we reached Provo, where the Church leaders had made their temporary headquarters. In the evening I visited President Young, and made known to him the object of Mr. Cooper's visit. Two days later he gave audience to Messrs. Cooper, Mathewsen, and Hardin. They held a lengthy conversation, in which Mr. Cooper, in glowing language, told the Mormon leaders what a splendid opportunity it was for them to lead their people to Central America, where, he said, they could found an empire that would crown the stirring life of Brigham Young and his associates with endless glory.

I can still hear the ringing words of Brigham Young's answer: "Gentlemen," said he, "God Almighty made these everlasting hills to be bulwarks of liberty for the oppressed and down-trodden of the earth. We shall never leave here and go to a country where we should have six hundred miles of sea coast to defend, and where any nation at their pleasure could send war ships to bombard our cities. Furthermore, gentlemen, should the desire ever come, we have hundreds of boys, just as capable of going to Nicaragua, and of taking possession and holding it, too, as General Walker of New York. Gentlemen, you have our answer."

On June 23, 1858, my cousin, Brigham Young, Jr., carried me in his one-horse buggy to Salt Lake City. At Draper I received the kiss of welcome from my dear sister, Harriet M. Brown, and from my dear aged mother. At the city I met my father, who, like a lion in his lair, was watching the coming fate of his deserted home. He and a few fearless, trusted men had been left behind to see that Johnston's army kept its pledges not to quarter in the city. Had they broken their pledge the city would have been burned.

I sat with the guards in the upper room of the Lion House, and saw that army in death-like silence march through the deserted streets of the dead city, a few of the officers with uncovered heads, as if attending a funeral. To us western mountain boys, the solemnity of the march was oppressive; and glad relief came to our strained feelings, when we saw the soldiers' camp fires kindled on the "other side of Jordan."

# CHAPTER 16.

**Home Activities.—Counseled Not to Study Law.—Called to Uinta, and Dixie.**

As soon as I had seen the army "pass through," I returned to Provo to report myself to President Young. I had been gone on my mission a little over four years, as before recorded. When Apostle John Taylor set me apart for this mission he said, "You shall be cast upon the bosom of the sea; but fear not, the hand of the Lord shall be over you, and you shall return in safety to your father's home;" also in parting President Young had said: "If you will be humble, live near the Lord, and not commit sin, when you return you will take me by the hand and tell me that you know Mormonism is true." I had kept the conditions, and I knew the Gospel of Jesus Christ had been restored to the earth, and that it is the power of God unto salvation to all who receive and obey it.

About this time peace was restored by President Buchanan's proclamation of pardon to the Mormons. I took hold with energy to help move my father's families back from the south, whither they had fled, at the near approach of the army. That task accomplished, I made arrangements to go to San Francisco, intending to live with my cousin, Lorenzo Sawyer, and go to school and study law.

One day, as I passed Uncle Brigham's office, he called to me, then came out and walked with me to

Brother Wells' corner. We sat down on a pile of lumber, and I told him my plans. He counseled me not to go to California, to let the law alone, to find a good girl, get married, and make me a home.

During the winter I attended a school taught by Sister Eleanor Pratt, and here became acquainted with Miss S. E. Carmichael, one of Utah's most gifted daughters.

On January 1, 1859, I married Albina Terry, eldest daughter of William Reynolds and Mary Phillips Terry. During the summer following, I worked as a farm hand for my brother-in-law, Joseph G. Brown. On November 12, 1859, I moved to Payson and bought a home of David Crockett, paying for it during the winter by hauling tithing wheat from Sanpete valley to Salt Lake City.

November 16, 1859, my eldest son, John Terry, was born. The mother came near dying with hemorrhage at the nose, but Elders Levi W. Hancock and William McBride laid hands on her, and she was instantly healed.

In the spring of 1861, I was called, with ten other families of Payson, to help settle the Uinta country. I sold my home, bought two good teams, and loaded up my things; then going to Salt Lake City, I reported to President Young for specific instructions. After a long talk, in which he seemed pleased with my labors, he told me the Indians had become hostile, and he should release those who had been called. He advised that I return to Payson and buy another home. I did so, trading my teams for a house and lot and ten acres of farm land.

I also rented a ranch, with twenty cows and a flock of sheep, for three years, of James McClellan. During the summer I picked up sixty calves, to be kept on halves. I also married as second wife, Miss Lydia Knight, daughter of Newell Knight, a life long trusted friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Everything that I touched seemed to prosper, and I was happy—but the "best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley." In the fall, I was called, in connection with my Brother Franklin W., who at that time was bishop of Payson, to go to Dixie.

I purchased two yoke of oxen and a big wagon. My Brother Franklin W. accompanied me as far as Toquer, where we parted. I going to the Santa Clara, I bought an Indian farm situated on the creek just below the Old Mission fort. I worked hard during days, fencing with timber that grew on the place. The long evenings I spent in grubbing the heavy sage and squaw brush that covered a great portion of the farm. My wives, Albina, and Lydia, would pile the brush, and keep up fires so that I could see to work. We were ambitious to make a good home; and the only capital we had was health, strong arms, and resolute will.

Just as I had completed the fence, and had several acres ready for plowing, the Big Flood came like a thief in the night. The wall of water, which was ten to fifteen feet high, struck the west side of the fort, a rock structure two hundred feet square, in which several families were living. The solid wall stood as a dam, causing the stream to divide; the greater part following the creek channel to the south, but a sheet of water four or five feet deep spewing over the creek bank, and running along the fort wall until it came to the north side, where it swept through the gate like a mill race, flooding the inside of the fort to a man's armpits.

Such were the conditions when the inmates of the fort were awakened to their peril. The alarm was given to those living outside of the fort; and soon all the men, and some of the women, were gathered at the point of danger. The first care was to rescue the women and children.

Inside the fort, the water was comparatively still, so that men were able to move around as they wished; but as they approached the gate, no man unassisted could stem the current. To remedy this, a rope was passed from a tree on the outside, through the gate, and made fast to a post on the inside. By holding to this line, men could pass in and out; the women and children were then taken on the men's shoulders and carried to a place of safety.

The rescue was scarcely accomplished, before another danger faced us; for by this time the high tide of the flood had passed; and the channel of the creek, which had also become enlarged, sucked the water from the overflowed flats, strengthened the current in the creek, undermining its banks, and caving them in. Suddenly the southwest corner of the fort, Ira Hatch's home, fell into the flood, sweeping away everything he owned. Other families suffered, but he, taken by surprise, lost all.

Across the creek from the fort was a little grist mill owned by Jacob Hamblin. Father Chamberlain, the aged miller, with two grandchildren, a boy and a girl, were living in a dugout near the mill. The first they knew of it, a stream of water was pouring in upon them. They succeeded, however, in emerging from the trap, and climbing a near-by tree, where they passed the night in terror. In the morning they waded to a high spot on the mill-race, and none too soon, for both the tree they had climbed, and the mill, were carried away. It was three days before the water fell sufficiently for Ira Hatch and myself to wade across and rescue them.

During the summer preceding the flood, the Clara Indian missionaries had labored in the United Order. The northwest corner room of the fort had been used by them for a granary. Here they had two hundred bushels of wheat unsacked. It was agreed that all hands should assist in carrying out the wheat; while I stood, lantern in hand, to signal any danger from the encroaching flood. One hundred seventy-five bushels had been saved, when I gave the alarm. The men came out at once; and ten minutes later the room caved in.

We felt that we had done all that could be done; and the men being nearly exhausted, and chilled to the bone, went to their homes. The rope that was used at the gate had been taken down, coiled, and hung on Samuel Knight's gate. Jacob Hamblin begged me to hold the light, while he moved a pile of cord-wood, and said when that was done, he would go and rest. He had moved about half of the pile, when a large block of earth on which he stood, dropped into the flood.

I called for help. Joseph Knight ran to me, catching the rope in his hand as he came. At the bank I held the light so that we might peer into the seething waters below. So much earth had fallen that it pushed the water back; and we saw Jacob clinging desperately to snapping roots. Brother Knight rapidly made a noose and dropped it over his head and shoulders. Hamblin then grabbed the rope, and we pulled him from the jaws of death; for no man could have lived long in that torrent of mud and water.

During the damp and rainy weather that accompanied the flood, our little son, John T., took the croup, and after several days of terrible suffering, died. This was our first life sorrow, and the blow was a heavy one.

The old fort and town having been washed away, a new town was laid out under the direction of Apostle Erastus Snow. I secured a city lot, and some farm land, and went to work again.

In the spring of 1862 I was called by the bishop of the Clara ward to drive an ox team to Omaha on the Missouri river, to get some cotton gins and spinning jennies for the benefit of the ward. Leaving my family camped in a tent, I responded to the call, driving my own team, and crossing the plains in John R. Murdock's train.

At Omaha I found my Brother Joseph W., who had charge of the Church immigration, lying at the point of death. He had been knocked down by lightning, and nearly crushed to death by baled wagon beds that were blown upon him during the terrible storm. Under the blessing of God, and with careful nursing, his life was preserved. For three weeks I aided in purchasing teams for the immigrants, and brought up the rear end of that year's emigration. After all our companies had started back, I received orders, by telegram from President Young, to buy more teams and wagons and to clear out the Church warehouse at Florence.

On the 17th of August I started for Salt Lake with twenty-two wagons and teams, but only ten teamsters; and we traveled one hundred miles before I got additional help. On Elm Creek, while on the move, we were charged by a stampeded herd of buffalo, estimated at three thousand head. It was with great difficulty that we turned them aside, and kept the train from being run over and trampled to pieces.

During the combat, one of my night guard was dismounted, and his mule, a fine animal, ran off with the buffalo. As soon as the train was safe, a young man by the name of Stewart, and I, followed the herd, stampeded them again, and riding into the heaving, rolling mass, secured the mule, and also succeeded in cutting out three oxen and a cow that we found running with them. Two of the oxen were large, fine fellows, and were very helpful in my team. Upon reaching Salt Lake City, I gave them to Bishop Hunter, as a donation to the Perpetual Emigration fund, and they were used for years on the Temple Block, to move the blocks of granite that were placed in the Temple walls.

Near Fort Laramie we overtook Captain William H. Dame's train of fifty wagons. As he was prostrate with mountain fever, we blended the trains, and I took charge of them until we reached Fort Bridger.

When I reached Salt Lake City, President Young gave me a beautiful Canadian mare, which the Church had furnished me to use on the plains; and he gave me, moreover, his blessing as a reward for my services.

At Provo, I found my wife Lydia with a sweet babe —Lydia Roseana—in her arms. I gave Mother Knight a cooking stove for her kindness to me and mine. Jesse, my wife Lydia's brother, wished to go to the Clara; so I employed him to drive my ox team, for which service I gave him a French pony, valued at seventy-five dollars. He was a noble boy, and I always loved him. It was late in the fall when I returned to the Clara with the machinery I started for. In six months' time I had traveled twenty-eight hundred miles with my four yoke of oxen.

I found Albina and babe well, but still living—and without a murmur—in a tent.

In 1863, I was called by Bishop Edward Bunker of the Clara Ward, to go to the states and help gather the poor. I had charge of ten teams from that ward. I drove my own team of four yoke of oxen. On the trip eastward we made part of Daniel D. McArthur's train. At Florence I was appointed captain of an independent Danish company of forty-four wagons. On the return trip we had several stampedes, in one of which two women and one man were killed. With that exception we were greatly prospered. I became very much attached to the Danish people. My brother, Lorenzo S., was with me, and was of great help to me. Jeremiah Stringham and family joined the company, and I learned to love him for his courage and fidelity.

Upon my return to the Clara, I found my two wives living in a one-room adobe house that my brother-in-law, Samuel Knight, had built for them. In the fore part of the winter, William R. Terry (my father-in-law) and I were requested by President Erastus Snow, to move to St. George. I promptly set about the work; putting up a small hewn-log house, then going to Pine Valley to make the shingles. While finishing the roof I received a letter from President Young, calling me on a second mission to the Sandwich Islands.

On March 20, 1864, I started to Salt Lake City to fill this mission. I had been notified that I would need to raise four hundred fifty dollars. I therefore sold my ox teams, and otherwise raised all the money I could before starting. Albina and children went with me to Draper, where I left her with her father. The weather was unusually stormy, and the roads were bad. On March 31st we camped on Pioneer creek, near Fillmore. For the first time in my life my children cried for bread, when I had none to give them.

Early in the morning, however, Sister McFate, a widow, came along and sold me five pounds of flour. At Round Valley brethren were owing me twenty-five bushels of wheat; but I could not get a bushel, nor a dollar in cash. Bishop Jesse Martin came to my rescue and generously helped me out of his own pocket.

April 4, 18[illegible] I stayed over night with Bishop William McBride, [illegible] Santaquin. In the evening a heavy snow storm swept over the place; and while we were in his home at supper, a pair of valuable Navajo blankets were stolen from my wagon.

I immediately got out a search warrant, and early next morning, with the constable, commenced search. Learning that a man had left town before daylight, we followed him through Payson to Spanish Fork, where we caught him with the blankets. He was tried, convicted, and fined ninety dollars.

On Sunday, April 10, 1864, I reached Battle Creek, and visited my brother-in-law, William Frampton. In the night my horses got out of the stable and strayed off. I hunted four days for them, then gave them up. Our friends took us to the city.

On Friday, April 22, 1864, forty-six missionaries met in the historian's office and were set apart for their respective missions.

Apostle Wilford Woodruff blessed me as follows: "Brother John R. Young, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood, we lay our hands upon your head and set you apart unto the mission whereunto you have been called by the servants of our God; to lift up your warning voice, to preach the Gospel to the children of men.

"We say, go in peace, bearing precious seed; go trusting in God. Call upon Him day by day and night by night. Follow the dictates of the Holy Spirit in this ministry and mission; and inasmuch as you will do this, the blessings of the heavens will rest upon you. And you shall rejoice before the Most High, because of the blessing that will be given unto you in this mission, in bearing the responsibility with your brethren in laboring to build up the kingdom of God, to warn the nations of the earth, to search out the honest in heart wherever you may be sent, to gather the people to Zion. We dedicate you unto God, and set you apart for this great and glorious mission.

"You shall go forth in peace and be preserved upon the land and upon the water. While the land is full of danger, and these dangers will increase, trust in the Lord, and all will be well with you. You shall do a good work, and bring many souls into the Kingdom of God; and you shall increase in wisdom and the gifts of God.

"When your mission is ended you shall return in peace and joy to your family and friends. We seal upon you every blessing you can desire in righteousness, and ask our Heavenly Father to preserve you, to give his angels charge concerning you, and enable you to do much good in your day and generation. All these blessings, together with all you may need and require, we confer upon you in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen."

Elder Benjamin Cluff was set apart to be my companion. Brothers Abram Hatch, John T. Caine, F. A. Mitchell, Richard White, and Uncle Brigham were liberal in helping me on this mission.

# CHAPTER 17.

**Miss Carmichael's Parting Words.—San Francisco.—Orson Pratt's Prophecy. Sail for Hawaii.—Delivered From the Hands of a Wicked Man.—Visit Walter M. Gibson.—View Kawaimanu.**

Wednesday, April 27, 1864. I spent the day visiting my dear mother, and passed the night beneath my father's hospitable roof. Miss S. E. Carmichael wrote *"A Parting Word to my Friend John R. Young:"*

My words are seldom strong, or bright,
  A woman's tones are low,
And 'tis not much a hand so slight
  Can offer thee, I know,
'Tis like the quivering breath that wakes
  Where forest leaves are stirred,
Yet from a friend's true heart it takes
  To thee, a parting word,

### REMEMBER.

Remember—hope in thy sorrow,
  Remember—faith in thy prayer,
Remember—the bright tomorrow
  That dawns on the night's despair.
Remember—the hearts that love thee
  Are with thee—everywhere.

Remember—the path of duty
  When other paths seem fair,
Remember—the truth's white beauty
  When weak illusions glare,
And should the world defy thee
  Alone its strength to dare,
Remember—Heaven is nigh thee,
  Remember—God is there.

A friend's kind thoughts attend thy way
  Where e'er that way may be,
And so I make remember,
  A parting word to thee.

On April 28, in company with Elder Benjamin Cluff, I took stage for Sacramento. We were six days and nights, jolting across the dusty, rut cut deserts. At Austin and Egan mining camps, Nevada, hay was two hundred dollars per ton and flour 18 cents per pound.

On May 4th we reached San Francisco, where we met Apostles Lorenzo Snow and Ezra T. Benson, returning from the islands. They had cut Walter M. Gibson off the Church, and appointed Joseph F. Smith president of the mission.

I also met and spent six days with Apostle Orson Pratt. He was on his way to Austria to introduce the Gospel to that nation. He telegraphed to President Young to see if my mission could be changed, so that I could accompany him. It was thought best, however, for me to continue on to the islands.

Sunday, May 22, 1864, I accompanied Brother Pratt in a walk to the summit of the high cliff west of the city. We found a secluded crevice and knelt in prayer. He seemed oppressed in spirit, grieving, perhaps, over the infidelity of his son Orson. While he was talking, the Spirit of the Lord came upon him; and he upbraided the inhabitants of San Francisco, and prophesied that the city should be destroyed by earthquake.

On Tuesday, May 24, 1864, we sailed second cabin on the bark Onward, Hempstead, captain. Brother Cluff and I occupied one room with a Missourian named McCarty, said to be suffering with consumption. He was a large, raw-boned man, of a quarrelsome disposition.

One day Captain Hempstead invited us three to have seats on the upper deck with the first-cabin passengers. The reason for this courtesy was soon apparent. Among the cabin passengers were several ministers; and they wanted a little diversion at the expense of the Mormon Elders.

A warm discussion ensued. It was asserted that the Mormons were driven from Missouri and Illinois on account of their thieving and lawless acts. In my defense I challenged the proof of a single dishonest deed, and testified that Joseph and Hyrum were innocent, and that they were murdered in cold blood.

Mr. McCarty became angry, and boasted that he helped kill Joseph and Hyrum Smith. I told him then that by his own confession he was a murderer, and that the curse of God was upon him. He would have struck me, but the captain interfered, and made him behave.

About midnight of the 30th of May, I was awakened by McCarty. He was sitting on a stool, in front of his bunk; the full moon shining through the window giving him a white, ghastly appearance. He told me to get up and get him a drink. I replied that the guard passed the door every five minutes and would wait upon him.

He seized a butcher knife, sprang to his feet, and swore he would cut the heart out of me. I was lying in the middle bunk, and had but little room in which to move, and nothing with which to defend myself; but I felt I would rather die than do his bidding. I therefore silently asked God to deliver me from his power.

"He took one step forward, threw up both hands, and fell backwards. I sprang from the bunk, and raised his head, but the man was dead. Brother Cluff called the guard, who soon brought the captain and the doctor. The latter said he died of heart failure.

In the morning they sewed him up in a canvas, a cannon ball at his feet. I stood by the taff rail, and saw the body slide off the plank; and as I watched it sink into the depths of the ocean, I rejoiced that I had borne a faithful testimony of God's martyred prophets, and was truly grateful that I had been delivered from the hands of a wicked man.

At Honolulu, where we arrived June 10th, we were warmly welcomed by Elders Joseph F. Smith, William W. Cluff, and the native Saints. In council it was decided that I should visit Mr. Gibson on Lanai, and if possible, recover some Church property that he had possession of, then join Elder A. L. Smith on Maui, and with him visit the Saints and reorganize the branches of the Church on Maui and Hawaii.

On the 14th of June, I wrote my Brother Franklin W., as follows: "I am waiting for a vessel to Lahaina. My first labor will be to visit Mr. Gibson, and try to get back several hundred Books of Mormon that he got possession of when he first came. He has proved to be a deceitful though shrewd and capable man, possessed of one absorbing idea, that of founding an empire of the Pacific Islands. For that purpose he joined the Church, asked for a mission, and commenced at once his empire building.

"To raise money, he made merchandise of the Priesthood. Under his "dispensation," he ordained all the Saints, both men and women. To be an apostle cost one hundred dollars, a deacon, five dollars. He sold our meetinghouses, making Lanai the only place where the word of the Lord could be given to the people.

"Clothed in his temple robes, he publicly laid the foundation of a temple, using for the chief corner stone, a huge boulder that had drunk the blood of many a victim, sacrificed by the idol worshipers of Lanai. He then covered the stone with brush and tabooed it, giving out that if anyone uncovered it, he would be smitten with death.

"While Apostles Snow and Benson were laboring with Gibson, trying to bring him to repentance, Elders Joseph F. and Alma L. Smith, W. W. Cluff, and Talula, Mr. Gibson's daughter, visited the temple site; and

Brother Cluff, with impious hands, pulled the brush away, and left the "Consecrated" slaughter rock exposed to rain and sun.

"Mr. Gibson had used the old heathen Hale Pule site for the purpose of working upon the superstitions of the islanders. In their fear he had enshrined himself as a god. Coming into his presence they would prostrate themselves in the dust of the earth, and await his bidding to arise.

"But now in a moment, all his power had been swept away. From their doors they had seen Elder Cluff *desecrate the tabooed stone,* and return to them unharmed. The charm was broken. Mr. Gibson was cut off the Church, and his Polynesian empire soon dissolved. From this on, he will be a crownless king, without a kingdom."

From Lahaina I crossed to Lanai in a whale boat. I stayed a week with Mr. Gibson. He surrendered to me five hundred Books of Mormon, his temple clothes, and a watch that my father had given to him. I recrossed the channel to Maui—as usual in a whale boat—and found Elder A. L. Smith anxious to learn the success of my mission.

While waiting for dinner, I wrote:

### LINES TO ALBINA.

This little card on which is traced
  The image of a lovely rose,
Was given me, by one who shared
  My brightest joys, my deepest woes.

It is to me a priceless gem,
  A token dearly prized,
As emblematic of the life
  Of one I idolize.

I'll place it with my choicest books.
  There shall it linger long
To mark the place where I may look
  On a favorite author's song.
And when bright words and noble thoughts
  Kindle my soul aglow,
I'll think of my wife, as I gaze on the rose
  That is traced on the card below.

Very dear to me, are the little gifts
  That richer men oft spurn.
They speak to me of the honest love
  A humble life may earn.
I will gather them up as flowers that bloom
  Beside the pathway of life;
Leaves of affection, wafted from home,
  And kissed by the breath of a wife.

On June 28, 1864, we sailed on the schooner Kilauea for Hawaii. On the 30th, we arrived at Kapaliuka and were warmly welcomed by Brother Kanaha and his wife Nakiaielua. I have taken much interest in this family, on account of their strength of character. When Gibson came, Kanaha had no faith in him, and refused to gather to Lanai, or to deed his home to him. For these sins he was cut off the Church. But he continued to hold meetings and kept his little flock together until we came.

When the old man met us, he wept with joy; and we were equally rejoiced to see his integrity and manhood. This branch has been replete with interesting incidents. Here, during our first coming, Elder Hawkins had been shamefully mobbed. Here Ward E. Pack, cast the devil out of two Catholic priests who had incited natives to mob him. The act of casting out had greatly amused the Kanakas.

Monday, July 25, 1864, at Waipio. We started on foot for Kawaimanu (flying water), a secluded mountain village, seldom visited by white men, a very fertile glade fifteen miles north of Waipio. We had to climb a pali two thousand feet in height: a solid rock wall almost perpendicular. When about half way to the top, we stepped to the side of the narrow trail and looked down on the sea that washed the rock below us. The sight made my head dizzy, and I hurriedly drew back. Our path led over the mountain, near some celebrated waterfalls. I wrote:

Our meal of poi, pakai, and shrimps,
  In silence we partake,
Then with a guide to lead the way,
  The mountain path we take,
Narrow and winding in its course,
  And difficult to find.
The vale below is growing small,
  As upward still we climb.
And now great drops of sweat appear
  Upon the traveler's brow;

Reminding me of summer days
  When following the plow.

Surprised, we meet a mountain maid,
  Wild, Indian-like, and free;
Around her waist a shirt is tied—
  The custom here, you see.
She meets us with a smiling face—
  "Which way, strangers?" asked she.
"We're going to Kawaimanu,
  The waterfalls to see."

Breathless we reach the mountain crest,
  Where dark winged clouds oft fly;
And seldom can the traveler pass
  And keep his jacket dry.
The natives call it "Pele's tears"—
  Full often doth she weep,
Till torrents gushing from her eyes
  Roll thundering down the steeps.

For "Pele's" home—at Kilauea,
  In a burning lake of fire,
Where demons wild, in hideous form,
  Are ever hovering nigh her.
But why she weeps, they cannot tell;
  Unless to quench her fever,
Or else to drown the mystic yells
  Of fiends who never leave her.

Through forests dense our guide doth lead,
  And vales of tangled fern,
So green that Neibaur's match receipt

Would fail to make them burn.
The clouds are dark'ning o'er our heads;
And yonder on our right,
The craggy peaks in vapors black
Are hidden from our sight.

Hurrah, we see the waterfall—
Three thousand feet or more
From cliff to cliff three noble streams
Their foaming waters pour.
They're leaping from the battling clouds
That clothe in darkness now,
The storm-scarred cliffs, and snow-crowned peaks
Of Mauna Keas brow.
In foaming sheets, the cloud streams leap,
Sending back roar for roar,
In answer to the deafening crash
That peals from ocean's shore.

The music of the universe
Is never silent here—
By day or night the sea surf's song
Rings in the peasant's ear.
And when I wake, and gaze upon
The authors of that song,
I see the ocean's vast expanse;
The mountains bulwark strong.
For endless ages they have stood:
Eternities to come,
May listen to Waimanus flood,
And the ocean's ceaseless song.

After crossing twelve deep canyons and descending a pali half a mile in height, we reached the village and were kindly entertained by the few Saints who reside here. We held three meetings, baptized three persons, and organized a branch of the Church. We remained one month on Hawaii, visiting the Saints and organizing branches to the best of our ability.

On the 5th of August we sailed for Maui, and landed on the 6th at Malia. Here we met President Joseph F. Smith. who in those days, as now, was always active, and thoughtful for others. He met us on the beach with horses, and a hearty welcome. A two hours' ride brought us to Waialuku, where I received several home letters. The cheerfulness of my family was a comfort to me. As the gentle dews of heaven give life, beauty, and freshness to the flowers of the field, so good news from loved ones cheers, animates, and strengthens my heart, fills my bosom with joy, and makes me a happier, and I hope, a better man.

## CHAPTER 18.

**Conference at Wailuku.—Return to Honolulu.—Sail for Home. —Man Overboard.**

On Sunday, August 14, 1864, a conference was held at Wailuku, with sixty members present. Arrangements were made to build a new meetinghouse, Gibson having sold the old one which was built ten years ago.

President Joseph F. Smith testified that the Saints, in following Mr. Gibson's teaching, had departed from the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and had become darkened in their minds. "As soon as you manifest works meet for repentance," said he, "we will let you renew your covenants by baptism, and then we will place upon you the responsibility of preaching the Gospel to this nation."

Monday, August 15, 1864. I had the pleasure of accompanying President Smith on a visit to Elder George Raymond at Waihu. After dinner, we rode up to the mountain, following a deep canyon, until we came to a beautiful orange grove, the property of George Raymond. The native brethren asked President Smith to rebaptize them. The request was granted, and I went into the water, a pure mountain stream, and baptized Kanahunahupu, George Raymond, and Kapule, three intelligent and staunch defenders of the Gospel. We next confirmed and blessed them.

On the 25th, I accompanied President Smith to Lahaina, and visited His Excellency, Governor Kauwahi.

He was once an active elder in the Church, and aided President George Q. Cannon in translating the Book of Mormon. On the 26th President Smith sailed for Honolulu. Alma L. Smith went to East Maui, while I labored in the vicinity of Lahaina. On Saturday, Sister Mary Kou, my makau honi, (adopted mother) was thrown from a horse and seriously injured. I administered to her, and she was instantly healed.

On Sunday, September 4, 1864, I received a letter from my brother Franklin W., enclosing a twenty dollar greenback, for which I was very thankful. Brother Alma L. Smith returned from East Maui. We labored together, visiting the Saints, earnestly desiring their welfare. We were diligent, holding many meetings, bearing testimonies, and administering to the sick.

By letter from President Smith, we were instructed to arrange our labors so as to visit Honolulu about the 25th of this month. Friday, September 23rd, we sailed for that city on the steamer Kilauea, deck passage, reaching there on the 24th. We were kindly received by President Joseph F. Smith and William W. Cluff.

September 30th we held a council meeting. A letter from President Young was read, suggesting that Elders Joseph F. Smith, William W. Cluff, and Alma L. Smith return home, and that John R. Young preside over the mission, assisted by Benjamin Cluff.

At this time my family was residing at St. George, and their destitute condition preyed upon my mind.

In associating with the brethren, I had read my home letters to them. The spirit of these letters, cheerful and self-sacrificing under severe trials, enlisted the sympathy of the brethren; and it was decided in council that I should return home. Therefore, on Wednesday, October 12, 1864, in company with Joseph F. Smith, William W. Cluff, and Sister Albion Burnham and three children, I sailed on the bark Onward for San Francisco.

Sister Burnham was the widow of George Albion Burnham, who had received the Gospel during the opening of the mission by President George Q. Cannon and his co-laborers. Brother Burnham had been valiant in defense of the Elders. At a period of cruel persecution in Honolulu; and his manly battle in rescuing Phillip B. Lewis and William Farrar from the hands of a drunken mob, endeared him and his family to the Elders of the Hawaiian mission. On our second mission we found the widow in the depths of poverty, and resolved, on our release, to take the family home with us. To this end, President Smith gave me fifty dollars from the Salt Lake mission fund to aid in gathering Sister Burnham.

On Saturday, October 15th we were still in sight of land, about eighty miles north of Oahu: no wind, a calm sea, and a full moon making a beautiful evening. At ten p. m., I was sitting on deck talking with the mate, Mr. Ferrier, when I noticed that the man on the forward watch acted strangely. I said to the mate, "That man wants to jump overboard."

In a few minutes I went to my room, and had just taken off my shoes when I heard the mate call, "A man overboard!" I ran on deck, seized a rope, and threw it to the man, striking him on the head. He looked at me, and swam from the ship. I ran up the rigging, and watched him until a boat was lowered. Then I gave directions to the captain, and he with a speaking trumpet, directed the crew, until they picked him up. The man's name was Barstowe. The next morning Mr. Ferrier harpooned two sharks, one of them over eleven feet long—not a very pleasant prospect for a would-be suicide.

Our passage was long and tedious, owing to the many calms that overtook us; yet on November 4th it became evident that we were nearing land; for the water had lost its clear blue color, and was becoming black and filthy. That day we saw a school of porpoises, rushing to and fro as if frightened, and casting up a wall of white spray as far north as the eye could see. We also saw several whales. It is a novel sight—these huge monsters sporting in the mighty deep, lashing the waves with their fan-shaped tails, and spouting columns of water high into the air!

At noon the wind sprang up from the north, and steadily increased until at nine p. m. it blew a gale. The sea became very rough, the waves dashing over the cabin deck in great violence, and causing dishes and boxes to be rolled in confusion over the cabin floor. At midnight the storm suddenly ceased, and we could hear the waves breaking on a distant shore. The captain sounded, and finding we were in shoal water, cast anchor and waited for daylight.

On Saturday, November 5, 1864, at six a. m., a heavy fog was hanging over us. We could hear bells ringing, and see several red lights. At nine o'clock the fog lifted, and I counted twenty ships anchored near us. At ten, a light wind from the north enabled the fleet to pass through the Golden Gate into a beautiful bay; and at three p. m. we lay along side the wharf at San Francisco.

As heretofore, we found a warm welcome at Brother Dwight Eveleth's home. In the evening, I witnessed for the first time, a political torch-light procession. It was said forty thousand people were on the street rejoicing at Abraham Lincoln's re-election. Soon after our arrival, President Young telegraphed us to wait until the 20th. In the meanwhile I crossed the bay to visit the Honorable John M. Horner, to me a wonderful man.

Mr. Horner told me that when he was a boy Joseph the Prophet, and Oliver Cowdery had called on the Horner family. John M. wanted to visit with the young prophet; but his father insisted that he finish hoeing a piece of corn given him as a stint. Joseph, on learning of it, took off his coat, asked for a hoe, and helped finish the task. The sequel: John M. Horner was baptized by Oliver Cowdery, and confirmed and blessed by Joseph Smith, who predicted that the earth should yield abundantly at Brother Horner's behest. In California, Brother Horner at one time paid a tithe of twenty thousand dollars, the fruit of agriculture. Contemplating this remarkable piece of history, I wrote a poem, "The Young Men's Pledge," which is published in the appendix of this volume.

On the 10th of November, having returned to San Francisco, I learned from Sister Margaret Curtis of Salt

Lake—with the aid of her models—to cut dresses; and while selling models, I did considerable missionary work. As a new departure, Elder Cluff and I visited an organized community of harlots, taking tea with them, and holding a meeting. I spoke with great freedom, assuring my fallen sisters that the Gospel of Jesus Christ would correct all the evils of society, giving honorable companionship and lawful motherhood to every intelligent woman in the world.

On Sunday, November 20, 1864, I met Elders Francis A. Hammond and George Nebeker direct from Salt Lake City on their way to the islands, to select and purchase a gathering place for the Hawaiian Saints. It seemed a wise movement, and I hoped it would prosper. In council, it was arranged for Elder Joseph F. Smith and William W. Cluff to go home by stage, while I took their baggage, and Sister Burnham and children, and worked my way home by way of San Bernardino.

On Wednesday November 23rd, we sailed on the bark J. B. Ford, under Captain Knife, for San Pedro. We encountered heavy storms, and were nine days making a four-day voyage. On the 26th, I was afflicted with severe pain in my back and left side. After I had suffered twelve hours, the disease settled in my bowels, and brought on vomiting and cramping. For three days I took large doses of laudanum, and poulticed my body with mustard.

I finally lost my speech, but knew everything going on around me. I heard the captain tell the steward to have the canvas and cannon ball ready, so they could bury me without delay. It grieved me to die away from home, and I prayed earnestly that I might live.

When they went out of my room, an elderly person, dressed in home-made clothes, came in. He knelt down by me, and, placing his hands upon my head, blessed me. I went to sleep, and when I awoke, it was morning. I dressed, and went on deck, to the surprise of the captain. I have always believed that the person who visited me was my Grandfather Young, and that his administration preserved my life.

On Saturday, December 2nd, we landed at Wilmington, near San Pedro. I gave Mr. Pedro a freighter, twenty dollars to haul us to San Bernardino, where we arrived on December 5th. Here we were kindly cared for by Brother and Sister Kelting. After resting a few days I hired a room for Sister Burnham, while I found a home with the family of Colonel Alden A. M. Jackson.

Toward spring George Garner went to Utah with several loads of honey. I persuaded him to haul Sister Burnham and children to my home in St. George, and Brother Smith's and Cluff's baggage to Payson. Through my efforts Brother Jackson caught the spirit of gathering, purchased two teams, and Sister Jackson and two daughters moved to St. George. I drove one of the teams for my passage home.

Needless to say, my return was a pleasant surprise to my family. The people in Dixie were having a hard struggle. Flour was twenty-five dollars a hundred; my family had only a week's provisions in the house, and where the next would come from they did not know. For months they had been without fire-wood, save as they went to the hills, grubbed up brush and carried it home.

I applied at the tithing office at St. George for provisions for Sister Burnham, but they did not have it. I then got a team and moved Sister Burnham and family to Parowan, where Bishop William H. Dame cheerfully undertook to care for them. Returning to St. George, I went to work to support my family; but I had scarcely time to put in a few acres of wheat before I was called to serve in a military capacity.

The Black Hawk war was spreading terror among our southeastern frontier settlements, causing many of them to be abandoned. I enrolled in Captain Willis Copeland's company of scouts, and was elected first lieutenant. I aided Colonel J. L. Peirce in moving the settlers from Long Valley and Kanab. As soon as that task was accomplished, I was called to labor among the Indians, and spent the summer with Jacob Hamblin and John Mangum in cultivating friendly relations with the Kaibab tribes.

During the winter of 1866, with Jacob Hamblin, Ira Hatch, Thales Haskel, and others, I visited the Moqui Indians. The trip was fraught with hardship and danger, as the Navajos were on the warpath. On our return trip, we crossed the Colorado on a flood-wood raft. There were forty-seven men in the company, and we had to make five trips, which took all day. I worked from morning till night on the raft, my feet in the cold water and my body perspiring from exertion.

That night I was seized with cramping colic. In the morning we had to move on, as we were out of provisions. It hurt me to ride on horseback, but I had to do so or be left to die. At Kanab they found the running gears of an old wagon. On this they put two poles, and swung me in a hammock between them; then making harness of ropes, they hauled me to Washington, my home.

They had given me twenty-two pills and a pint of castor oil; and I carried that load in my stomach nine days without relief.

Doctors Israel Ivins and Silas G. Higgins came from St. George five days in succession, then gave me up. Bishop Covington, a dear friend, came and dedicated me, that I might die without further suffering. But my wife Albina would not relinquish me. She sent for a humble elder, Albert Tyler, and when he came, they two administered to me, and I was instantly healed. For some time I had been unconscious, but I awoke, as it were, from a dream. I wanted to get up, but my wife, with tears of joy, persuaded me to rest until morning. Then I dressed, and rode in a lumber wagon to St. George, to attend the Stake conference.

On November 9, 1867, I was ordained a high priest, and set apart to act as a high councilor in the St. George Stake, by Apostle Erastus Snow, who had been ordained an apostle by Brigham Young, who had been ordained an apostle by Joseph Smith and the three witnesses on February 14, 1835. Joseph Smith was ordained an apostle by Peter, James and John, and they were ordained apostles by the Son of God Himself.

In 1867 I went to Pine Valley and drove five yoke of oxen as a logging team for Bishop Robert Gardner. In 1868 I rented Eli Whipple's saw mill. Soon after, on attending conference at St. George, I was called to the stand by President Young, who gave me a seat by his side, talked kindly to me, made many inquiries in regard to my financial circumstances, advised me not to work in the saw mill, as I was not strong enough for that kind of labor, and said if I would move to Washington, he would give me labor in the factory he was building.

I returned to Pine Valley, made settlement with Brother Whipple, and was released from the mill. I next sold my little farm on the Clara for six hundred dollars, and moved to Washington, where I labored three years in the cotton factory at good wages.

On the 30th of May, 1868, William R. Terry, my wife Albina's father, died at St. George. He had ever been a help to me. When I was on missions he farmed my land, and cared for my family as if they were his own. In his death, I lost one of my best counselors and my truest friend.

In the meantime, my Brother Joseph W. had been appointed president of the St. George Stake. I was sincerely attached to him, and his counsel had great weight with me. By his request, I took my families, Albina and Tamar, to the Pipe Spring Ranch, near Kanab, and boarded the workmen who were building Windsor Fort. When that building was erected, Joseph W. desired me to make a home at Kanab. At first I felt reluctant to do so for I had built a large rock house at Washington, just west of the cotton factory. It was a pleasant situation.

My family was beginning to be comfortable, our vineyard was bearing fruit, and I dreaded to break up and begin pioneer life again.

While in this state of mind, my cousins Joseph A., and Brigham Young, and Ferra M. Little visited our southern settlements. It was decided to make a trip to Kanab. Ferra M. and James A. Little, Joseph A. and Brigham Young, Joseph W. and John R. Young—brothers in pairs and all cousins—comprised the party. The climate and soil of Kanab being adapted for fruit, and there being excellent facilities for stock raising, the town gave promise of becoming a place of considerable importance. Accordingly Joseph W., Joseph A., Ferra and James A. secured city lots, and I also yielded to the influence. Having secured a building spot, I immediately moved to Kanab, fenced four lots and planted a vineyard.

About this time the line between Utah and Nevada was surveyed, and the settlements on the Muddy proved to be in Nevada. The Nevada assessor at once visited our settlements and required the people to pay the back taxes for the five years they had been there.

President Young promptly advised breaking up the settlements rather than pay the unjust tax. I sent a four-horse team to assist the Saints in moving away. Many of them, who still had homes in Utah, were counseled to return to them; those not so fortunate were advised to make homes in Long Valley. Being called to go to Long Valley to assist Joseph W., I sold my home at Washington for eighteen hundred dollars, and invested in a saw mill, and a ranch near it.

In the spring of 1873, my Brother Joseph W., with a company of brethren, was working a road over the "Devil's Backbone," near Lee's ferry, Arizona, when he received a partial sunstroke, from which he never fully recovered. He was further prostrated by overwork, taking stock and branding cattle at the church Pipe Spring ranch. Being conveyed to his home at St. George, he was tenderly nursed by his family and friends. He suffered much, and became very weak in body; but his mind remained clear and active to the end.

My brother was superintendent of the building of the St. George temple, and felt great anxiety in regard to that work. The telegrams I received of his condition at length alarmed me. Saddling my horse, and being accompanied by my father-in-law, W. M. Black, I went to St. George, and stayed with him thereafter until he died.

On meeting me, he rejoiced, saying I had saved his life at Florence; and if it could be done, I would save it again. In private, he told me that a messenger had visited him and told him that his name had been presented before a council of the priesthood behind the veil; that a man of experience, of integrity, and of purity of life was wanted for the ministry in the Spirit World; that he (Joseph) had one blemish. He had not strictly kept the Word of Wisdom as he had always used tea. He then expressed a wish to be carried to Salt Lake City before he died.

I consulted President Alexander F. McDonald, and

Doctor Higgins. The former advised me to be careful and not do anything I should regret in after life. Doctor Higgins said that if he was moved it would kill him. I told Joseph what these brethren said. He took hold of my hand and replied,

"Johnny, I know what I am doing, and while I live I shall preside. Will you carry out my wishes, or must I get someone else to serve me?"

I promised to do all that he wished me to do. He then gave minute directions how to fix his wagon and how to arrange a spring bed for him to ride on. I proposed to make a litter and have brethren from the different settlements carry him by relays, but he over-ruled me. Everything was consequently done as he desired.

The first day we moved him to Washington, and he stood the ride well. The next day, while crossing the Harrisburg bench, we encountered a hot wind, which seemed to smother him. I saw that he was failing, and asked if we should turn back. He raised his head, looked around and said no, but to drive on as long as he lived. In due time we reached Harrisburg, and camped under some large shade trees.

Here President Alexander F. McDonald and David H. Cannon drove up in a buggy. Brother McDonald went to Joseph and spoke about some dispatches he had just received from Arizona while I went to care for the team. In a few minutes Brother McDonald called me, and I saw that Joseph was dying. I raised him a little and held him in my arms. He motioned for his wife Lurana to come, and having embraced her, put her gently away, and took hold of my hand. His mind now began to wander. "Brethren," he said, "be careful on that temple wall, and don't let the chisel fall."

These were the last words of Joseph W. Young. We returned to St .George, and all the people mourned. I telegraphed for his wife Julia and Sister Harriet, who traveled by team a hundred miles, through the heat, sand, and dust, to get one last look at the loved one's remains.

His death occurred on June 7, 1873. John W. Young was appointed his successor in the presidency of the St. George Stake.

## CHAPTER 19.

### United Order.—Indian Troubles.—Mission to England.

In the winter of 1873 and 1874 President Young visited Dixie, and taught the people the principles of the United Order. I received a letter from him requesting me to meet him at Rockville. I took my son Ferra, then a lad of eight years, and crossed the mountain on horseback. The snow was three feet deep on the divide, and the weather stormy. In fact, we faced a blizzard for eight hours. When we reached Rockville, the afternoon meeting was in session, the house being packed, and people standing in the aisles. President Young, having called me to the stand, and there being no room to pass, the brethren lifted me up and I walked forward from shoulder to shoulder.

The interest in the president's message was intense, and the awakening general in the south. I attended ten meetings and listened to the prophet at every one of them. How great was my joy! I felt that an era of prosperity and happiness had dawned upon the Saints. How pointed and rich were the instructions! "Give your hearts to God." "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." "The way the world does business is a sin before God." "If you are not one in temporal things, how can you be one in spiritual things?"

All these utterances, it seemed to me, pointed to the happy time when there would be no poor in Zion, and the idler should not eat the bread of the laborer. I received a written appointment, signed by Brigham Young and George A. Smith, authorizing and instructing me to visit our southeastern frontier settlements and organize them into working companies in the United Order; the object being to enable them to become self-sustaining by encouraging home production.

With Bishop Levi Stewart I visited and organized the Pahreah branch. I also organized working companies at Glendale and Mt. Carmel in Long Valley. I was sustained as president of the working companies in Kanab, while Levi Stewart was sustained as bishop of the ward. This was wrong in principle, and led to division, retarding the growth of the ward.

In the winter of 1874, four Navajos, the sons of a chief, were on a visit to the Utes. On the return trip, as they were camped one morning in a deserted house in Circle Valley, they were set upon by some stockmen, led by Mr. McCarty, and three of the Indians were killed. The fourth one was severely wounded, an ounce ball having passed clear through his body, just below the shoulder blades; yet he lived, traveled one hundred miles over mountains and deep snow, swam the Colorado river, reached his home, and told his story.

The Navajos believed the Mormons to be the perpetrators of this cruel tragedy. Two Mormon families and a few Indian missionaries were living at the Moancopy and Mawaby. Peokon, a war chief, visited these and demanded two hundred head of cattle as pay for their murdered sons, and thirty days was given in which to get the stock.

John L. Blythe and Ira Hatch dispatched the word to Bishop Stewart and me, and we telegraphed it to President Young. Upon receipt of the message, John W. Young telegraphed for me to raise a company of men and bring the families and all the missionaries to this side of the Colorado river, and leave the Navajos alone until they should learn who their friends are.

Andrew S. Gibbons of Glendale, Thomas Chamberlain of Mt. Carmel, and Frank Hamblin of Kanab, with six men each, responded promptly to the call. We reached the Moancopy two days before the time set by the Navajos to make their onslaught. I found my task a hard and delicate one. Jacob Hamblin and John L. Blythe were older and more experienced in frontier life than I. Each of them, moreover, was presiding in some capacity over that particular mission, and so they were reluctant to yield to my counsel and suggestions. I have always felt thankful to Frank Hamblin and Ira Hatch; for, by reason of the loyal manner in which they supported me, the task was accomplished without loss or accident of any kind. This was my last labor in Indian matters.

In 1876 Bishop Stewart and I were released from our positions, and L. John Nuttall of Provo was sent to preside. I was disheartened at the way things had gone, and believing that my days of usefulness at Kanab was ended, I returned to Long Valley, and associated myself with Orderville United Order. In this community I formed valued acquaintances and cherished friendships.

The people were poor, humble, and prayerful, and therefore fruitful in faith and good works. Had President Brigham Young lived, the history of that community would have been different. For the good I witnessed I have words of praise; for the faults, only charity and silence.

The problems of cooperative labor, equal wages, and boardinghouse economy were not fairly tested; the future may give these questions a test under more favorable conditions. The fact is that in the death of Brigham Young, Orderville lost its guiding star and pilot.

In the spring of 1877 I was called on a mission to England. The health of my family was not good, and I felt sad at leaving them; but I responded to the call, trusting that the sacrifice would bring its blessing.

On the 20th of April I started for England, in company with Elder Samuel Claridge. We left home in a snow storm. The brethren of Orderville, having given me a pair of carriage horses, I sold them to my Brother William G. and thereby purchased a good outfit. Our company of missionaries traveled in care of Apostle Joseph F. Smith, going by rail to New York, then by cabin passage, first-class steamer, to Liverpool. The journey both by land and sea was pleasant and interesting.

Upon reaching England, I was appointed to labor in Wales, under the presidency of Samuel Leigh. He was ever kind and fatherly to me. On July 3, 1877, in company with Elder Joseph W. Taylor, I spent the day down in the Dyfern coal mine. The pit is seven hundred feet deep and employs four hundred fifty hands—men, boys, and women.

It has a thirty-horse-power steam engine, and forty-two horses down in the pit. The property is worth one million dollars.

While in the mine we were joined by the government mine inspector from London. He was curious to hear a Mormon elder preach, and prevailed upon the superintendent to signal the miners together, and devote an hour to a meeting.

I spoke forty minutes on the first principles of the Gospel, and its restoration. I found the Welsh people warm-hearted and excitable. The history of the Welsh Saints abounds in incidents of marvelous healings and spiritual manifestations of God's power.

August 31st I visited Tredagar, and held meeting in St. George's Hall. I preached to a large gathering of people, and two native elders followed me, bearing powerful testimonies. On September 1st I walked to Merthyr and received the following telegram:

"John R. Young: President Brigham Young died yesterday, August 29th, at four p. m., of inflammation of the bowels, superinduced by cholera morbus. Received cablegram this morning.—Signed Joseph F. Smith."

On Sunday, September 2, 1877, our meeting was well attended by Saints from the neighboring branches. Elders Leigh, Rowland, Joseph W. Taylor, Walter J. Lewis, and Thomas F. Howells from Utah were present. The news of President Young's death had spread, causing this gathering. The meetings were addressed by all the valley elders.

The Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon us; and many comforting words were spoken. I bore testimony of the purity and prophetic power of Brigham Young's life, and the Saints returned home, strengthened in their faith and determination to serve God.

I labored four months in Wales, and formed many pleasant acquaintances; but it would be unjust to name a few, when all were so kind to me. I walked eight hundred miles, preached seventy times, and wrote forty-five letters. I was satisfied with my work; I had been humble, faithful, and diligent; the result I left with my Heavenly Father.

# CHAPTER 20.

### Transferred to the Bristol Conference.—A Remarkable Woman. —My Views of Celestial Marriage.

On Monday, October 1, 1877, I bade goodbye to Elder Joseph H. Parry—who had succeeded Samuel Leigh as president of the Welsh Conference—and to Walter J. Lewis, and the Saints of Cardiff, and went to Bristol, where I was kindly received by President Daniel Jacobs. And now comes a repetition of my experience in Wales. Day after day, with carpet sack in hand, I walked alone; talking by the wayside, preaching whenever opportunity presented in churches, or in the open air, and yet we seemed to accomplish but little good.

On October 12th, in company with President Jacobs, I visited Cheltenham. This is a beautiful city: broad, clean streets, elegant dwellings, and beautiful grounds. We lodged with Brother James Bishop. I became very much attached to this family. On October 17th, we walked ten miles to Clifford Mesne, visited John Wadley, brother of William Wadley of Pleasant Grove, Utah. In the evening we visited father and mother Wadley, and stayed over night with them.

October 18th, we walked ten miles over a hilly, well-timbered country, and crossed over Maiden Hill, said to be the highest mountain in England; visited Sister Martha Burris, at Little Dean Hill. This sister has long been a member of the Church, and keeps an open house for our Elders, and has done so for the past 20 years, yet her husband and only son are not in the Church.

I received letters from Howard O. Spencer and Samuel Claridge. October 27th, we visited Father Lerwell of East Down, South Molten, Devonshire. He is an independent farmer, and has a good home. He made us welcome, and we stayed two weeks, holding evening and Sabbath meetings in his large kitchen. It was a good time. I wrote a letter to Thomas Robertson, from which I copy:

I have traveled far, I have traveled wide,
From Atlantic's shore to Pacific's tide;
Yet of all I have seen, I love Utah the best,
And my Orderville home, far away in the west.

I know that in Old England there are many lovely homes,
Where wealth and pleasure linger, and sorrow seldom
comes.
I see within the shady grove, the ivy-covered walls,
And graveled walks, all lined with flowers, that lead to
painted halls.

The ostrich and the pea fowl are seen upon the lawn,
Displaying robes of beauty, as at Creation's dawn;
But round the park and palace are wall, and gate, and
bar,
Cannon, and spear and halbert, accoutrements of war,
And when the gate swings open, I see the glistening steel
That speaks in tones of thunder, "Behold the power we
wield!"

I look across the gateway, and catch a gleam of smoke
That rises from a thatched roof, beneath a tangled copse.
No voice of pleasure soundeth there—no graveled walk
is seen—
No peacock strutting on the lawn as proud as Egypt's
queen!
But there are rags, and naked feet, and cheeks all wan
and pale!
And hacking cough, and fretful voice of over-work and
pain!

O yes, it is a goodly thing to be a lordling born—
To have the serf, who tills the soil, bring in the wine and
oil ;
But I would rather face the blast of Nebo's snow-capped
dome,
Than be a slave, and dwell within the proudest Briton's
home!

On November 17th, I wrote to my daughter Lydia: "I am glad that Brother A—— and H—— have gone back to Leeds. All who come to Orderville hankering for 'leeks and onions, and the flesh pots of Egypt' will assuredly be dissatisfied, and go away. It requires faith to enable a person to overcome selfishness; and all who gather there expecting to be made the lead horse in the team will be disappointed. And when the disappointment comes, it will cause them to feel that the water is not good, and they will sigh for the soft streams of Ramaliah, and prefer to labor in the brick kilns of Pharaoh on the shores of the Silver Reef.

"There is one thing that I desire to see changed at

Orderville: that is the school system. How long shall we be penny-wise, and pound-foolish? The best man, the wisest, the one who wields the most influence in the community, should be placed at the head of the school department. It wants a man of good government, a man filled with the Spirit of God. Then will our children advance in mental culture and spiritual development; keeping pace with the spiritual growth so nobly manifested at Orderville.

"You are now fifteen years of age—in stature a woman. The mind ought to develop with the body. Cultivate a taste for good reading. Write as much as you can. Be sure never to walk out nights. Keep company with no man who presumes to take liberties with a lady. Guard your chastity and virtue as you would your life. Robbed of that, you are robbed indeed.

"I believe there is not a man or woman in Orderville who would, upon reflection, do a sinful act; but all are tempted, and in a thoughtless moment good people sometimes fall. Sin brings us under bondage. Purity is perpetuated only by eternal vigilance. In the beautiful morning of life guide your feet far from the paths of wantonness, and keep the lamp of prudence burning in your heart; so shall you end your days in peace."

On Thursday, November 22nd, we walked twelve miles to John Hatt's, Chalcutt Hill, Wilts. The walk was made disagreeable by heavy showers of rain, and terrific gales of wind. Sister Hatt is a tall, healthy-looking woman, fifty-four years of age, and the mother of fourteen living children. On November 23rd, I received from Sister M. A. Tippitts, a view of Swanage, Isle of Purbeck. On the back of the card I wrote the following lines, then sent it to my wife Albina:

"This beautiful isle, the isle of Purbeck,
To look on the map, is but a mere speck,
But once reach the shore, set foot on the land,
You'll find it as large as the palm of your hand.
And the surface as green—as green-sward can be,
From the crown of the hill to the shore of the sea—
While cottage and palace erected by man,
Add beauty and polish to nature's first plan.
How grand and sublime are the works of our God,
From mountain and dale, to flower and sod!
The streams of pure water, the bird in the air,
The life and the light we see everywhere!
The heart must be happy—how can it be sad?
When the beast and the bird, and all things are glad?
And I too, am happy—yet thinking of thee
I wish I could walk on the waves of the sea,
Or fly through the air with the speed of a dove,
To my home in the west, to the friends that I love.
Though our clay hills are naked, and valleys are bare,
Yet the spirit of freedom is hovering there;
While here ,the strong hand of oppression is seen
Clouding the glory of Nature's bright scenes—
Then blest be the day, and happy the hour
When I can return to Freedom's fair bower."

November 24th, we visited Sister Mary Hatt, who has been suffering for twenty-seven years with rheumatism. Her hands and feet are sadly deformed, her legs doubled up, and her arms crooked; for three years she has been bedfast, and not able to feed herself. She is eighty-seven years old, yet retains all the powers of her mind. She knows fifty Latter-day Saint hymns by heart, and can repeat many chapters of the Book of Mormon. She never murmurs, but rather is cheerful and happy, waiting for death to set her free. We had a pleasant talk with her, blessed her, and returned to our lodgings feeling well paid for our six mile walk.

On Saturday, December 1, 1877, I visited the so-called White Horse of Westbury. The picture is made by cutting away the green turf and exposing the underlying white chalk, on the brow of a hill that can be seen for many miles around. At a distance, the horse looks as natural as life. After I had taken measurements, I wrote to my little son Ferra:

### "THE WHITE HORSE OF WESTBURY."

I saw a horse upon the plain,
  A horse of great renown;
His equal I have never seen
  Walking above the ground.
Most beautiful in form and limb,
  His skin of spotless snow,
I longed to be upon his back,
  But could not make him go.
This horse in size is hard to beat—
  From nose to tail I measure—
It is one hundred and seventy feet;
  Now isn't he a treasure?

To know the height we stretched a line
  From hoof to top of shoulder—
One hundred and twenty feet we find,
  And he's daily growing older!
A horse so big I'm sure would make
  A team for any man—
E'en Jacobs thinks he'd cut a wake
  If he but owned a span.
And so would I, you bet your hat,
  I'd have a jolly bust—
I'd take him down to London town
  And swap him off for dust.
I'd want a penny for each hour
  That he has stood alone—
I'd want a crown for every pound
  Of flesh, without a bone;
Or I would sell him by his age—
  (Not sell him as he runs)
For he has stood a thousand years,
  Exposed to rains and suns!
He stands erect upon the hill,
  As proud as proud can be,
To mark the place where Alfred wise
  Gained his great victory.
For whip or spur he will not budge,
  And yet he will not balk,
This is a fact, and not a fudge,
  For he is made of chalk.

On Sunday, December 2nd, 1877, we held meeting in the Saints' Hall, Bristol. President Jacobs delivered an excellent discourse on the first principles of the Gospel. I followed, showing that Mormonism is not a new Gospel, but is the very Gospel of Jesus Christ renewed in its purity as taught eighteen hundred years ago, by the savior and His apostles. The meeting was well attended, several strangers being present.

I wrote a letter to Elder Edward M. Webb, of Orderville, from which I make an extract.

"It may seem strange, perhaps incredible, to you, when I say that plural marriage and the United Order were both painful to me. When I was a child I had seen so many of the follies of men, and the breaking up of families by the thoughtless acts of unwise persons—all of which I attributed to the evils of a principle which is in itself, pure—that I became embittered and cherished hatred toward that which I now admire and love.

"So it was when President Young called upon the Saints to organize and work together in the United Order. I saw change, waste, and trouble ahead; and I was quite willing to see my brethren wrestle with the problem, while I stood aloof and looked on. Nor was I wrong in my conjectures. It was soon plain that most of us were willing to receive the blessing, as sectarians want to receive salvation; that is, without labor or sacrifice; but we were not willing to give up our *selfishness*, that little "jewel," dear to us as the apple of the eye.

"But the hour came when I had to meet the issue; when President Young asked me to lead out and set an example before the people. That night I never closed an eye in sleep. I reflected, I prayed earnestly, and I was convinced that the only way to win the victory was to 'give the heart to God.' When that was done, all was peace."

Near Taunton I became acquainted with a Mr. Samuel Knight, a deacon in the church of England. His wife, a young-looking, intelligent lady, had led the choir and taught the parish school for twenty-seven years, and was the mother of ten children. These good people often assisted me, for which I was grateful. I wrote them the following letter:

"Dear friends, your kind letter came all right. We thank you for the postage stamps—they came very opportunely, as we were out. It is interesting to note how the way opens before us: the things we need come from sources not looked for, and is another evidence that we are God's servants.

"We have not suffered for anything, and how thankful I am! Several respectable persons, besides yourselves, are inquiring after the truth. We are sorry that you are troubled and persecuted by neighbors who should be your friends. But to me it is another evidence of the truth of this Gospel that we are trying to preach to you. Did not a prophet say, 'when the wicked rule, the people mourn?' Are not the pillars of your church oppressors? Your ministers 'preach for hire, and divine for money,' do they not?

"As for business, what shall I say? The way the world does business is a sin. It is a system of oppression. One builds himself up by pulling his brother down—the big fish eat the little ones. Who does unto others as he would have others do unto him? I know of but one way of deliverance from these evils; that is to repent, and obey the Gospel of Jesus Christ as restored by the Prophet Joseph Smith."

Friday, December 7th, a dark, stormy day, I walked to Dunstan Abbott, eight miles in the rain, to visit Joseph Able and family; returned to Candle Green and stayed over night with James Timbrell, a game keeper. The family had no children, the house was neat and tidy, but cheerless and cold. I wrote:

The days are short and the nights are long,
The houses are cold as a Yankee's barn—
The smoky chimneys, and open doors
Are nicely matched by damp stone floors.
Kindle the fire, but it will not blaze
Unless you open the door a ways.
Shut the door, and the crack above
Is broader than a Christian's love;
Or, if tight above, then the gap below
Is as wide as the hole where sinners go.
Turn it over, twist it around,
It is all the same, whether up or down—
A rainy, smoky, foggy England.

Saturday, December 8th, we returned to Cheltenham and remained a week, visiting among the people. I wrote:

"Mrs. M. A. Tippetts, Dear Sister: Your kind letters and view cards are safe in hand. I thank you for them. Yesterday we mailed a 'Voice of Warning' to your uncle. It is as you say, a most excellent book for circulation, and I hope in this case it will do good. We are much pleased to see the faith you manifest in your works and words. May the Father bless you, and make you a savior to your husband and your dear children.

"The Latter-day Saints—and they alone, as far as I have seen—feel today as the people of God in days of old felt, when men were blessed with visions and visitations of angels, and often held communion with God Himself. See the blessing on the head of Rebecca,—Gen. 24:60; also Rachel's desires as recorded in Gen. 30; also Hannah's thanksgivings, Samuel 1-2 chapters. These are the feelings that inspire the hearts of the Latter-day Saints; feelings which give strength to our sisters to share with each other the protection and affection of a worthy husband; and which inspire our brethren to assume the responsibilities of providing for large families, to the end that virtue may be sustained, and every woman enjoy the blessing of motherhood, without committing sin.

"A person must be a fool who cannot see that it requires more toil and care to support two families than it does to support one. Hence, if the Saints were wicked and sensual, as the world say they are, they would seek pleasure where it could be purchased most cheaply, as men of the world do. But the principles of the Gospel, including celestial marriage, lead to a purity of life, that those who know not God are strangers to.

"I hope your husband will continue to read my letters. They are poorly written, which I cannot help; but they speak the truth. They are not the emanations of a person paid for his labor. I am not working for 'bread and butter.' The little education I have was acquired in the midst of severe toil—often acquired while lying on the ground by the camp fire. Those who love the truth, however, will pass these imperfections by, and rejoice in the testimonies of God's humble servants; and realize that their words, like the holy scriptures, bear the impress of the spirit of Jehovah upon them."

On Monday, December 17th, I parted with President Jacobs, walking to Tewksbury, nine miles. Farmers were busy plowing and sowing grain; and gardeners were transplanting as if it were spring. As I was passing through Taunton, Mrs. Evans hailed me, asking if I was a Mormon Elder, and invited me to dinner.

I soon learned the motive—there were five Church of England ministers visiting with them. I consequently spent the afternoon in a lively discussion. I was surprised at the wisdom given me, for I had the best of the argument, and three of the ministers left, in a rage. Mrs. Evans was pleased, and invited me to call again.

In the evening after the discussion, I walked eight miles to Pendock Cross, and stayed all night with Thomas Newman. The family being poor, had but one bed, so I sat up all night in a wooden-bottomed chair. Yet I slept, and had a dream, in which I saw an old lady, then a stranger to me, give me the gold to pay her fare to Zion.

The next day I walked fifteen miles, and found Mother Jaynes. She had not seen an elder for nine years, and was living on the parish. Yet she gave me her passage money; and when I came home, I brought her with me, thus literally fulfilling the dream.

On the 18th, I walked twelve miles to John Wadley's. The roads being very muddy, I sat down to rest a few minutes by the roadside. Putting my hand in my overcoat pocket to get an apple, I found a pair of knit woolen mits. I wrote:

"Accept my thanks for the cozy cuffs.
I found them one day, you see—
As I was resting, an apple to eat,
Beneath a roadside tree.

How nice they are—so soft and warm!
So clean, and tidy, and white;
Emblem I hope, of the heart that gave,
And the eyes that sparkle so bright.

I value a gift from Allie's hand,
Though a "mitten" 'tis plain to see.
I'll keep them, and wear them, but never return
A "mitten," dear friend, to thee.

# CHAPTER 21.

**A Visit to Wales.—Mrs. Simons' Good Work.—A Tribute to Joseph Fielding Smith.—A Letter from My Wife, Albina.**

December 19, 1877. In the evening President Jacobs baptized John Wadley. On the 20th we walked eight miles to Little Dean. It was warm and muddy. We were kindly received by Sister Burris, who ever has a tidy room, and a 'bit of cake' for the Elders. We decided to visit Wales.

In response to an invitation from President Joseph H. Parry, we took cars to Cardiff and Ponty Pridd, arriving there at noon, and walked two miles to David R. Gill's. In the evening we held cottage meeting at John Evans', then slept at Brother Hughes'.

I enjoyed the evening very much; but I can see the meshes of poverty are tightening around the poor, and the Saints have to bear a part of the afflictions and troubles that are coming upon Babylon.

On the 22nd, I walked to Mountain Ash, taking dinner with Brother Loveday, who has a large and excellent family. We went to Cumbach, held evening meeting, and stayed over night with Sister Phillips, a blessed, good woman.

On Sunday, December 23rd, before breakfast, I walked five miles to Merthyr, and during the day and evening attended three meetings. Many strangers were present, the singing was sweet, and the speaking was attended by the power of God's Holy Spirit.

On December 24th, I visited Thomas Jones, and Saints at Dyfern. In the evening, while at supper, I heard Mrs. Evans, a lady not in the Church, say: "If my health were better I would walk to Merthyr and help the Saints sing in their concert tonight." I replied, "If you will be baptized, you shall be healed." She said: "I am ready."

It was a dark, foggy night; but the brethren got a lantern, and we walked to the river, which we found full of floating ice. One of the Elders, lying down on the bank, held my hand while I slid into the water and found solid footing; then they lifted Sister Evans down and I baptized her. Returning to the house, we confirmed her, and she walked two miles to Merthyr, took part in the singing, and was healed. This was the only person that I baptized while laboring in Wales.

Christmas dawned, clear and cold, the ground covered lightly with snow. As soon as it was light, Elder William N. Williams and I walked to Thomas Jones'. On the way, we witnessed a foot-race, the runners being stripped to the flesh, and running splendidly. A large crowd was out to see the performance.

Returning to Merthyr to attend a conference meeting, I next walked twelve miles with President Jacobs, and a Sister Simons of Bountiful, Utah, who, after twenty-five years' absence had returned to visit relatives and obtain genealogies for temple work. She is doing good missionary work; many, through curiosity, come to our meetings to see a live woman from Utah. To them she bears a faithful testimony of the divinity of the Latter-day work. In the evening, the Tredagar saints gave a concert, which we attended. The Welsh are fond of amusements, especially singing, in which they are highly gifted.

On the 26th, I attended a public meeting. Elders Jacobs, Young, Howells, and Williams spoke. After meeting, two were baptized. On December 27th, I walked twelve miles to Abersychan, attending a meeting at which four valley Elders spoke. We had an excellent time. On December 28th, Elder Thomas F. Howells and I walked six miles, to Pontypool, to visit a few saints living at that place. We took dinner with Brother Richard Watkins, and he accompanied us to Abergavanny. In the evening we held meeting at Brother Bazzants', then visited Father Ellis and his grandchild. The next day we returned to Abersychan, met Elders Jacobs and Williams, and were kindly cared for by a Sister Thomas.

On Sunday, December 30th, we held two meetings. It was a bitter, bad day, with heavy wind and rain; yet our meetinghouse was crowded. All the valley Elders spoke. I have always found a good spirit among the Welsh Saints, and trust that I shall always remember, with pleasure, the many good meetings and reunions I have had with them. On Monday, December 31st, 1877, we parted with Elders William N. Williams, Thomas F. Howells, and the local Saints, and returned to Bristol, where I found letters from home awaiting me.

Albina wrote that the weather was very cold and that some of my children were barefoot. This was unpleasant news; but I was thankful to learn that they were in good health, and had homes in the peaceful secluded vales of Utah. "May God bless them," is the comment in my journal. "I have labored four months in Wales and three months in the Bristol conference. During that time I have walked nine hundred seventeen miles, preached ninety-eight times, baptized two persons, written one hundred fifty-seven letters, and received sixty. Thus ends the year 1877."

On Tuesday, January 1, 1878, I remained all day in the office, getting out financial and statistical reports. I had bread and herrings for breakfast, dinner, and supper. The weather is cloudy, but mild. As yet, there is no hard frost. Out-door wall flowers are in bloom, while fruit buds are swelling, as if spring were at hand. I received a pleasant call from Brother and Sister Hatt, and three of their daughters. On Sunday, January 6th, I received the following letter:

"Elder John R. Young: Dear Brother: I have taken the liberty of writing a few lines to you, and hope my letter will find you and Elder Jacobs in good health. I am happy to say myself and two little girls are well at present. I can truly say that from the time you were here, a great weight of sorrow has been lifted off my heart, for which I feel to thank the living God. And I also feel to thank you; that God may bless you, and enable you to fill your mission and return in safety to your family in Zion, is the prayer of your sister in the Gospel of peace, Jane Roach."

It is always a comfort to me to know that I have been a comfort to others. To help the poor, the weak, the needy, the tempted and tried; to turn the sinner from the evil of his ways—this is ever more than meat and drink to me.

On Monday, January 7, 1878, we left Bristol, passing in view of Clifton, and over the suspension bridge, which is two hundred forty-five feet high, above high water, twenty-five feet wide, and four hundred feet long. We also passed a fine park, and saw therein a large herd of fallow deer. How beautiful they looked!

Walking to Nailsea, ten miles, we visited with a family not in the Church; then talked till midnight with Brother W —— and Father Miller. The latter is eighty-five, yet bright and strong in mind and memory. These good people slept by the fire in the big arm chairs while President Jacobs and I occupied the poor little bed in the garret.

On the 10th, I left Brother Jacobs, by his request, and visited Plymouth. It is a city of beauty, wealth, and sin. The branch here was in a sad condition. I lodged with Samuel Norman, who had kept "bach" during the last fifteen years. He was kind to me, but his home was a little garret four stories high. The one little window that gave us air overlooked the Plymouth Starch Works' back yard, a filthy, stinking hole; and the room literally swarmed with rats and mice, of which, like any woman, I am in mortal terror. Here I lived two weeks on one meal a day, while visiting the Saints as a teacher.

Having got out hand bills and placarded the city, I had an open-air discussion with the city post-master. I also attended a Methodist revival meeting, where a minister invited me to pray. Among other things, I thanked the Lord for having raised up the Prophet Joseph Smith. This advertised my coming meeting better than my hand bills had done. Accordingly, on Sunday, January 13th, I preached to a large and attentive congregation, mostly strangers.

After meeting I wrote "Early Recollections of Apostle Joseph F. Smith," who is now presiding over the British Mission.

I knew Joseph F. Smith, in life's rosy morn.
When herding cows, and plowing corn;
And though he worked early and late,
He never murmured at his fate;
But smiled to think that his strong arm
Brought wheat and corn to his mothers' barn.

His first mark made, I remember well,
'Twas when he flogged Philander Bell;
A champion then for innocence and youth,
As he is now for "liberty and truth."
If plain his speech, and strong in boyish strife,
I doubt if he could mend the history of his life!

The years of trial on Hawaii's land
Were more than wiser heads would stand,
Poi, paakai, poverty and shame,
Were all endured, for the blessed Savior's name.
The crime, and filth, and ulcerated sores
Opened to view, bleeding at every pore;

Tried the metal, proved one's pride,
Then was the day of choosing sides;
Then was the hour to begin, and he
Pulled off his coat, and waded in.
We need not urge him to improve,
He seeks, as Joseph did, light from above;
And God has given strength to Hyrum's son,
Speeding him, on the race so well begun.
For unto him a charge is truly given,
To lead erring men from sin to heaven,
To realms of glory, where truth divine,
Enlightens life, with joy sublime;
But I leave to pens abler than mine
To paint the beauties of that heavenly clime.

I choose to feast on more substantial food;
One to be great, must first be truly good.
The precious clouds that bless our vales with rain,
Descend from lofty peaks, and kiss the plain.
So God, Himself, in plainness said to man—
"Blessed are the meek," "I am the Great I am,"
And while His voice echoed from Sinai's peak,
He talked with Moses "the meekest of the meek;"
Then look to Christ, and note the key-words given
To lead men back to God—and heaven.

Brother, nobly and well thou hast begun—
Now "Hold the Fort," "until the victory's won;"
And when the smoke and din of war is past,
Your works, and name, on history's page will last.

On Wednesday, January 16, 1878, I baptized Miss Elizabeth Short, and told her I hoped her journey with the Saints would not be like her name; but rather, would be long and pleasant. On Friday following, I visited the Plymouth and Davenport cemetery. It is the largest burying place that I had ever seen. It is laid off in good order, and ornamented with trees, shrubs, and flowers—a lovely place in which to rest. That day I wrote to President John Taylor:

"Dear Brother, I take the liberty of writing a few lines to you, and of sending my letter by the hand of my father. I do not think you will remember me, although I was born and brought up with the Saints, and have known you since 1844.

"In 1854, I went on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, you having set me apart for the mission. Soon after returning, I married and moved to southern Utah (Dixie), where my family still resides. In my heart I have desired to build up Zion, and to that end I have labored for the kingdom of God, and the gathering of Israel.

"The object of writing is not, however, to relate what I have done, but to ask a favor in behalf of some of my brethren. My labors since last June have given me a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Saints of the Welsh and Bristol conferences; and I wish to present to you a few names of Saints whom I feel to recommend as being worthy of assistance in emigrating.

"I will here say that personally I expect no benefit in the gathering of these people; but I believe them worthy of a blessing, and I ask as a favor that their names be held in remembrance; and that when it is right and reasonable, that they be granted deliverance from this land of poverty.

"Humbly asking God, our Father, to bless you and your counsel, and make you mighty in the truth, that you may have power to lead Israel in righteousness, I remain, your brother in the Gospel of peace."

On Sunday, January 20th, I preached in the Davenport hall, to a congregation of strangers. I felt satisfied with my labors here. I came fasting and praying, without purse or scrip—and the Lord comforted me.

The next day I met President Jacobs at Taunton; also I received the following letter from a Sister Spickett:

"Elder John R. Young, Dear Brother: Since I received your last letter, I have been called upon to part with my dear father. He calmly passed away last Saturday night, January 5th. It was a great trial; but the Lord has taken him for a wise purpose. I loved him dearly—such a good man—a kind husband and loving father. It was a severe trial to lose dear mother; but now all seems to be gone.

"I trust this may find yourself and President Jacobs in good health and spirits. Hoping to hear from you soon, and praying God to bless you, I am, respectfully, your sister in the Gospel of peace. Grace E. Spickett."

On January 24, 1878, I replied as follows:

"Dear Sister, I did not receive yours of the 16th until last evening. I feel truly to sympathize with you in the loss of your dear father. I should be much pleased if I had the power to write so as to comfort you.

"It appears from the records that your father has been a member of the Church for thirty-four years; hence I am led to suppose that you were born in the Church, and nurtured under the influence of the Spirit of the Gospel. If so, you will readily comprehend that the present painful separation is of short duration.

"I have often reflected upon the last trial and suffering of our beloved Savior; what must have been the anguish of the few loving, trusting, weeping disciples who followed him to the closing scene on Calvary! What overpowering grief must have settled upon them! How the heart must have throbbed, when they looked back upon the past, and the mobbings and persecutions which they suffered, in many instances forsaking all things for the Gospel's sake.

"True, while he was with them, in freedom, the precious words of life that fell from his lips repaid them for every loss. But to see Him whom they had loved more than they did their own lives, taken by cruel hands, scourged, and beaten, and nailed upon the cross; and when parched with fever, and asking for drink, to see his murderers offer him vinegar and gall, and finally, on seeing his mangled body laid in the tomb, to feel the last hope of their hearts buried with Him in death!

"How comforting it is to know that sacrifice ever brings forth the blessings of heaven! The death of Christ filled the hearts of His disciples with the deepest of sorrow. But the showing forth of the power of God in the resurrection banished every sorrow, dried the tear in every eye, and filled every believing heart with joy unspeakable!

"O, the beauty and glory of a literal resurrection!

And this is the faith and hope of the Latter-day Saints! We know in whom we trust, and we know if we are faithful that we shall meet our parents again; and when we meet them we shall know them as readily as the Saints knew the crucified and risen Redeemer.

"So you must not feel, dear sister, that you are left alone. Loved ones may be near us, and we not able, in our present condition, to see them. If you will seek to do the will of God, the spirit of your father will visit you, and you will be comforted by dreams and the soft whisperings of the Holy Spirit.

"It seems to me that the work of establishing your father's house now rests upon you. Let nothing turn you from the truth; but seek diligently to gather with the Saints; and let your life be pure, that you may enter into a holy temple, and see that your father's work is carried on.

"Praying God to bless you, and to lead you in paths of virtue and righteousness, I am your brother in the Gospel of peace."

On Thursday, February 14th, ten months ago today since I left home in a snow storm, I wrote the following verses:

"Gathering flowers from an English hedge,
  At the close of day on Charlcutt Hill,
While thoughts fly fast o'er sea and ledge
To my pleasant home in Orderville.
Ten months ago the snow fell fast,
And the northern winds blew loud and shrill,
As I urged my steed against the blast
That whirled in gusts, by Glendale's mill.

"I had pressed my lips to a wife's pale brow—
Had blessed a new-born child;
Then turned to face the falling snow,
And the gale that blew so wild.
I wended my way through the mountain pass
Where forest pines grew high,
Till the storm was hushed, and a calm at last
Spread over land and sky.

"And the sun's bright gleam in rays of gold,
Danced over the hills and plain—
And the cheered heart cried in accents bold:
"Thus may it be when I come again!"
O, vision sweet! Let it bide in my heart,
With the image of loved ones dear;
Like an angel of peace, may it never depart—
But tarry, to comfort and cheer!"

I have always felt that God blessed me with a good family. Here is a letter from my wife Albina: "Dear Husband: At five o'clock this morning, Brother Jehiel McConnell died. He has not rusted out; but was true and faithful to the end. He often said in meetings since coming here, that he had never enjoyed himself so well before.

"A great many reflections have passed through my mind today. I think it would do me good to see you, and hear you talk. I received your welcome letter the day after New Years—I am always glad to hear from you; but I felt a little disappointed not to get your likeness as a New Year's present. True I have one. but I should have been glad of another.

"I have been to Brother McConnell's funeral. Brother Thomas Robertson preached a splendid sermon—not to the dead, but to the living. I think some of his discourses ought to be recorded.

"This evening the home missionaries were here. John Carpenter preached, and did splendid for a new beginner. Brother Samuel Mulliner followed with an Order sermon. He is an Order man in word and deed, and enjoys the Spirit of God. It does me good to hear him talk, and I feel thankful to live where we have good meetings. It keeps me alive.

"I am looking forward with joy, to the day when you can return to family and friends. Sister Piersen sends her love to you. She is weaving away as faithful as ever. Sister Claridge has gone north to her daughter's. There are but few that I choose in this world for companions. There is a Sister Porter, a widow who came from the north, that I think much of. She is the mother of the young man who was accidentally killed up in the canyon above our saw mill. She has suffered much. I think she is a noble woman.

"I am well pleased with your Christmas gift. I should like to live on that beautiful island with our family Ferra was well pleased with the verses about the White Horse, and sends his love to you. Roy says 'Tell father I have a pair of new shoes, and a kiss for him.' Joseph is well. He is a fine boy. I am getting old; but my heart is as young as ever. From your affectionate wife, Albina."

# CHAPTER 22.

**Death of Jehiel McConnell.—A Letter to My Daughter.—Five Thousand Dollars Reward.—A Letter from Apostle Joseph F. Smith.**

Brother Jehiel McConnell was one of the party who were with Elder George A. Smith, Jr. when he was killed by the Navajo Indians. When George A. was wounded and the party had to retreat, Brother McConnell got onto his big mule behind the saddle, took George A. in his arms in front of him, and carried him until he died; thus manifesting a love and loyalty to his wounded brother that always endeared the man to the people of Orderville.

On Wednesday, March 6th, I wrote the following letter to my dear daughter, Lydia.

"Your kind letter came with Aunt Albina's. I am glad to have you write to me, and pleased that you are going to school. I want you to take all the pains you can in writing and arithmetic. They are the foundation stones of usefulness. And I desire also that you become a lady; and no one can be a lady who is not pure in body, and cultivated in mind.

"As for 'old shoes,' you can shed them off any time, and put on a new and better pair—when the better day comes, and that day will come, if you observe the principles of the Gospel; but ignorance cannot be put off, like an old garment. The young ivy vine, when it begins to spread its delicate fibers around the mighty oak, can easily be stripped off; but left alone until matured by age, and you will find them so embedded in the wood of the tree that you must take the ax and chop the vine in pieces, and cannot separate them without doing harm to the body of the tree. So it is with ignorance. If we are studious in youth, and think of, and reflect often upon pure things, we shall grow in intelligence and purity.

"In my heart I feel to draw my children to me; and notwithstanding that I have been much from home, on missions; and that when at home, I am the husband of three wives, still my love for home and family is strong, and the ties of affection burn as deeply and sacredly in my bosom as those holy passions do in other men's breasts.

"Sin and vice will diminish and extinguish from the heart the attribute of love, while a pure, clean life will increase it. It is not every little girl that I should write to, as I do to you. Nor would I write with the same freedom to some women. But I know your heart, that you can be trusted; and I want you to preserve yourself, and marry a good honorable man, that I may always have joy in associating with my daughter.

"I am so pleased that your little brother (Newell) is growing so finely. What a comfort he must be to your mother! And how precious are the blessings given us by the Gospel! I am so proud of my family; and yet, had it not been for the principle of plural marriage, as taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith, this blessing never would have been mine."

In the evening we held meeting. Elder William N. Williams gave an interesting talk, and I followed, speaking on the first principles of the Gospel. The next day Elder Williams, who has been my companion for the last two weeks, returned to Wales. He was a good man, and I ever pray God to bless him in his labors of love—that he might win souls to righteousness.

March 10, 1878, I held two meetings in Father Lerwell's big kitchen, which were well attended by strangers. Near the close of the day I walked to the top of East Down Hill, and kneeling down, gave myself up in prayer. It was so calm and peaceful that I fain would remain. I am such a lover of nature and of solitude that I could not help writing:

On the brow of this beautiful hill,
Its fields now clothed in green, and blossoms white,
Surpassing the loveliness of artist's skill,
With dew drops sparkling in the sun's pure light;
And sweet to me is the sunshine bright,
For clouds of mist oft hover o'er
The land of Britain, and spread from shore to shore
A veil of dampness, that begetteth blight.

Hence, welcome the sunshine of the present day—
And here, in nature's temple, I humbly pray.
I kneel, and plead for wives and children dear,
Yea, all the loved ones my heart holds near.

Albina, with counsel, calm and wise,
Lydia, more like April's changing skies;
Tamar, whose voice is like dew from above,
Blessed trinity, whose words of love
Are thrilling in my breast.
Father, wilt thou give rest
And peace to each of them;
And to Thy Saints, the wide world round,
Where e'er the Gospel's glorious sound
Hath found a friend.

On Wednesday, March 13, 1878, I received a letter, in which it was stated that the "Liberals" of Salt Lake City had offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest, "dead or alive," of Howard O. Spencer, wanted in a prosecution for killing Sergt. Pike. I wrote:

Five thousands dollars! The sum is too small.
Bid up, Uncle Sam, or don't bid at all;
For men with royal blood in their veins
Are not secured without greater pains!
"Dead or alive" has a martial ring,
It smacks of the power of despotic kings.
It speaks of a power now dying out—
A power that is cursed with palsy and gout;
A power that came from the witch fires of Spain,
That crushes religious freedom wherever it reigns!

'Tis a wholesome sign, to see a man of God
Defying the power of the tyrant's rod;
Walking erect, with a stately tread—
When Gesler cries out "Bow down thy head."
What though he fly to the mountain tower

To escape the venge of the tyrant's power.
Let him bide his time, it will come ere long:
Victory is not to the proud and strong,
For "truth is mighty, and will prevail"—
'Twill sweep from Utah, with fire and hail,
The "Liberal" lies; and this gouty wail,
Borne on the wind o'er sea and land,
Is the dying groan of the "Liberal clan."

Be thou firm and true, as the tone of thy prayer,
And God will be with thee everywhere.
And I—oh, how I long to sing
The funeral dirge of the "Liberal ring."

Howard O. Spencer was a playmate of mine, and while I was not with him at the time Sergeant Pike made his brutal assault, here is what Howard told me about it: "Army officers had demanded of Uncle Daniel Spencer that his stock should be moved from the vicinity of his corrals. Uncle sent Al Clift and me to move them; we reached the ranch just as the sun was setting. I was at the stack yard, with pitchfork in my hand, in the act of putting hay in the mangers for our horses, when Pike with several soldiers rode up, he dismounted, and coming to me, with gun in his hand, ordered me 'to get out and move the stock.' I faced him squarely, and told him there would be no cattle moved that night; with an oath he struck me with his gun. I held up the pitchfork to ward off the blow, the fork handle was of pine home-made, the blow broke it in three pieces, and came with such force, that I was felled to the ground with a crushed skull. Pike turned to mount his horse, when a soldier said, "put his head down hill, so he can bleed free." He caught me by the hair, and pulled me around, then they rode off laughing. A little ranch boy was with me; he ran and told Luke Johnson who came and took charge of me. When President Young learned of it, he sent Allen Hilton and Dr. Sprague, with a carriage for me. I was taken to Salt Lake City and placed in the care of Dr. France and Anderson. With their intelligent treatment, and careful nursing, my life was saved.

As soon as Howard's wounds were healed, so he could sit a horse, he came to my home, at Draper, and got a team to help the Spencer family, with their summer's work. At that period there were no houses, on the road from the Cottonwood to Draper, on the dry creek bench, Howard met General Lyon with a company of U. S. Dragoons. They were enroute to Bear River, with the announced purpose of protecting the Morrisites in their anticipated move to California. When he met the troop he stopped them, and asked if Sergeant Pike was with them. They answered, "No, but what do you want?" The reply was, "I am owing him a little, and I thought if he were here, I would pay the debt." What a blessing that Pike was not there! Had he been, Spencer would have killed him, without any thought for his own safety. As a man he was the soul of honor, kind and gentle, and slow to anger, but when aroused, he was fearless as a lion. His friends affirm that after the assault at Rush Valley, his mind was unbalanced. I have no comment to offer on that. I do know, however, he was void of the sense of fear, and that he felt, in the Pike difficulty, that he was assaulted because he was a Mormon, and his love for and loyalty to the Mormon people stamped in his heart a determination to pay the debt in kind, let the consequences to himself be what they would. His love for law and order, held him in check, until he saw the farce played, when Pike was brought into the Provost court, with his gun buckled on his side, escorted by his armed comrades, heard the colored pleadings of Pikes counsel, and the prompt decision of the judge, evidencing to unbiased men, that in that court, there was no justice for a Mormon. With that feeling uppermost in his mind, he walked quietly out of the court room, and when Pike came out, he paid the debt, by shooting him. In the confusion that followed Spencer escaped. Years after, I met him on the Sevier, traveling alone, unarmed, and unguarded, going to Salt Lake City, to stand his trial, and I believe the jury's verdict, that acquitted him, met the approval of just men and angels.

The following letter shows the spirit and methods used by the Mormon missionaries to help the poor to emigrate:

"Elder John R. Young. My dear brother: I need scarcely say I was pleased to hear from you. Can old acquaintance be forgot? Your experience in the British mission is that of scores of Elders who have labored there of late years.

"You no doubt say truly that in some respects the Bristol conference is the Molokai of the British mission; but it is not the only one. Our experience of today there, is not what it might have been twenty years ago. We are now gleaning the field after the harvest is gathered.

"I think it is right for the Elders to change about somewhat, as circumstances may seem to require or warrant, so as to equalize the toil, hardships, and enjoyments among all. I have suggested to Brother Naisbitt to make such changes this spring as may be deemed right and necessary for the well-being and prosperity, both of the Elders and the mission. Among others, I have not forgotten to mention you.

"I do not know yet whether it will be myself or some other person who will be sent to preside over the mission. I am of the opinion that I have almost served my apprenticeship there, and that I will be relieved, at least for the present. If you know me, and I think you do, you know that my sentiments are in favor of fair dealing and justice, as well as mercy; and I want no favor-kissing in mine. I have learned, too, that we cannot always judge, from a short acquaintance, of the real merits of men.

"One thing we should do: that is, encourage the Saints, as much as possible, to help themselves. If many of them would smoke less tobacco, drink less beer, visit fewer shows, buy fewer household toys and ornaments, and get along more economically, with a view of saving up their pennies until they multiply to pounds, they could, in a short time, emigrate themselves. We need to be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

"God bless you. Love to Brother Jacobs. All well here. Your brother in the Gospel, Joseph F. Smith."

# CHAPTER 23.

A Letter to my Son.—An Enquirer Answered.—The Sinking of the Euridice.—Four Hundred Men Perish.—Letters from Home.—Two Splendid Dreams.

"Silas S. Young: My dear son: Your very neat letter of February 2nd came safely to hand, and I was pleased to have you write to me.

"I have recently been to Crew Kerne, a noted pleasure resort and while there, witnessed the Somerset steeplechase races. I will try to tell you something about them. To begin with, I must tell you that England, and Wales, so far as I have seen, are hilly countries; the hollows abounding in creeks, and springs—and such beautiful clear, soft water; while the ridges and table lands are covered with forests of pine, oak, beach, and other varieties of timber. The tillable lands are generally drained; and the steep hills are cultivated, as well as the level plains.

"But farms in England are mostly cut up into small fields. The fences, which are mainly ditches and hedges. are crooked and irregular; often leaving the plow lands in a triangle, or flatiron shape. With this explanation, I will now come to the race course.

"The grandstand, a glass-roofed shed with raised seats capable of seating a thousand persons, was situated on the east side of a glade, one-half mile wide, and commanding a good view of the same. A circular track, eight rods wide, and bounded on each side with red flags, was marked off a mile and a half long. This track crossed eight hedges, one deep creek and hedge combined, the object evidently being to select as difficult and dangerous a track as possible.

"The points to be tested were strength, speed, and activity in the horses; and nerve, skill, and horsemanship in the riders. They were required to run twice around the track; making a three mile run. The most difficult leap was a hedge six feet high, four feet wide on top, with a deep three-foot ditch on the opposite side. This leap had to be taken on an up-hill run, which made it hard work.

"But the part of the race that attracted the most attention was leaping the creek. This was ten feet wide and eight feet deep; but the water was partially dammed, causing an overflow of four feet on the farther side. The hedge on the approaching side was five feet wide and four feet high; making in all, twenty feet to be leaped.

"In the race, twelve horses started. A mare fell at the up-hill hedge, and broke her leg; the rider was thrown and so badly hurt, that he had to be taken away in the hospital cab. A horse fell in the creek, and the rider was nearly drowned. Two bay mares, the winners, and such beauties, went twice around the track, leaping the creek, twenty-two feet, neck and neck. It was the prettiest running that I have ever seen.

"Be a good boy, and write again."

Friday, March 22nd, I spent the day posting the conference books. The next day President Jacobs came from Trowbridge. He is in good health and spirits, and working hard. I also received the following letter from my father, dated Salt Lake City, February 17, 1878:

"My dear son, I should be glad if I were in a condition to send for the Saints you so much desire to emigrate; but it is not in my power. Yesterday I went to see your Uncle Phineas. It was his seventy-ninth birthday, Feb. 16, 1878. He is quite smart; gets up early mornings, does his own chores, and often walks up into town, two and one-half miles. Uncle Joseph is also well, and full of faith. He is eighty-one years old.

"Well, Johnny, hold on, and never give up until the battle is won. We shall all be glad to meet you when you come home. The family all join me in love. May God bless you, is the prayer of your father, Lorenzo D. Young."

Monday, March 25, 1878. As several of the Welsh Saints had written asking me to spend a Sabbath with them, I got leave of a week's absence from President Jacobs and crossed the Bristol channel on the steamer Wye. I visited Brother Harris at Cardiff. and held meeting. Wednesday, the 27th, I also visited D. R. Gill. That day a collier was killed by the falling of a stone in a mine where several of the Saints are working. Poor fellows, spending their lives toiling down in the dark, foul pits, with blocks of death hanging over their heads! Hundreds die yearly, as this man died.

In the morning the goodby is cheerfully spoken, for no shadow of death looms forward as a warning; at sunset the block has fallen, and the dying man is borne by his comrades to the heart-broken wife. The next day he is buried, and soon forgotten by all save those to whom his strong arm brought daily bread.

On the 28th I visited Brother Jenkin Thomas, A. J. Jones, and Brother Edwin Street. The latter is still confined to his bed, suffering from the effects of the terrible bruises he received in a coal pit two years ago; but he keeps in good spirits and is firm in the faith. I held meeting in his house, that he might hear the service. The room was crowded, many strangers being present.

On Monday, the 30th, I visited Richard Wadley, gentleman, on his farm twelve miles from Cardiff, to help him in his work. I plowed while he sowed grain. This pleased him so much that he hitched his "cob" into the cart and drove me to his home in Cardiff. I spent the evening with the family, preaching the Gospel to them. Under this date, I wrote to an enquirer, not in the Church:

"I know the idea generally prevails, that a man can love but one wife at a time; but a careful reading of the word of God forces the conviction that the idea is wrong; and my own experience confirms this view. I find in the scriptures of divine truth, that we are commanded to love the Lord with all our heart, and to love our neighbor as ourselves; what a terrible tax to place upon a man who can only love one wife! I am thankful to say that I have learned to govern love by principle; and I can truly say, that the bright and intelligent sons and daughters born to me by different wives, are alike beloved, and dear to me."

On Wednesday, April 3, 1878, I returned to Bristol, and received the following letter from my wife Lydia:

"Dear Husband: The day's work is done, the children are sweetly sleeping, and the nine o'clock bugle (curfew) is sounding, 'Hard times, come again no more!'

"If I knew hard times would come no more to you, while you are in that land of poverty and wretchedness, I should be very thankful. I have been treated with much kindness by the brethren and sisters here in Orderville. Neither I, nor mine, have suffered for food or clothing.

"I am striving diligently to overcome selfishness, and I am gaining ground a little. I feel that if there are any more needy than I am, who are laboring faithfully in the order, let them be served first.

"I cannot accomplish as much work as I should like to, but I do all that I can. I am making hats, and have charge of the hat department. My babe is as nice a boy as anybody ever had; and the Lord knows it is my desire to bring him up in such a way that he will be an honor to his parents. Vilate is very delicate; I do not feel at all easy about her, but I do hope and pray that she will be spared to us.

"May the blessings of the Lord be with you, is the prayer of your affectionate wife, Lydia K. Young."

April 5th was a cold, windy day. I went to Sister Burris's, Little Dean Hill, forty miles, and found the family well. I wrote Elder Samuel Leigh, of Cedar City, as follows:

"Dear friend, I have just returned from a short visit to Wales, our old field of labor, and feel to write a few lines to you.

"I thought that England would go to war with Russia but as yet the Lion and the Bear are content to watch the bone, and snarl and growl at each other. However, the war feeling is becoming more intense and bitter, and it is hard to say what a day may bring forth.

"In Wales, there is still much suffering—worse a great deal than when you were here. You will doubtless remember Brother Street of Treorky, who was so badly crushed in the coal pit. He is still suffering, yet clinging to life and full of faith, else he would have been dead long ago. At one time, his wounds had nearly closed; but they opened again, and several pieces of the backbone came out. The doctors can do nothing for him; and our Christian friends call long and loud for a miracle, and because he is not healed, they harden their hearts and persecute the Saints; forgetting that John did no miracles, yet a greater prophet never lived."

One of the most melancholy events of the season was the sinking of Her Majesty's war training-ship, Euridice. She was returning from a six months' training trip, having on board four hundred picked young officers and men. In forty minutes more she would have been at anchor in Portsmouth. Thousands of friends had assembled on the pier to give them welcome; when a sudden squall, accompanied with snow, swept from the headlands across the bay, striking the ship. In a few minutes the storm was past; but the ship was nowhere to be seen. The hand of death, as it were, had smitten her;

and of the four hundred souls on board, all perished but two.

On Sunday, April 7, 1878, I attended a baptist meeting in the baptist chapel, the Rev. Mr. Griffiths preaching an able discourse on baptism by immersion. After the services he put on a rubber water-proof suit, and stepping into a font filled with warm water, baptized eight persons; using these words: "Upon your profession of faith in Christ Jesus, I baptize you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

At the close of the service, I went to the pulpit and introduced myself, and asked the privilege of preaching in the chapel. The ministers refused. I then told the people I was an Elder from Utah, and that I would preach that afternoon at Mr. Burris's, and my meeting was well attended by Saints and strangers.

On Monday, April 8, 1878, I walked to Clifford Mesne, twelve miles, and found Brother Wadley and family well. My wife wrote:

"Orderville, February 20, 1878. Dear Husband: Your favor of January 18th came today. I can truly say it is a kind and good letter. It gives me new courage, and I feel more determined to press on, in the straight and narrow path.

"Several things have happened today, causing me to feel well: your letter and a good one from father, and Hattie's new dress. She is much pleased; but poor little Mary—her lips are put up, and tears are in her eyes. I tell her it will be her turn next.

"Frank's cough is still very bad. Last week we received the parcel you sent by Brother Leigh. William is so pleased with his knife. He carries it in his pocket in the day time, and sleeps with it in his hand at night.

"The children are having a dance tonight. Roy and Hattie have gone. They took hold of hands, and walked off together so kindly. They seem to think a great deal of each other, and I am proud to see them.

"You have been gone ten months, and my babe is walking around, by holding on to the chairs. He is so intelligent, and has such bright blue eyes. As for teaching my children to pray, I have always done so, since they were old enough to talk, and I generally pray with them night and morning.

"I am trying to do right, and I intend to improve as fast as I can in all good things. I am thankful that I am here in Orderville. I have never felt discouraged. Last night I dreamed that you and father both came home. I thought you had been gone just eleven months. As ever, your wife, Tamar B. Young."

April 11, 1878, from my journal: Last night I stayed with Brother and Sister Thomas Newman. As they had but one bed, I sat up all night in a wooden-bottomed chair; but I got some sleep, and dreamed that I saw an elderly woman apparently lost in the woods—and a person told me to go and get her, for she was ready to go to Zion.

In the morning I asked Sister Alice Newman if there was an aged sister in the Church living in the branch that I had not seen. She said, "Mother Jaynes lives about six miles from here, in an out-of-the-way place that no

Elder has visited for the past four years." "Well," said I, "I want you to tell me the way, as I must see her and get her emigration money."

This amused Sister Newman; for Sister Jaynes had been living on the parish for over twenty years. It was a dark, rainy day; but Sister Newman put on her cloak and walked across the fields with me. We found the old lady gathering bits of sticks from the hedge. I asked her to go to the house, make a good fire, and give us some refreshments. When we had warmed and rested, I told her I had come to get her emigration money.

She said, "The Lord has sent you, for no mortal knows that I have any money." She went into a back room, and soon returned with her apron full of gold, emptied it on to the table, and told me to do as I pleased with it. I counted out her emigration money, and sent it to the Liverpool office; and when I came home, I brought her with me—to Echo on the Weber, where her friends were waiting for her.

Having returned with Sister Alice, I then walked two miles to the top of Malvern Hill, knelt down and gave thanks to the Lord for the revelations of His Spirit to me; a Spirit that guides me so often into unknown paths.

## CHAPTER 24.

**Death of a Lady Apostle Woodruff Baptized in 1840, at Midnight.—Baptize an Aged Backslider.—A Letter from Apostle Wilford Wodruff.—Transferred to the London Conference.**

On April 12, 1878, I walked seventeen miles to Cheltenham, and received the following letter:

"Beloved Brother Young: I received your kind and welcome letter yesterday, and was very glad to hear from you. I read your letter with pleasure. I also read and read over again, your letter to Brother Leigh, and I feel to say, amen, to it. I am willing with all my heart, and am seeking earnestly for the privilege of gathering with God's people.

"I am not afraid of hard work, and I am used to hard times. There is one lesson in the Gospel that I love very much, and I have learned it pretty well; that is humility. I love to read of the union and love that prevails among the Saints; and I read the home letters that you sent, with much pleasure. To see the good spirit and humility manifested by your wife—oh, that all the wives of the Saints were so humble, and would so sustain their husbands! It would make a heaven of our homes, and the blessings of the Lord would be with us, always.

"We have secured a very nice meeting room, near Brother Daniels. We opened it the Sunday before last, three strangers present. Last Sunday there were twenty-three strangers with us. Next Sunday, if all is well, and the weather permits, we are going out in the open air to preach. From your brother in the Gospel, D. R. Gill."

Sunday, April 14th, in the morning, with Miss Alice Bishop, I visited the Cheltenham cemetery. Trees, flowers, green sward, and monuments erected to the memory of loved ones, all make it a pleasant place. We held meetings and administered the sacrament. This week I visited the Malvern hills, and preached in places, where thirty-seven years ago, President Brigham Young, and Wilford Woodruff bore their testimonies and reaped a rich harvest of souls as recompense for their faithful, loving labors.

A lady of wealth, baptized by Elder Woodruff in 1840, died recently in this place. On her death-bed, she sent a message to me, requesting to be sealed to Brother Woodruff.

It is strange how principles of truth spread. A daughter of that woman is now seeking information in regard to the Gospel, the effect of her mother's dying words. The daughter's husband is a wealthy, worldly man, and will not let his wife attend our meetings. I earnestly seek for wisdom to guide me in all my movements; for while I sympathize with the oppressed, or those barred of Gospel privileges, yet I have no desire to give the wicked an occasion or opportunity to destroy my life and usefulness.

The farmers are beginning to weed and hoe the fields. Many women engage in this labor; and yesterday I stopped to witness the working of a threshing machine. It was driven by steam. The foreman, feeder, and two other hands were men; the pitching, band-cutting, and sacking were done by women. It was a sight that I had never seen in Utah; yet, out in the world I hear much about the slavery of Mormon women.

Tuesday, April 16th, at midnight, I baptized an old man by the name of Waradell. He was among the first to embrace the gospel on these islands. He went to Nauvoo, worked as a carpenter on the temple, crossed the Mississippi river to go west with the Saints in 1846, with Charles Shumway. At Sugar Creek his heart failed. He apostatized, and returned to England, and now, old and penniless, he comes back into the Church to die.

During the day I baptized three of Brother Bishop's children. I am proud of this; to me they are a lovable family.

"Oft have I wandered, weary and alone,
To gather flowers, by mortal hand unsown,
In shady nook or dell; and sometimes find,
Hidden from view, blossoms of rarest kind.
And thus in life, the good, and pure, and true
Are often hid, by circumstance, from view.
Happy the man who brings the treasures forth,
And gains, for recompense, a gem of priceless worth."

April 18th, I walked twelve miles in rain and mud, and stayed over night with Heber White, at Ryeford. I suffered all day with sick headache. The next day, though still feeling poorly, I started to walk to Nailsworth. The weather was damp, and the roads bad. After going about three miles, I fainted. When I came to myself, I knelt down and prayed. In a short time, a gentleman came by in a buggy, and invited me to ride. In Utah this would not seem strange, but here it is like a miracle. When he learned who I was, he took pains to carry me to George White's, the presiding elder at Nailsworth. I truly thanked the gentleman and praised my Heavenly Father for the blessing given me.

April 20, 1878. One year from home; a damp, wet day, and I was confined to the house, for this damp weather affects my lungs. I wrote the following letter:

"Dear Brother Lorenzo: On the 30th of this month, if spared till then, I shall be forty-one years of age. As a birthday present, I send you my photo, and a Bible card to each one of your family.

"I feel grateful for the blessings and mercies bestowed so graciously by the Father upon me. True there are times, when in sorrow, I may feel for a few moments, that my lot is hard, and my labors poorly recompensed. You know how much I have been a wanderer for the Gospel's sake, but you do not know how many weary steps I take, and how sadly I am tempted. Out of all, so far, I have been delivered, my weak body strengthened, and my heart comforted. In this I have great joy; and I trust this, my joy, will continue until the end of my pilgrimage in this life, which I now consider more than half completed.

"The spheres of our calling seem not to be alike; yet one may be as useful and honorable as the other. I hope you will be faithful in all the duties assigned to you. No matter how humble the post, make it honorable by your faithful application of the principles of the Gospel. This principle should be the guide in all our labors.

"No doubt you meet with trials at Orderville; and where, indeed, do we not find them? There is only one way that I know of, to be free from them; and that is to live so God will wall us around, as He did Job and Enoch, and his people. But we are hardly prepared for that, although we have started right. Now, if we can keep our integrity and purity to the end of this life, then we shall enter into the rest of our Lord. Kind love to you and Sarah."

Sunday, April 21st, I attended two Saints' meetings and spoke in both of them; went home with a Mr. Tanner, not a member of the Church, and talked with him until midnight on the principles of the Gospel.

My wife Tamar wrote:

"I don't want you to feel that I have hard times. I know if I were surrounded with riches, it would not make my health any better. I know that I am greatly blessed; and like you, I am proud of my children, and I desire to bring them up in righteousness.

"I know that you are a man of God—and I want to uphold you. You see and comprehend many things that I do not, until you point them out, and explain them to me, and I know that you have never given me other than good counsel."

On Thursday, April 30, 1878, my forty-first birthday, I remained in the office, nursing Brother Jacobs.

On May 1st, my wife Tamar's twenty-sixth birthday, I walked fourteen miles, then took train sixteen miles to Trowbridge. Unable to find lodgings, I walked three miles to Heywood Lodge, where Joseph Trumble, game keeper, received me. I ate a cold supper, and starting upstairs to bed, was taken with a chill, and suffered all night. The next day I was still in pain, and kept my bed. On the 3rd, I received a letter from President Jacobs, informing me that I was released from the Bristol conference, and appointed to labor in the London conference. By his request I returned to Bristol, very feeble in body; but on Sunday, May 5th, a fair day, I attended a good testimony meeting, and partook of the sacrament. A letter from Apostle Wilford Woodruff, dated, Historian's Office, Salt Lake City, April 18, 1878, awaited my arrival:

"Elder John R. Young. Dear Brother: I received your interesting kind letter of March 11, 1878, and am much pleased to hear from you—also pleased to learn that you keep a journal. I wish all Elders in the vineyard would do it.

"I returned from St. George in March to attend the April conference, and have been very busy here in Church business. Among other things, Erastus Snow and I have charge of building the Manti temple, which will occupy considerable of our time. We have had a great deal of hard labor to perform about the temple ground, before laying the first corner stone. We have had the mountain to move; forty feet high, about two hundred feet square, to make a place for the foundation.

"This foundation is about seventy feet above the level of the street below it. Then we have built four walls, one thousand feet long, seventeen feet high, and three feet thick on an average; and built terraces between, which will be covered with fruit trees, shrubbery, and flowers thus making one of the most picturesque landscapes in America.

"In the Logan temple, the builders had nothing to do, but dig a trench three feet deep and lay the foundation, which they did last fall; while at Manti we had to move five thousand yards of rock and earth before we could lay the first stone of the building. We have the terrace walls nearly finished; and I am in hopes to lay the corner stone of the temple by the middle of May.

"We have had very early spring throughout Utah. Trees in Salt Lake were in bloom the first of April; but we have now been having a cold rain and snow storm for seven days, and consequently fear for the loss of our fruit.

"We have done a good deal of work for the dead in the temple during the past year; and the work is still on the increase. On the 12th of February we baptized for one thousand five hundred eighty-four names; we have given two hundred forty-four endowments in a day; my day averages two hundred. The following is a list of some of our work during the last year for the dead: Baptized 41,231; gave endowments to 19,340; gave ordinations for the dead, 17,559; and attended to all other ordinances accordingly.

"I shall be glad when our other temples are finished, so that all the people can enter therein and attend to the ordinances for their dead. I will put the name of —— on my list, according to your request and attend to it as soon as I have had an opportunity. I have had baptisms for some three thousand of my dead friends, and endowments for one thousand sixty-four before I left St. George; all of which are recorded on my family record.

"The friends are generally well in St. George. I shall be pleased to hear from you at any time. Remember me kindly to any of my acquaintances you may see. Your brother in the Gospel of Christ. W. Woodruff."

From my journal: On Tuesday, May 7th, 1878 I bade goodbye to President Jacobs. I have labored very pleasantly with him for the last six months. May the blessings of the Father still be with him. I took train for Newnham, for the purpose of visiting Sister Burris and family. Was sorry that Mr. Burris did not come into the fold.

## CHAPTER 25.

I Visit London, the Grandest City in the World.—Meet the Claridge family and leave my testimony with them.—Visit Portsmouth, and the Home of Nellie Grant Sardys.—Labor With Elder Connelly.—Rake Hay, and Receive a Gift from an English Lord.

"On May 8th, 1878, a wet, disagreeable day, I walked twelve miles to Brother John Wadley's. The next day I baptized and confirmed Mrs. Eliza Wadley and her son Henry. I received a letter of instructions from Elder John Cook, President of the London Conference.

"On May 11th, I parted from Brother Wadley, and took train for London. At five p. m. I saw from the car window the brown slate and red tile roofs of the great city, the home of five million people, and the center of the wealth of the world.

"At Partington I left the cars and took the under ground street cars to King's Cross, then walked three miles to Bishop's Grove, where I met my cousin Lorenzo D. Young, Howard O. Spencer, Joseph W. Taylor, and Elder Ashworth, all from Utah.

"Sunday, May 12th, I went with Brother Spencer to White Chapel and addressed the Saints. In the afternoon I preached on the Commons. These things are wonderful to me, and I keep repeating to myself: 'Who am I, that my Heavenly Father should honor me, to be a witness of His Son, the Redeemer of the world, to the inhabitants of the great city of London?'

"Monday, May 13th, I met Brother Samuel Claridge, looking and feeling well. I went with him to his brother's, where we spent the day, talking with much freedom on the principles of the Gospel. We next visited Mr. Claridge's boot and shoe factory, a large establishment. Here we exhibited to the employees, views of Salt Lake City, and photos of President Brigham Young, the twelve apostles, and of many personal friends; always closing our talks with a testimony of the truth of the Gospel, as taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith. I have joy in these Gospel conversations.

"On Tuesday, May 14, 1878, with Elders Spencer and Claridge, I visited Mr. Ward, Elder Samuel Claridge's brother-in-law, and family, and had the pleasure of meeting Sister Millard, who came with us from Utah. I also met Mother Claridge, who is eighty-three years of age, yet very smart and active.

"It seems she had learned of my having been helpful to Elder Claridge, her son, and in gratitude, she put her arms around my neck, and said: "Bless thee heart, laddie, as long as I have one biscuit left, thee shall have half of it.' She listened attentively to the testimony of the man 'who had been so helpful to Auntie Millard, and who saved Sam's money while in New York.'

"I was pleased with the confidence this numerous, intelligent, wealthy family placed in me; and I sought to leave a testimony that they would not forget. I talked one hour to them, which is a long time for me. I spent four pleasant days with Brothers Claridge and Spencer, visiting the Tower of London, the Crystal Palace, Albert's Palace, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, Green's Park, Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and the American Hotel.

"Following this brief sight-seeing respite, I attended a reunion of the North London branch of the Church and had a feast of good things, spiritually and temporally. The prospects seemed bright for me to do good in connection with Elder Claridge, when the conference president hastened my departure. Consequently, on Friday, May 17th, I accompanied my cousin Lorenzo to Southampton, by train, eighty miles. We stayed at Brother Norton's, a gardener, and I received many kindnesses from this brother and his amiable wife.

"On Saturday, May 18, 1878, we walked to Portsmouth, twenty miles, putting up at a hotel; Lorenzo paying the fare. In all my missionary labors, I have gone without purse or scrip, trusting for the way to open before me. This, as a rule, has thrown me among the middle classes; and to this day I am bashful and awkward among the upper circles of society; but feel at home among farmers and trades-people.

"On Sunday, May 19th, I attended meeting in the Saints' hall at two p. m. Lorenzo occupied the time. In the evening I addressed a full house, and spoke with great freedom. The next day I wrote to Thomas Robertson as follows:

"Dear Friend, I spent four happy days in London—sight-seeing, walking about ten miles each day, and I scarcely made a beginning. First we went to the Bank of England—but I might as well stop: I cannot tell a thousandth part of what I saw, and my predicament reminds me of that of the Queen of Sheba, after having reviewed the rich appointments of Solomon's temple.

"The massive-looking buildings of London, some of them twelve stories high, are marvelous to me; but what impresses me most is the solid, everlasting, never-tumble-down aspect of the old English masonry. The present generation are departing from the ways of their grandfathers, and imitating American fashions; building light and cheap, for quick sale, and not for durability.

"But here we are at the bank, and what a jam! Several streets converge as to a grand center, and every street is pouring forth a stream of busses, cabs, drays, and pedestrians like two conflicting tides, they ebb and flow, wave following wave; and none can tell why they come, nor whither they go.

"We pass on to the bridge that spans the Thames. I measured it by my steps. It is one thousand twenty feet long, and forty feet wide; and the massive blocks of rock that form the abuttments, make a wall that looks to me substantial enough to form the ground work of the Egyptian Pyramids.

"Next in order with us was a boat ride upon the Thames; sweeping beneath the arched bridge of highways and railroads, until we reached Westminster. Our respect for the British nation would not suffer us to pass the House of Parliament without paying our compliments. We accordingly entered its honored portals, and bowed to the wigged statesmen we met in the grand hall. We next listened a few minutes to the monotonous reasoning of a speaker, and were impressed with the respectful silence and studied order that seemed to prevail; then we quietly retired.

"Wellington's and Nelson's monuments are worthy of notice. I cannot do them justice, but while we were looking upon those splendid statues, the spirit seemed to whisper, 'See what heroes England has produced.' It was with relief, however, that we turned from contemplating Waterloo and Trafalgar to a pleasant walk in the park.

"Of all the beautiful things that I see in England, the sweetest to me are the parks, and no wonder; the Druids loved the sacred groves—nature's temples, where the forest choristers ever warble sweet praise to the Giver of all good gifts, the Creator of heaven and earth.

"But I came not to these lands seeking the glories and pleasures of the world; and the eye, untutored, soon wearies of gazing upon these brilliant scenes. With quickened steps, therefore, we turned our faces toward Bishop's grove, where our brethren congregate. We never tire of listening to their voices; and the sweet hymns often sung by our English sisters are more soul-stirring to us than 'Rule Britannia, Rule.'

"May 25, 1878, I helped to pack the goods of, and start, two families for Utah: a busy, yet happy day. Portsmouth is noted for its excellent harbor and costly dock yards, said to be the largest in the world. The floating bridges and steam ferries pass from Port Sea to Goosport every ten minutes; a penny (two cents) for crossing. The harbor is studded with all kinds of water-craft, from the stupendous iron-clad battle ships to the tiny pleasure boat.

"I often pass by the 'Victory,' noted as the ship on which Lord Nelson fought his last battle, dying like a brave sailor in the very hour of victory. Taken all in all, Portsmouth is a pretty place. England's peace policy, i. e., prepare for war in time of peace, is at present giving employment to many hands.

"It was near this place that the unfortunate "Eurydice" foundered with four hundred souls on board. All perished but two; the most of the men being below and dying in their rooms. Divers say it is frightful to look through the windows into these cabins. The gruesome appearance of the dead appalls the stoutest heart. So far, all efforts to raise the ill-fated ship have failed; she still rests with her dead at the bottom of the sea.

"Returning on foot to Southampton, twenty-three miles, at Warsash I passed the residence of Nellie Grant Sardys, daughter of ex-President U. S. Grant. The house outwardly has the appearance of an ill-proportioned farm house. It is going to decay; the roof of a lean-to has fallen in, and the gates and fence are sadly in need of repair.

"Southampton is a pleasant place, with plenty of sunshine and fresh air. The dwellings are not as compact as in most English cities; but the parks and lawns, with their flowers, shrubs, and trees, give a fresh rural appearance that I greatly admire.

"As I approached the ferry, the ringing of many hammers attracted my attention. I noticed the hulls of two large iron-clads on the docks. Today a thousand hammers are welding the ribs of these huge sea-monsters; and cannon balls are being moulded by the ship-load. Legislative hall, pulpit, and press alike resound with words of encouragement, hurrying forward these so-called peace measures, which are really instruments of death. It is but a few days since I heard a clergyman say, 'It will be a great blessing if we can go to war, and kill off two or three million of the working people: we are too densely populated.'

"On Monday, the 27th, I walked to Lockersly, fourteen miles, and found a family of Saints by the name of Paddock. I blessed three of their children, and baptized one; also held an open-air meeting. It had been ten years since they had a visit from a valley elder.

"On May 28th, I returned to Southampton. It was a pleasant walk, the road passing through a lovely country, clothed in its spring robes of green. The next day I visited many families of the Saints, seeking to get acquainted, and speaking a few comforting words to each family.

"May 31st, by request of President Cook, I returned to Portsmouth, and met Elder John Connelly, who will be my companion for the present. President Cook wished us to move southward, and visit the Saints who are somewhat scattered in the south coast district. We labored about one month together, visiting isolated families, and small branches of the Church; holding out-door meetings, and preaching by the fireside. Brother Connelly's health was poor, yet he was a pleasant companion, an excellent speaker, quick-witted, and humorous; and I believe if he had been nursed and encouraged that he would have filled a good mission. As it was, he felt discouraged and soon returned home.

"On June 13th, 1878, with Elder Connelly, I walked to Ashburn, ten miles, and visited Sister Winchester. Her husband is not in the Church, and he has been so bitter and abusive that the Elders have ceased calling on them. We resolved, however, to take up a labor with Mr. Winchester, and stayed three days, having a good rest and visit. Sister Winchester was very kind and thoughtful of our wants; and when we left, Mr. Winchester quietly slipped four shillings into my hand, showing that his heart had been softened.

"On Saturday, June 15th, we visited Brother Elphick, and met a Mr. Burton, a relative of Robert T. Burton's. He kindly showed us through a gentleman's park, and garden. I was pleased with the order and neat appearance of walks, lawns, fish ponds, flower beds, forest trees, and well-trimmed hedges. At this place, hops are extensively cultivated, giving employment to thousands of women.

"June 17th, we visited William Guy of Westfield, then walked to Rex Hill, and dined with Mrs. Morris, not in the Church, having a good Gospel conversation. We next took cars for Chalvington, and were kindly received by Benjamin Guy, a farmer. Here we stayed four days—bright, sunny days and as there was a demand for hands in the hay field, I put on a 'smock frock,' and pitched and raked hay as well as the best of them, blistering my hands, but otherwise enjoying the labor.

"On the fourth day I was called from the field to converse with an English lord, the owner of the farm. He had run down from London to see how work was getting on. He asked many questions about Utah. I spoke of the state's importance as a stock-raising and wool-growing country; referred to our lead, copper, silver, and gold mines; pointed with pride to our educational record; and wound up with a synopsis of the principles of the Gospel, and the object of temple building. He requested me to drive him to the depot, four miles, and when we parted, he gave me a sovereign, and wished me 'God speed.'

"Friday, June 21st, we returned to Bosham by way of Brighton and Chichester. The walk was a hard one for Elder Connelly, who is not strong in body; neither is he used to out-door manual labor. I wish he had a better mission field. We found Brother Wallace and family well, and glad to see us.

"He says when we are with him, he always has good luck in fishing."

I received a letter from Brother David R. Gill, telling me that he and his family would sail for Utah with the 29th of June company. "Several families will go from that place" and they wished me to come and see them off. I wrote and got permission to make a short visit to Wales. I parted with Elder Connelly, and on June 23rd, I preached in the Saints' hall, Southampton.

Monday, the 24th, I called at Bristol to see President Jacobs, but he failed to connect. While walking on the street, I saw a man fall dead, the effect of sun stroke. I rode to Gloucester, then walked ten miles to see Brother Wadley. I found him sick, and confined to his bed. He thinks he is going to die. I promised him, in the name of the Lord, that if he would start for the valleys, he should live to get there, and have a home with the Saints.

Tuesday, June 25th, I administered to Brother Wadley, when he got up, and walked a mile with me. He covenanted that he would pay his tithing, and gather with the Saints. I walked to Little Dean Hill, and visited Sister Burris. Her little girl Emma is much better, but a mere skeleton compared with what she used to be. I took her in a perambulator, and wheeled all through town. I remember how bravely she stood by me, when the people, angered by my testimony, threatened to mob me; and I love her for her trustfulness, and purity of soul.

In the afternoon I went to Ponty Pridd. Yesterday and today, I had attentive listeners in the cars; for I always tell the people where I am from, and then, if they permit, I teach the Gospel to them. On Wednesday, June 26th, I went with Sister Coles, to tell her parents that she is going to Utah. They were surprised, and at first, angry; but after I had talked to them, they said it was all right. After dinner, I went to Hafod, where I met Elders William N. Williams and Thomas F. Howells, and joined them in h[illegible]ng an open-air meeting.

On Tuesday, June 27th I visited Mr. Coles, gave him a "Voice of Warning," and bore testimony to his family. In the evening I attended a baptismal meeting on the banks of the creek near by, and spoke on the necessity of baptism. I showed that Christ gave His life as a seal of the divinity of the Gospel; also that thirty-four years ago today Joseph Smith sealed his testimony with his life's blood.

The next day I was up at four o'clock. Brother Gill was sick and the family were fearful that he would not be able to travel. I packed his things, called the family and visitors into prayers, asked God to heal Brother Gill, which He did, loaded his things on the cart, and seated Brother Gill and his wife on the top of the load. The Elders and a large company of friends followed on foot, three miles to the station, where we met other families—Jenkin Thomas, Albert Jones, John D. Evans, and others. Some of the Saints were short of money to pay freight on their luggage. I talked with the agent, and his heart was softened, so that the small sum that I gave him made up the deficiency. I parted with Elder Thomas F. Howells and Brother Hughes, and took train with the Saints as far as Pontypool. Here I bade them and Elder Walter J. Lewis goodbye, wishing them a safe journey to Utah. While waiting on the platform for a downward train, I wrote:

### PARTING WITH THE SAINTS.

I see pale faces looking out of cars,
I hear the whistle shriek—the start and jar,
And the train, with its load of human freight

Fades from my sight, but still I wait.
Stand and look to the dim, dark, west,
With an aching head, and a throbbing breast,
Till a streak of smoke, like a thread in the sky,
Marks the path where the loved ones fly—
Flying by steam, with the speed of a dove,
To the Zion of God—the land that I love;
O beautiful scene, sweet vision of light,
To follow the Saints in their gathering flight.

The beautiful parks and fields are passed,
With the ripening grain, and waving grass—
The hill's green-sward, and the forest grove,
The singing birds, and bleating droves;
A thousand scenes so dear to the eye,
Appear like a dream as we pass them by.

We will not speak of the "mocking throng,"
The tained oath and bacchanal song,
The crying for bread, the tattered clothes—
All these we leave with Babylon's woes.
But we'll speak of the songs that ring in my ear—
"O Zion, dear Zion" and "Cheer, Saints, Cheer"—
"There is a land in Utah that I remember well,
And there the Saints in joy and peace, and plenty ever dwell,"
O may it prove a chosen land, to the dear ones going there—
And to this weary care-worn band. be ever bright and fair!

I cannot help but wish them well,
And yet my thoughts I cannot tell.
Beginning with Jones, who rang the bell,

The "out-door meetings" cried so well,
Swelling the audience by his loud tones—
Who can forget the crier, Jones?
Next in the list comes Jenkin Thomas,
Who pegged men's soles and pegged them honest.
His smiling face I loved to see,
He always looked so good to me;
And if the face is index true
To secret thought and actions, too,
Then Jenkin Thomas, as sure as grace,
Was "predestined" to win the race.
And John D. Evans, honest man,
Merits a name among the band.
Oft has his voice rang on the breeze,
Seeking not man, but God, to please.
And D. R. Wil[illegible] whose voice inspires
To actions [illegible] our sires:
Small in stature, but large in soul—
His birthright he has never sold;
It lies 'mong "Everlasting Hills,"
By crystal lakes, and mountain rills.
In Joseph's land, which, long concealed,
By Jehovah's word is now revealed.
There honey and milk and oil and wine
Are blessings Ephraim's children find;
And finding, bless their Father and God
"For the Strength of the Hills, and the Mountain sod."
And now, goodbye to one and all—
Parents, children, great and small.
I've said my say, and now I go,
The seeds of truth again to sow;
Scattering it with liberal hands
As I have done in other lands.

These smiling faces I'll see no more
Until we meet on Zion's shore.
Will they forget? and you, dear Kate
Wilt ever linger "at the garden gate?"
And think of him, who at Ponty Pridd,
Proved friend to thee, and brother indeed?
Oft will he long for thy voice again—
But, goodbye friends, here's the downward train.

On Saturday, June 29th, I went to Lockersley and visited Brother Paddock. At seven p. m. we were visited with one of the heaviest rain storms that ever I have seen. The water seemed to fall in sheets, and soon the streets were like young rivers. Heavy thunder and lightning accompanied the rain. I was thankful that I was under shelter. Sunday, June 30th, I walked into Southampton in time for meeting; found Elder Connelly and friends well. July 2nd, I held evening cottage meeting at Shirley, and had a good time. July 3rd, I went on to Brother Quinton's. Here I parted with Elder Connelly: he walked on to London, while I returned to Southampton.

# CHAPTER 26.

**Conditions at Orderville.—Letter to E. M. Webb, on Politics.—Visit Winchester's Cathedral.—Pass Through the Tower of London.—Letter from President William Budge.—Mobbed at Albourne.**

July 4, 1878, a quiet peaceable day, I baptized Miss Eliza Combs, also Mrs. Powell and her daughter. It is a comfort, while gleaning, to find, once in a while, a cluster of fruit. I also received letters from home. Newell is very poor in health. I fasted and prayed that he might be healed, and live to be an active worker in the vineyard of our Lord. Today he is an intelligent worker in Church and education lines.

Orderville, May 21, 1878.

"Elder John R. Young. Dear Brother: It is with pleasure I seat myself to write to you at this time. Health prevails in our midst, and seemingly there is nothing but prosperity awaiting us; and yet the power of the adversary is not overcome, by any means.

"I have taken great delight in hearing your descriptive letters. One can almost imagine himself at the places you mention, looking at, instead of hearing of them. I am in hopes that you and Brother Claridge will soon be released. You are needed here. We have had close times this winter in food and clothing; but if I can see the future right, as I believe I can, our worst days of poverty are past.

"Yet, looking at things naturally, what varying changes and circumstances God may call us to pass through, to give us necessary experience, is more than I am prepared to say. We have been blessed in having a good yield of wool this clip—about twenty-five hundred pounds more than we expected. Our prospects for good crops this year are a great deal better than at this time last year. Our tannery and furniture shops are beginning to bring us an income. We intend launching out in these businesses, the tannery especially, and the manufacture of leather articles.

"We have purchased the Glendale grist mill: price, three thousand dollars. We pay stock in Kanab mill, twelve hundred dollars; land in Kanab field, six hundred dollars; your city lot in Kanab, five hundred dollars; we are to pay four hundred fifty in trade, and two hundred fifty dollars in cash.

"During the past two years the mill has brought in over a thousand bushels of grain, for toll. It is in good repair. We take possession the first of August. I should like you to write to me if you can spare the time. With kind regards, I am your Brother, E. M. Webb."

This letter interested me, as it awakened sweet recollections of past labors. In 1874, acting under a written appointment from President Brigham Young and George A. Smith, I visited the Mt. Carmel Ward, and organized the Orderville United Order. Israel Hoyt was sustained as president, and William Heaten, secretary. The organizing of that society brought division into the ward.

Bishop Bryant Jolly, and his strong, numerous family and relations, formed a wall of opposition against cooperative labor that made life in the community unpleasant. To avoid strife and contention the members of the Order sold their homes, and moved in a body onto a new, unimproved piece of land, two miles above Mt. Carmel. Here they commenced the town of Orderville, securing the title of the land to the Order. From that start onward, no man could say "this is mine." All members were required to deed their property, both real and personal, to the society, thus all wealth became common, there were no rich, and no poor, for all were equal. The first building erected was a hotel, where all who were in health could eat at one table. William M. Black was placed in charge of the hotel, with seven sisters as a working force. When the Order was in the zenith of its prosperity, those eight persons placed the food upon the table for eighty families, the meals were served at 7, 12, and 6 o'clock, and were as regular as clock work.

If the organization had been perpetuated, that one change would have brought wealth to the community. For instance, instead of eighty women getting breakfast, eight persons prepared it, thus saving seventy-two days labor daily. Again, by the hotel system, all laborers could start their work at the same minute, thus saving many hours of valuable time. A president with two counselors were the presiding authority. Six directors chosen by the people formed the executive board, men and women were organized into working companies. The men were classified into three grades, boys, juniors and men—the men were credited $1.50 per day, all men were credited the same wage, there being no difference betwen common and skilled labor.

They engaged, in farming, sheep and cattle raising, saw mills, grist mills, furniture, tanning, manufacturing boots, shoes and harness, blacksmithing; and established a woolen factory. They were the most independent self-sustaining community in the state of Utah. Each branch of industry had a foreman selected from the community, and nominated by the directors, but we were governed by common consent, hence nominations were not in force, until voted upon. Each family had their separate home, which was sacred to the family, subject strictly to the parents' government and discipline.

Honesty, virtue and temperance were necessary to secure fellowship in the society; the policy of the Order was to select the wisest men and women to be our leaders.

Soon after organizing, Howard O. Spencer was sustained as president. He was a fearless, good man, but by nature not a financial business man. Later, Thomas Chamberlain, a young, progressive man, developed in the community, presided, and Edward M. Webb, became secretary. Under this capable guidance the association was prospering.

But President Brigham Young was the pilot, the guiding star. When he died the master mind was gone.

The visible leader, who said, "Unless you are one in temporal things, how can you be one in spiritual things?" and "The way the world does business is a sin, the strong build themselves up by putting the weak ones down." That was the voice of the Good Shepherd to that people, and when that voice was hushed in death, the light was gone—and the community dissolved. It needs the Leadership of the Priesthood to establish the United Order.

July 10, 1878. I received a letter from my Brother Franklin giving an account of the death of his son David. He was a lovable boy. I wrote:

"Let me rest, for I am weary; tell the children to keep still—
Soon I'll pass the trackless prairie, and will stand on Zion's hill,
O, how hard to some the journey! but to me 'tis peace and joy,
Truth and purity bring favor, and I've been a faithful boy.
Saying thus, he turned him over, gently sank in peaceful rest;
Who can doubt that now in glory, David liveth with the blest.
O how happy was the passing o'er the desert we call death,
Like a ship with fair wind sailing to the Saints' Haven of rest.

"To a land of fruit and flowers, where pure fountains ever flow,
Where the gentle summer showers cause life-giving food to grow,

And we'll find celestial order in that land of fruit and vines—
Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, 'tis so sacred and divine.
Here we are but few in number; there we'll meet a countless throng,
And we'll smile, and ask in wonder, how we tarried here so long.

"Then we'll see the hidden wisdom of concealing from our view,
Light and knowledge, and the vision of our home where all is new.
May we all have strength to follow, in this happy painless way;
Short the struggle and the sorrow when we leave this house of clay;
With our kindred dear to bless us, all the loved ones gathered round,
Angels also near to lead us, to the home where Christ is found."

I passed Sunday, July 14th, at Satchel. From my journal:

"Today we had a most excellent meeting. I had the privilege of giving my testimony to several intelligent strangers. I trust I am sowing seed that will bring a harvest of souls to some future reaper. On July 16th, I walked to Bosham. My health is poor. I wrote as follows:

"Elder E. M. Webb. Dear Brother: In answer to yours will say, we are having a fine summer, warm and clear; crops look well, and the oats and barley harvest has commenced. Wheat is also looking golden and ripe. Potato blight is not quite so bad as last year.

"Before this reaches you, you will have learned that peace has crowned the efforts of the Berlin conference, and the Russian-Turks war is ended. Russia acquires Batoum and considerable adjoining territory of importance to her, as it opens the way for her to make further advance into eastern Persia and Egypt. To offset this, England, to the surprise of all Europe, has secured by purchase and secret treaty, at the very time of the convening of the peace congress, the island of Cypress, said to be the key to the highway leading into the rich agricultural districts of the Nile; and also the overland road to her extensive East India Empire.

"I am not a political man, but in my opinion, England has got the lion's share. Her gold, and Disraeli's diplomacy have given her the victory. Russia submits with a deep low growl! Austria gets a nice bone, sweeter than she expected; while France, snubbed and defied, is loud in her expressions of discontent and indignation. Earl Beaconsfield has covered himself with present glory, while Gladstone is no longer glad—the stone of disappointment lying heavy on his heart. When I came to England, the masses spoke of him as the people's "Will;" now they call him "the discarded Bill."

"Strange such a difference there should be,
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

This is the result, and fortune of politics. In all nations, so far as I have seen, are restless spirits who must be active. If assailed by outside enemies, these restless cusses will unite in the common defense; but overcome outward pressure, and they will turn round and sow division, just for the pure love of the thing.

"England is a grand nation; and her laws are administered impartially in harmony with the moral tone of the nation. This gives her strength and durability; but the life-destroying doctrines of Bradlaugh, falsely called the philosophy of life, are slowly but surely, sapping her strength and durability. Class distinction is also a great evil. The hereditary aristocrat fears the tiller of the soil, and does all in his power to perpetuate his poverty; which means weakness to the nation, begetting as it does, jealousy and hate; while the wage earner, true to the law of fallen humanity, returns hate for hate; steals and defrauds whenever he can, and smiles as he thinks of a day of change when he will break the neck of the proud man, and scatter his wealth as the sower scatters the grain in fresh-plowed fields.

"The kings of the earth have their eye upon this discontent; and try for self protection, what suavity and promise of reform may do, or else get up a war abroad in order to have peace at home. Yet their jealousy of one another, coupled with internal restlessness compels every European country to keep large standing armies—to maintain their power by a wall of cannon and a circle of steel.

"Today the kings are taking counsel of one another, while the working men are forming unions; hence two great powers are consolidating. In course of time, like angry clouds driven by different winds, they will dash upon each other, until they are broken. Thus may the way be prepared for the kingdom of God, beneath whose justice and mercy men will feel a spirit of compromise, the forerunner of universal peace.

"The mail has just come, bringing letters from you, Thomas Robertson, and from my wife Lydia. While I read these, political ideas vanish from my mind as dews fade before the rising sun; and now increased love, deep yearnings, and fond recollections of home swell in the heart:

O Zion, thou loved one,
  When shall I behold thy chaste brow,
And view thy lofty hills
  All clothed in snow?

"I walked to Winchester, looked again through the cathedral, and had a long gospel talk with a lady and Church of England minister. Next I visited Sister Mathews at Newfishborne. She is very feeble and nigh unto death. I gave her the sacrament and blessed her.

"Monday, July 22nd, I went to London. I met President Warren B. Smith and his Brother Alma L., who is released to return home. In the evening, with them, I visited Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, viewed over two hundred life-sized statues of the leading men and women of the world, examined the French guillotine, an instrument used to clip off suspected people's heads. On the side wall was a row of heads, showing a specimen of work done. It looked too natural to be pleasant,—as if the blood were still dripping from the severed necks.

"I was pleased with Napoleon's carriage. Order and comfort were combined in its arrangements. He could write, sleep, or eat, as he chose. A group of the Berlin Congress attracted most attention. Prince Bismarck's towering and powerful figure was in marked contrast with Earl Beaconsfield's diminutive body. The Russian ministers were noble-looking men: they may be barbarous, but they are nobody's fools. Henry VIII, with his six wives grouped around him were interesting to me. Strong will and voluptuous tendencies were plainly stamped upon his features.

"With Alma L. and Warren B. Smith, I took a street buss to London Bridge, and went through St. Paul's cathedral. It is a stupendous building. The spire is four hundred seventy-four feet high. The gilded cross looks from the ground to be six inches in diameter, yet six men can sit on it. From the cathedral I went by steamer down the Thames to Westminster Abbey, passed through its venerated halls, then visited the House of Parliament, the forum of Anglo Saxon legislation. We lingered some time in the lobbies, but did not hear the voice of Chatham nor Burke.

"From Parliament we went to the Crystal Palace, where we remained until 8 p. m. This is the loveliest place that I have ever seen. The palace is a model of beauty, and it was a feast to wander in the garden-beds of flowers and rose plants, interspersed with statuary or stuffed animals, and the statues of noted travelers, teaching history with object lessons. We next passed into the art gallery, and looked at novelties from all parts of the known world. Here we listened to a dramatic tragedy, followed by music from the grand Handel organ; which latter, to my untutored ear, was a real treat. The hour was late when we returned to Bishop's Grove; but the best part of my sight-seeing came after midnight: I dreamed of home, blessed home!

On July 24th, Utah's sacred holiday, we visited the Tower of London, the ancient, national, political prison of England. If these gloomy walls could speak, what tragedies they could unfold! Here are specimens of arms, and accoutrements of war, ancient and modern; from the knotty hawthorn war-club to the improved repeating rifle; men and horses clothed in armor; instruments of torture; the heading block and the ax that severed the gentle Lady Grey's head from her shoulders.

But the gem of the tower was the "jewel room," in which are deposited crowns and jewels to the value of six million pounds sterling—wonderful wealth locked up where it can do no good. It can neither feed the hungry nor clothe the naked; it can satisfy only pride and power. We next went to Albert's Hall, and saw Albert's monument. I shall long remember this beautiful work of art, the witness of a nation's love for a noble man.

In the evening I attended meeting, and listened to an interesting discourse by Elder A. L. Smith, who gave a thrilling narrative of the massacre at Haun's mill, where eighteen of our brethren were shot down in cold blood.

His father and little brother were among the killed, and he was himself grievously wounded, his hip bone having been shot away.

On my return home I found the following letter from the mission headquarters in Liverpool:

"Elder John R. Young. Dear Brother: On my arrival from Sheffield last night I found a letter from President John Taylor in which he says, 'We shall be pleased to have you release Elder John R. Young, now laboring in England, to return home this fall.' The reason is, your father wishes to gather all his children together at St. George this fall or coming winter to attend to ordinances in the temple, which he does not think it prudent to delay. You are therefore, Brother Young, at liberty, with our approbation and blessing, to make preparations to return home.

"And as we are anxious to have your help in the mission as long as we consistently can during the favorable season, we therefore suggest that you return in the ship to sail about the 12th of October. I have not heretofore made your acquaintance, but shall be pleased to do so when you reach Liverpool. Praying that God may continue to bless you in your labors, I am your brother in the Gospel, William Budge."

On Saturday, July 27, 1878, I went to Newbury, where I had the pleasure of meeting Elder Howard O. Spencer, a friend much-loved. Sunday, the 28th, we held meeting at Brother Bristow's. Elder Spencer and I occupied the time. At 6:30 p. m. I preached on the public square, near the Corn Exchange, then went home with

Brother Pocock, four miles—and English miles are long. July 29th, I wrote letters until dinner, then walked back to Newbury and preached on the public square, followed by Elder Spencer. We encountered much opposition.

I am glad that father desires to get his family together. How pleased I shall be to see my parents stand as prince and princess in the Holy Priesthood, at the head of their numerous offspring, and see all this sealed upon them in this life. Then, it seems to me, they can pass the portals of death in joy; knowing that rest and peace, as well as eternal life are blessings gained by union, obedience and sacrifice.

I walked to Ramsbury, seven miles, and attended a Methodist open-air meeting. At the close of their service, Elder Spencer and I addressed the people.

Thursday, August 1st, Howard and I went to Aldbourne and held meeting on the public square. We were mobbed by about one hundred fifty persons. Brothers Spencer, Chouls, Griffin and his wife and I backed into a narrow alley, where we kept a solid front, and beat the mob back. Howard, Griffin, and his wife fought like heroes—until we reached Brother Griffin's house, where we found shelter; but the mob broke in all the windows, and hammered on the door until a late hour.

## CHAPTER 27.

### Good-bye to England—A Poem—The Master's Question.

I continued to labor pleasantly with Elder Howard O. Spencer until I was released to return home. I remember the sad look that rested on Howard's face when I said goodbye to him; a man of sorrows, but as true and good a man as ever lived.

I borrowed ten dollars of John H. Miles, and sold him my valise for five dollars. Then I bought a suit of clothes that served me until I returned home.

My last Sunday in England I spent with Elder Jacobs. We attended a Methodist open-air meeting on May Hill. There were four local ministers present. They mistook me for one of Spurgeon's elders from London, and invited me to preach. With joy, I accepted the chair; but soon they ordered me down; and when I refused to come down, they tried to pull me down. I appealed to the people, who sustained me. The ministers left in disgust. I talked for one hour on the restoration of the Gospel, then called President Jacobs to the chair, and he bore a strong testimony to the truth of what I had said.

It was thus that I closed my missionary labors in England.

When I came home, I brought Mother Jaynes, the old lady whom I first saw in a dream, while sleeping in a wooden-bottomed chair. Just before starting for home, I received a kind letter from my father-in-law, William

M. Black. Brother Black had forgotten my address, and so sent the letter to the Liverpool office. By mistake it had been sent from there into Scotland. It traveled thence all over Scotland and England, and finally found me on the streets of London. The envelope was so worn that a ten-dollar greenback bill was plainly visible, and was kept in its place only by a tow string tied around the envelope. The money, reaching me in that way seemed a miracle, and I resolved to do a charitable deed with it.

At Michael, Dean Hill, in the Bristol conference, lived a family by the name of Burris. The family consisted of father and mother, a son Absalom, nineteen; Emma, seven; and Kissy, three years of age. The father and son were not in the Church; but the home had been a home for our elders for twenty years. When I was there, the elders had been mobbed so much that open-air meetings had been discontinued.

President Joseph F. Smith wrote me to persist in holding them; but the Saints refused to accompany me, so I went at it alone. Only little Emma Burris went with me, and several times I felt that all that kept the mob from doing violence to me, was the presence of that innocent little girl clinging so trustingly to me, and I loved her for it. I wrote to Mr. Burris, and asked him to let me bring Emma home with me. He consented; and with that ten dollars I emigrated her to Salt Lake City. Upon my arrival at father's, her uncles, Joseph and Thomas Morgan, came to see her. They begged me to let her stay with them. I consented on condition that they would bring the family to Zion. They promised to do so, and they kept their covenant.

Upon reaching Zion, Emma's father and Brother Absalom joined the Church and Brother Burris died a faithful worker in the Logan temple. At this writing, 1916, Appie's son is filling a mission in the southern states. What a rich harvest from so small a sowing! And the end of the fruitage is not yet.

How much good I have done, I leave to the Lord. My life has been humble, but active. Starting in for myself without a second coat to my back, I have supported a large family and given much of my time to preaching the Gospel and doing pioneer work.

To my wives and children, for their loyalty to me, I owe much,—more indeed than I may ever repay. In this brief writing, I have endeavored to show that they suffered much, and yet always did a noble, sacrificing part. No man ever had a better family. My father, in his declining years, helped me liberally, and I love his memory. Upon my return from England, I received a hearty welcome from my parents, my family, and my brothers, sisters, and friends.

My wife Albina, and son Silas, met me at Salt Lake City with a team. On our arrival at Orderville, the band came out and gave us a serenade and welcome. I associated with the Orderville organization seven years; laboring to the best of my ability for the good of all, and there was joy in that labor.

After the death of President Brigham Young, the Order was left to stand upon its own merits. At least

President Taylor seemed to take but little interest in our affairs. The Orderville people were emerging from the deep poverty they at first had to contend with, and prosperity was coming to them. But with plenty came a spirit of speculation, and speculation brought disunion. I therefore withdrew from them, careful not to do them any wrong.

I moved next to Loa, where my home should be today, 1888; but because I will not put away wives that I married twenty years ago, when there was no law making it a crime, I am compelled to seek the "underground," or else be humiliated by imprisonment, which I will not submit to, if I can possibly avoid it.

One day, while sitting under a tree, writing this journal and watching my sheep, I found in an old newspaper that my dinner was wrapped in, the following verse, with the heading:

"THE MASTER'S QUESTION."

"Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those that have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild, waste places
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway—
The foul and darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming,
The prints of my wounded feet."

To this I made answer in the following verses, which may not unfitly conclude the account of my missionary labors:

Yes, I have sought in the desert
  For the sheep that have wandered afar.
I have followed the trail o'er the mountain
  By the light of the polar star.
I have climbed the steep wild pali,
  Thousands of miles away;
I have sought in rain and sunshine,
  For the sheep that have gone astray.

With footsteps faint and weary,
  I have threaded the darksome street,
I have entered the lowly dwelling,
  Asking for a crust to eat.
I have walked from eve till morning,
  Facing a pelting storm,
Earnestly seeking to gather the sheep
  Into the Master's barn.

I have folded home to my bosom,
  The tender, trembling lamb.
I have carried on my shoulder,
  The weak and helpless dam.
I have cried with a voice of kindness
  To the wayward, heedless throng;
I have checked the dogs that in blindness
  Were worrying the wild and strong.

I have left my home and loved ones—
  The mother who gave me birth—
And wandered, weak and lonely.

Half way round the earth.
From Hawaii's shore to London,
My voice by night and day,
Has called, as a shepherd's warning
To the sheep that had gone astray.

I have used my strength and substance,
I have given the little I had,
Ever willing to lend a hand
To the sinning, and the sad.
And though my strength is failing,
And I often stumble and fall,
Yet would I hunt the desert again,
At the blessed Savior's call.
For I have seen the prints of His feet,
When the spirit rested on me;
And when the sheep are gathered, I trust,
In the Master's fold to be.

# CHAPTER 28.

## In Memory of My Wife, Albina.—"By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them."

In 1858, when I was returning from my first mission to the Sandwich Islands, I met in San Francisco, Lorenzo Sawyer, the attorney-general of the state of California. He was my cousin on my mother's side. At that time the Mormon people were under a cloud of displeasure from the people and government of the United States. Acting upon misrepresentation, and without investigation, President Buchanan had sent an army of two thousand five hundred men under General Albert S. Johnston, to put down the alleged Mormon rebellion in Utah, as already narrated elsewhere in this journal. My cousin, seemingly wishing to snatch me from the doom overshadowing my people, made me this offer:

"If you will stay here, I will put you into the best school in the state of California for three years, then take yon into the office with me, a year, and let you study law. Then I will give you a thousand dollars in gold, for you to commence life with."

That was the most liberal offer that ever came to me. I desired an education, but I loved my people more than I loved myself. I said to my cousin, "You do not know the Mormon people. You believe them rebellious and disloyal to our government. It is not so. The reports put in

ALBINA TERRY YOUNG

circulation against them are false. I thank you for your kind offer, but decline it."

I returned to Utah, and on the 23rd day of June my cousin Brigham drove me in a one-horse buggy from Provo to Salt Lake City. At Draper I received the kiss of welcome from my dear mother, and my sister Harriet. At the city I found my father, waiting like "a lion in his lair," and ready to apply the torch to his home if the army did not keep its promise to not camp within the limits of our city." At that time father's families had been moved to Spring Creek, seventy-five miles south of the city. As soon as peace was declared, I engaged actively in moving them back to their homes. When that was accomplished, I told father of the offer my cousin made, and said I am now going back to California to get an education.

The next morning, while I was passing the Church office, Uncle Brigham beckoned to me,—then came out and walked with me to Brother Wells' corner. Here we sat down on a pile of lumber, and after I had told him of my plans, he was silent a moment, then asked,

"Johnny, did you ever know me to give unwise counsel?" "Never." "Well, I want to give you a little counsel. Don't you go to California. Don't you study law. Look around, find a good girl, get married and make yourself a home.

Without another word he returned to his office and the brightest dream of my life had been swept away. What should I do? I sat a few minutes as if dazed, then sprang to my feet, saying, "I will accept counsel, let it lead me where it will."

A little later I met my Uncle Joseph. He said, "Johnny, Bishop Stewart wants you to go to Draper and talk to the young folks. Will you go?"

"Yes, when does he want me."

"Next Monday night."

"I will be there."

The schoolhouse was packed full that night. I had commenced talking, when a lady came in and was given a seat in front of the stand. Our eyes met, and I heard a voice say, "That is your wife." After meeting she was introduced to me as Miss Albina Terry. From that hour our life stream began flowing in one channel, but not to anticipate, I will let Albina tell her side of our love story. After we were engaged she confided to me:

"I had been unfortunate and unhappy in my first loves, and it had left me with a bleeding heart, I tried to forget, but could not. My health failed, until my parents became alarmed at my condition. One day in a heart to heart talk, my mother said, 'My daughter, if you will go to the Lord with your sorrows, he will comfort you.' I accepted her counsel. With fasting and prayer I asked the Father for help, and He graciously answered my pleadings. In a dream I saw a rosy-cheeked laughing boy, and a Person said, 'See, your husband.'

"I told my mother the dream; my hope revived, and my health became better. I waited and watched. Suitors came, but I shunned them. Three years had passed, and I was still at home. Johnston's army was coming, and all of our people from Salt Lake City northward, had fled to the south. Our home being only a few rods back from the road, we saw thousands of people pass southward until the stream was exhausted. One day as I sat weaving, my face to the street, a one-horse buggy with two men in it, drove by. The one on the side nearest us turned his face toward me and laughed. Instantly I cried, 'Oh, mother! That is my husband. Who are they?' I came to the meeting, and when I saw you, I knew you. I felt confused, yet a thrill of joy came to me. At the close of the meeting, I sought your sister and went home with her, for I knew you would be there."

On New Year's day we were married—and a blessing had come to me. She was industrious and saving as a housekeeper; she was also a wise counselor, and a loyal wife. As my family became enlarged, I adopted the plan of buying my family supplies by wholesale.

While we were living in Long Valley, I was a farmer, and also a saw-mill man. In the fall I would load my teams with lumber and grain and go to the Washington factory seventy-five miles away, buy my supplies, take them home, and give them to Albina, for I knew that she would divide them justly with every other member of the family. She was big hearted enough to sympathize with the other wives, and if trouble occurred in the family she always took their parts, yet so wisely and soothingly, that she always kept my love and confidence. By nature, I was of a quick, irritable disposition, and her firm calmness was a great help to me. It served as a balance wheel to keep me from flying to pieces. And her life had deeper roots than love for her husband, as the following incident illustrates:

In St. George, in 1864, I had two wives; for four years we had lived in tents and wagon beds, owing to deprivations, resulting from extended missionary labors. I had succeeded in getting up a one-roomed house which I was shingling, when the postman in passing, handed Albina a letter, remarking, "I think Brother Young is called on a mission again." I exclaimed, "I will be —— if I will go." "O father, don't say that," said my first wife. "You don't want to humiliate us. Think how we would feel if you should refuse to respond to a mission call." Thus did she ever encourage me to be loyal to my duty to the nation and the Church. The following incident, also touched upon elsewhere, illustrates her power of faith:

In 1868, returning from a visit to the Moqui Indians, forty-seven men in our company, we crossed the Colorado river on a raft made of flood-wood. I had charge of the rude ferry. We made five trips, which occupied the entire day; most of the time my feet were in the cold river water, while my body was perspiring with the exertions I had to make. That night I was attacked with cramping colic and suffered fearfully. In the morning, being out of food, we had to move on. Keeping in the saddle gave me great pain. At Kanab the boys found the old cast-away running gears of a wagon. They made a harness out of ropes, and lashing two poles on the running gears, they swung me in a hammock between them, and hauled me to Washington to my house. John Mangum was my driver and nurse, and he was careful and tender to relieve my pain. He gave me in all twenty-two pills and a pint of castor oil, and I carried that load in my stomach nine days.

As soon as we reached Washington, Doctors Israel Ivins and Silas G. Higgins were summoned from St. George. They came and worked five days with me, then gave me up. Bishop Covington came, and "sealed me up unto death," that my sufferings might cease. He kindly offered to watch during the night, but Albina excused him.

As soon as he was gone, my wife sent for Brother Tyler, a humble ward teacher. She next persuaded the family to get a little rest, then sitting by my side, poured out her soul to the Lord, until Brother Tyler's heart was touched; and kneeling by my bed, he too pleaded with the Father to spare me.

While he prayed, I awoke as from a sleep. I saw the two kneeling; I listened to their pleadings, and wondered what it meant. I placed my hand on Albina's head, when she looked up and sprang to her feet crying, "He is saved! He is saved!"

In the morning I dressed, and as the bishop came by, I hailed him, took a seat by his side, and rode in a lumber wagon over to St. George to attend the quarterly conference.

To me, it has ever seemed the womanly strength of character and faith of Albina that saved me.

Albina died on the 8th of January, 1913. From her birth to her grave, she was a pioneer. She drove a yoke of oxen from the Missouri river to Salt Lake City. One of her sons, in learning of her death, wrote:

"The hand is still that bore the whip, across the dreary plain,
Heeding neither wind nor dust, nor driving mountain rain;
Trusting in a hope divine that ever bore her up,
Tasting alike the joy of toil, and of its bitter cup.
And thus through life she journeyed on, bravely to the end,
And all along her thorny trail, were those who called her friend."

LYDIA KNIGHT YOUNG

# CHAPTER 29.

## In Memory of My Wife, Lydia.

When I married Albina, Uncle Brigham and Aunt Clara D. honored me with their presence at the banquet, which father provided. Uncle Brigham told this incident:

"The first time that I spoke on the principle of plural marriage was in the Nauvoo temple, in a room we had finished and dedicated as a prayer-circle room. At the close of our exercises, I gave permission for any one to ask questions. Dr. Bernhisel, who was on a visit from Philadelphia, arose and said:

" 'I have heard it reported that Joseph taught, and introduced into the Church, a principle called plural, or celestial marriage. Is it true? If so, what is the nature of that principle?'

"I answered, 'Joseph gave us a revelation on celestial marriage, and had Hyrum read it to the high council. Let the brethren of the high council who heard Hyrum read the revelation, hold up their hands.' Several hands were raised. I asked, 'Does that satisfy you that Joseph gave the revelation?' 'Yes,' 'Very good; now for the principle.'

"We will suppose there are three young men, just starting out on the journey of life for themselves. They resolve that they will be farmers, as that is a labor with which they are acquainted. One says, 'I am not going to rush things in the start; I want to enjoy life. I will put in ten acres of grain; that will support me, and that's all I care for.' The second one says, 'I will put in twenty acres. I can care for that amount and not work very hard; and I want to forge ahead a little.' The third one says, 'Boys, I want to make all that I can while I am young and strong. I am going to plant forty acres.'

"Now, we will suppose that they keep up their fences, and properly care for the crops. When the harvest comes, which man receives the greatest reward? You will all answer, 'The man who planted the forty acres.' And Joseph has told us, 'There is a decree eternal, that men shall be rewarded according to their works.' "

I never forgot that story; and one year from that day I married Lydia Knight, daughter of Newell Knight, who was a life-long trusted friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Lydia was a bright, cheery spirit, and I was proud of her. But in some respects she was the very opposite of Albina. I soon found that it required more wisdom and patience to direct the activities of two wives than it did to direct one. Lydia was strong and firm in her spiritual convictions and impressions, active and persistent in character. She became an earnest Church worker in the Relief Society and Primary Association.

For seven years we lived and worked in the Orderville United Order. Lydia had charge of the millinery department, and she put whole souled effort into the work entrusted to her. The members of the Orderville Ward entered into that communal association, believing it to be a sacred duty to do so. We came together as strangers, each handicapped with individual weaknesses, but all imbued with an earnest desire to overcome them. The very fact that "we had all things common" tended to banish selfishness, and helped us to "love our neighbor as ourselves;" and it is a fact we became deeply attached to one another.

At the commencement of this social experiment, President Young said to us: "If, at any time, you run up against a problem you don't know how to handle, come to me, and I will give you counsel;" and while he lived, we looked to him, and he never failed us.

Soon after his death, however, a question arose which we were divided upon. The Board of Directors sent me to Salt Lake City to lay the matter before President Taylor, and solicit his counsel. There were several brethren in the office when I stated the case to him. He listened patiently, then arose from his chair, shrugged his shoulders in a way peculiar to himself, and said:

"Brethren, I must tell you a little story. A few years ago, Horace S. Eldredge, while acting as our emigration agent, was down in Missouri buying cattle for our emigrants. Happening toward the close of the day to be in a part of the country that was once owned by the Saints—and from which they were driven by mobs—he was curious to know if any of our people were still living there. Seeing a young man chopping wood, he asked him if there were any Mormons living in the neighborhood. The boy replied, 'Well, dad used to be one of those kind of fellows, but he ain't doing much at it now days.' "

I returned to Orderville, and withdrew from the association, giving as a reason, "If the President of the Church does not approve of our labors, I am not willing to continue the experiment."

My withdrawal gave pain to some of my dearest friends, and was a source of deep sorrow to Lydia. She felt that we were under obligation by the sacred covenant of baptism (for we were all baptized into the Order) to consecrate our lives to help bring about, and establish a social system in which there should be "no rich and no poor;" that we could, and should give our hearts to God, and love our neighbors as ourselves.

However, the later dissolution of the Order by the counsel of Apostle Erastus Snow, brought Lydia back to us, and made unity once more in my family, for which I was truly thankful.

During the period of which I am writing, a wave of brutal terrorism flowing from the evils of the civil war, had inundated the southern states, "compelling the best blood of the south" to organize the "Ku Klux Klan" for self preservation. A ripple of a similar official tyranny later reached and enveloped the Mormon people. In order to enforce the laws enacted for the suppression of polygamy, our fair land was filled with "spotters, spies and deputy marshals" and it is not strange that the government in clothing with new powers so many men of low order of morals, for only characters of that class could be induced to trail honorable men and women for hire, should have some officials who were cruel and unscrupulous. A case in point was enacted when Edward Dalton of Parowan was cowardly and maliciously shot and killed, because he was a polygamist. That act stirred up bitter feeling in my heart. Going to Salt Lake City I consulted with my father who advised me to go to Mexico. I next consulted with my wives. Albina dreaded moving, and begged me to let her remain in the home at Loa, not however through unkind feeling toward me, or the other families. On the contrary, she urged me to take them, and go where I could live in peace with them.

Accordingly I sold my farm, arranging so that Albina could purchase it, and thus secure the home to herself. I then took Lydia and Tamar, with their families, and departed for Mexico. I had one four-horse team, two two-horse teams, and fifteen head of cows. Bishop Joseph H. Wright, and my son-in-law, H. T. Stolworthy, each with a team, and a plural family, accompanied me.

We left Huntington, keeping the main-traveled road for Green River, until we reached the Iron Springs. Then, fearing that we should be arrested at Blake, we turned, crossing the San Rafael desert to Hanksville. We thereby came to a forty mile stretch without water, and while crossing that waterless sand waste we encountered the worst desert blizzard that I ever experienced. The sand drifted into the road so furiously that it was almost impossible to move; and at the close of a hard day's labor, we had not made over four miles progress.

Just at night a short, sharp hail storm swept over us. We camped, blanketed our horses, cuddled into our wagons, and rested the best we could. During the night it froze hard, which proved a blessing to us. The next morning, at three o'clock, keeping the women and children in bed, we pulled out. The road was as hard and smooth as the floor of a house. For fifteen miles we sped merrily along; then the sun's rays melted the frost, and the wagon wheels dropped into the sand five spokes deep. We rested during the day, and broke camp again at midnight; and by nine in the morning, reached Hanksville without any serious suffering.

We struck the Colorado at the Dandy crossing, swam our cattle and horses, and ferried our wagons on a small boat, paying twenty dollars for the use of it. The journey to Mexico was long, tedious and expensive, but we were happy, for we had escaped imprisonment.

Upon reaching Mexico, I bought fifteen acres of land, (it is now a part of the city of Dublan) and made a home on it for Lydia; then moved Tamar to Pacheco.

Soon after that I lost my arm in an accident, and was made a cripple for life. I felt that with only one hand I could not successfully compete with Mexican labor, and as the Manifesto had been issued, giving promise that those already in plural marriage should not be disturbed, I resolved to return to my native land.

Lydia, believing that bitterness and violence would continue to follow us in the United States, chose to remain in Mexico. I deeded to her the little farm; then with Tamar I returned to the United States. I now realize that I did wrong in leaving Lydia without a husband's help when she most needed it in caring for her young family. By nature she was proud spirited, and ambitious to appear well. She therefore toiled beyond her strength, which hastened her to an early grave. She died May 8, 1905, at Dublan, Mexico. In closing, I can affirm, conscientiously, that Lydia died a martyr for the Gospel. She was a noble woman—and under favorable conditions would have been a leader in Church activities. A love of the Gospel was born with her. And many of her sorrows are traceable to her zeal in spiritual matters.

I cannot remember that there were ever disputations, or unkind jealous feelings among my wives; they ever sustained and loved one another. But Lydia and I differed in our interpretation of the Manifesto. She believed it required a severance of marriage covenants between the husband and the plural wife, while I held that it only bound the Latter-day Saints not to enter into new, additional plural marriages, that former plural marriages remained undissolved, and were sacred. On that rock we parted. She remained in Mexico, while I returned to the United States.

In my heart, I have always felt that the Father blessed me with a noble family. I loved them; and I believed in my soul what President Young said about the young man who planted forty acres of grain. I tried to lay a foundation for growth and expansion in the Kingdom of God. I may have over-taxed my strength and ability, and through lack of knowledge, may not have cared wisely for the field I sowed, but I firmly believe that when the day of recompense comes the Lord of the vineyard will confirm to me the family relations I gave my best years' dearest efforts to build up.

# CHAPTER 30.

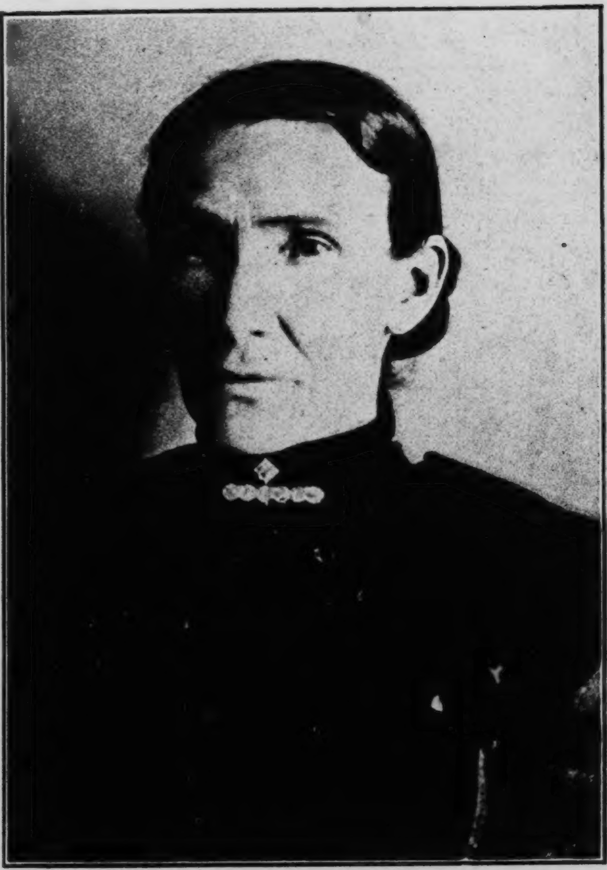
## In Memory of My Wife, Tamar.

More than four thousand years ago the Lord said to the children of Israel, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and thou shalt inherit a blessing; and today, among Christian or heathen nations, the child that gives love and obedience to its parents is in return loved and honored by his fellow men.

In 1869, I was laboring in President Young's cotton factory at Washington, Utah. Joseph Burch, the superintendent, sent me with a four-horse team loaded with factory goods, to Beaver, with orders to exchange the goods for wheat. I was to store the wheat in the Beaver grist mill, then come home with a load of flour.

One day, when working at the Beaver grist mill, I received a note from Sister Black, stating that her daughter Tamar wished to go back with me to Washington to see her father, who was then running the Washington grist mill. I declined to take her for the reason that it was stormy weather, and that I was heavily loaded.

The next day Sister Black came to see me. She told me her daughter had an offer of marriage from a man of wealth, the owner of a good home. It looked, from a worldly point of view, like a splendid offer; but the girl doubted the man's profession of faith in the Gospel, and she wanted to counsel with her father. I told the sister



TAMAR J. BLACK YOUNG

that without doubt the trip would be muddy and disagreeable, but if the daughter could put up with the inconvenience, she was welcome to go. She went. We were eight days wallowing through the mire and snow.

Tamar was young and bashful, thinly clad, and I know she suffered from the cold, but she did not murmur, for she was going to see her father. Her appreciation of his counsel was supreme. Her devotion and loyalty to her father made her companionship sweet to me.

When I was a boy of sixteen I received my endowments in the old council house. President Heber C. Kimball made the most impressive talk on virtue and chastity that I have ever heard, and purity became, in my mind, an ideal more precious than gold or silver. It was my practice of this ideal that led to the winning of Tamar's love, and that gave me unreservedly her father's blessing.

A few days after returning from Beaver, I walked with Brother Black over to St. George, seven miles, to attend a priesthood meeting. On the way, I asked him what answer Tamar had given the man who wished to marry her. He replied, "I advised her to decline his offer, and she did it." As events turned out, our trip proved providential. Eight days of companionship under such trying circumstances could not fail to awaken a mutual admiration. I too discovered in Tamar a high and lovable type of womanhood, a type that no outward vicissitude of life would daunt or weaken. Perhaps her first appreciation of me was in the nature of perfect trust, and indeed her virtue had been as sacred with me along this lonely road as it would have been with her father or mother.

Fifty years ago, we of Utah had no railroads, nor automobiles, and not even brakes on our wagons. I got my Brother Joseph W.'s big mules, loaded up with cotton yarn, then with Albina and her children, and Tamar, I hiked to Salt Lake to be married. As we got into the wagon Father Black put his arms around Tamar, and said, "My daughter, you are going to marry into a large family. Many trials will come to you; and I want you to remember, 'It is better to suffer wrong, than to do wrong.' " This was splendid counsel, and the daughter never forgot it. The following incident illustrates Tamar's presence of mind in sudden danger.

As I remember, about fifteen miles north of Beaver, we went down a long, serpentine hill. Rains had washed the old road into a deep gully. The new track above it was sidling and very rocky. In the front end of our wagon was a mess box, the lid being level with the top of the wagon bed. A sheepskin on this box formed my seat. As we reached the top of the hill, the wagon began to crowd the mules. I stopped to get out to lock the wheel with the chain fastened to the side of the wagon bed. As the team stopped, the ring in the neckyoke broke, letting the tongue down. The mules sprang forward with fright, and would have jerked me off the wagon; but Tamar, quick as a flash, placed her knees against the mess box, clasped her arms around my body and held me firm; while I, with a grip of iron, held the wagon bunt against the mules. Down the hill we went like a whirlwind, the end of the wagon tongue, in front of the mules, sending the cobble rock flying in every direction. On reaching the level flat, I succeeded in stopping the outfit, and no injury was done, save the shock of fright that we all received.

In 1856, in the Seaman's Bethel in Honolulu, I heard an anti-Mormon lecturer tell an audience that they could readily recognize the "polygamous children," for "they were born imbecile pigmies." No slander against my people could be fouler than this one. Utah's foremost citizens today are of polygamous lineage. Tamar was herself, a splendid refutation of this slander. Tamar's mother was a plural wife, and Tamar measured five feet eight inches in height, and weighed one hundred forty-five pounds. In disposition she was quiet and cheerful. yet in danger was quick and heroic. Here is a notable instance:

After I had lost my arm, in coming back from Mexico, while I was still feeble, when crossing the New Mexico desert, the Navajos were unfriendly. At Captain Toms Wash, they started in to rob us. A big buck, after making an inflammatory speech, sprang upon the wagon hub, caught hold of a sack of provisions to lift it from the wagon. As quick as a flash, Tamar struck him across the nose with a stick of wood. The blood spurted from both nostrils, and the brave, dropping the sack, got off the wheel quicker than he got on. For a moment my heart ceased to beat, for I expected trouble; but the warriors who witnessed the act, roared with laughter, and I soon saw that they were amused at the defeat, by a "squaw," of their windy-mouthed captain.

But it was in the home circle where she shone with the greatest brilliancy; not with a meteoric flare, rather with the continual glow of the summer's sunshine. Perhaps the darkest hour of my life was when I lost my arm, and fell penniless among strangers. But Tamar with a smiling face, nursed the mutilated man, and at the same time whirled the wheel of the washing machine; thus winning the bread that kept the breath of life in us. Tamar calmly and bravely met the responsibilities of married life, grateful for the gift of motherhood, and willing to sacrifice her own life, if need were, in order to give life to others. She believed and practiced the principle that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." I never was so weary or discouraged that her words would not rest and cheer me. She being younger than I by fifteen years, I fondly anticipated that my last hours would be comforted by her ministration.

I often hear the remark that "we never miss the water till the well goes dry," and that "we do not appreciate the loved ones until they are taken from us." Possibly I did not fully value the wealth I possessed in my family, but I always said—and it came from my heart—that God had blessed me with noble wives; that I became a better man through obeying the principle of plural marriage than I ever should have been without it. Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and no other principle taught by him would have done as much for the uplift of the human family, on the plane of purity and righteousness. The men and women who practiced that principle were not sensual sinners, but they were strong, clean souls, willing to suffer, and die if need were, for the right as they saw the right.

I have partaken of the hospitality of the common people in England and in the United States. I have witnessed the love and happiness that abide in the Christian homes of these [illegible]n nations; but never have I seen more perfect tr[illegible]idence, and love without guile, than I have witnessed in some of the plural families of the Latter-day Saints. Take for instance the father who will give to his beloved daughter, as a parting benediction, "It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong," and "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and you have a revelation of a clean heart, and a pure spirit.

It may not be possible for mortal man to teach truths as sublime as did the Christ, but if it be true that "from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," then that father possessed a pure heart, certainly the daughter to whom the precious admonition was given was a worthy child; and the diligent practice of those celestial ideals made Tamar B. Young a lovable mother and a peerless wife.

In conclusion, I will say that each of those three wives bore me seven children, making in all seventeen sons and four daughters. They were all strong and healthy children; not a weakling among them. Moreover they have all made honorable and virtuous men and women.

One of my sons, upon learning of the death of his mother, wrote:

"Oh, how thankful I am for my parentage; for the noble souls who gave me life! How I love them for the clean, uncontaminated body with which they blessed my spirit. No loathsome disease fastened to it, no craving for liquor and tobacco, as an hereditary hindrance to my progress. Oh, those noble women! Their crowns will be as bright, and will shine with a splendor equal to that of the Prince at whose side they walked unflinchingly through life, turning their sorrows into joy. Again, how thankful I am for my noble parentage!" And I add:

I am proud of my children, and they are proud of me;
When the reaping comes, what will my harvest be?

In the three chapters preceding this, I gave the best statement of motives and experiences of my life as it passed in rain and sunshine, with the three noble wives who shared my joys and sorrows. There is one other wife, who has claim as valid and sacred as the ones that I have so warmly eulogized. The reason that a chapter is not given to her memory is a sad one.

On the 10th of October, 1878, I married in the Salt Lake Temple, Catherine Coles, to me a sweet, chaste girl.

On the 27th day of November, 1879, she gave her life, in giving birth to a sweet baby girl. By her request the babe was named Mary Ellen, and with my consent she was adopted by Aunt Ellen Young, who cuddled her to her breast and held her there until the child grew to womanhood and found a pleasant nest of her own.

In that child's veins flows the blood of a Young. She came honestly and virtuously by that heritage.

The woman does not exist, either dead or alive, who can say that I ever invited her to commit sin.

My wives were given to me in sacred places, by those who had authority to seal on earth, and it was sealed in heaven, and if I can be pure to the end, those ties will be eternal.

# APPENDIX

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## Stories and Rhymes

# CHAPTER 31.

Twenty-fourth of July Musings, Sent to President Joseph F. Smith.—Twenty-fourth of July Toast,—Utah—Thrilling Eruption of Kilauea.

Sitting 'neath the pines, in the cold mountain air,
Inhaling the inspiration of the chaplain's prayer;
Breathing the spirit of the orator's theme,
Memory sweeps backward o'er the troubled stream
  Of my people's lives.

Wild, vivid scenes of frontier life burst like a meteor on the mind. I see the broad prairie lands of our dear Far West, with a hundred new-built, New England fashioned cottages. I hear the ring of the workman's ax, and the noisy laughter of many children,—the evidence of virtuous, happy homes. But the scene changes.

A cloud of dust rises on the horizon, and soon the tramping and neighing of a thousand horses is heard. And the cohorts of Clark's mob militia burst into view. They encircle the village, kindle their camp fires, and place their sentinels. Then commences a raid of pillage and rapine.

Homes are plundered, cows shot down, maidens insulted. Our leading Elders are treacherously arrested and driven at the point of the bayonet, with demoniac yells, into their camp. A court martial is convened. A sentence of death is passed upon the captives—"General

Doniphan was to have the honor of shooting them at sunrise the next morning," for they, like the Hebrew children of old, must die for worshiping Israel's God. But when General Doniphan looked into the faces of those youthful, noble-looking men, his heart was touched, and the unjust, cruel sentence was never carried out.

Then followed a less severe, yet heart-rending scene. On the morrow, the prisoners were allowed to take a silent parting with their wives, children and parents; with the added solemn warning that they would never see them again. One clasp of the hand, and a tender look into the eyes of the loved ones, and they were torn away; and like murderous criminals, they were chained together, and driven to "Liberty." Not to Freedom, but to a dungeon, while their unprotected families were driven from their homes, to wander in the cold, biting blasts of winter.

While fleeing from the state of Missouri, among the fleeing exiles I see a woman of majestic appearance. Her firm step and compressed lips denote great will power; while the calm expression of the countenance evidences faith and trust in God. In her arms nestles a two weeks' old baby boy, born since the silent parting with her treacherously arrested husband. That woman was Mary Fielding Smith! That baby boy was our beloved president, Joseph Fielding Smith! Could we follow that mother and child, and their suffering companions, in their winter flight from Missouri to Illinois, and from Nauvoo to Salt Lake Valley; through the perils of mob violence—the burning of homes, the exposure to pitiless storms, the crossing of mighty rivers on treacherous ice, the traversing of unexplored deserts without guides, the bridging of long periods with little food—it would make a story of sacrifice and suffering, of perseverance, and thrilling adventure unparalleled in the history of civilized life.

All these trials our fathers and mothers passed heroically through, marking the pioneer trail with the unlettered graves of their bravest and dearest loved ones. The hands that first scourged them never left their trail, nor ceased applying the fire-brand to their homes and the lash to their naked backs, until the hunted fugitives. with a courage born of despair, (yet mixed with unyielding faith), crossed the Mississippi and plunged fearlessly into the unknown west. And as the hunted deer, with beating heart, flees long after the hounds have given up the chase, so these nationally banished exiles followed their intrepid leaders on, on, and still on, until the glistening sands of the "inland sea" greeted them. Oh, how they loved the rugged mountains, and the deep chasm-scarred canyons that surrounded them, and shielded them from their foes! No mobbings, no house burnings, no tar and feathering here; but peace and freedom, blessed freedom.

Salt Lake City, Utah,
July 31, 1918.

Elder John R. Young,
Blanding, Utah.

My Dear Brother John: It was with a great deal of pleasure that I read your letter which was written from Blanding on the 4th of the present month and reached me on the 11th, and which contained so many reminiscences of our earlier days and recalled old memories and scenes of my childhood and early youth.

I did not attempt to make any answer to your letter before this because I have been for a long time under the weather and have neglected a great many matters which did not require immediate attention. While I have been confined to a very great extent to my room, I have had a great deal of time to devote to reflection and musing over earlier scenes and missionary experiences of my younger days. Your letter brought back very vividly the days of our missionary labors in the islands, where I was sent when only a boy, inexperienced in many things, and yet, through force of circumstances caused by the loss of both father and mother whose counsels I very sorely needed, with a training beyond my years caused by contact with hard necessity in those early pioneer days in a new country where but a few years before scarcely a white man had placed his foot. I recalled my travels across the desert and our journeyings to southern California and from there up to San Francisco; the dangers through which we passed because of hostile bands of Indians; laboring in California in order to get means to make the passage over the ocean to the appointed field of labor and the difficulties encountered after arriving there. I recalled the promises made to me by Brother Parley P. Pratt that I should receive the knowledge of the native language by the gift of God, and how it was fulfilled. I thought of the arrival of our boat and when the natives surrounded us as they came out in the harbor talking what appeared to me as an unintelligible gibberish, how it would be possible for me, or any one else, to learn to speak such a language and preach the Gospel to them in such a tongue. But the Lord blessed me and it was not many days before I was able to converse in the Hawaiian language and preach in my missionary journeyings among that dark, benighted but kind hearted people. I recalled not only the companionship of my friends, John R. Young, Silas Smith, my kinsman, Smith B. Thurston, Washington B. Rodgers, William W. Cluff, Francis A. Hammond and many others, but the many dark skinned natives whose friendship and brotherly love could not be surpassed. How my love went out to them! For are they not also the children of God, and of the seed of Abraham with a right to the promises made by the Lord to Israel? And did they not prove to us their worthiness and integrity even though they had not been taught and trained as we and were filled with the superstitions of their people which had come down for many generations.

And farther back to the days of my childhood in these valleys, my reflections carried me, to the time when as a herd boy I tended my mother's cows and those of others in this Salt Lake Valley where many prosperous farms are now located, to my early school days which were sadly limited because of necessity and then my early departure for the Islands of the Sea.

Yet farther back I went in my wandering to the days of Nauvoo where for so short a time the Saints were happy and I played, amused myself in the home of the Prophet and with his sons as well as in my father's house. Well do I remember the return of my father with the Prophet after they had crossed the river and had started on their journey west, because the false cry was raised that they were deserting the flock and how they went to Carthage never again to return in mortal life, cut down because of the testimony of Jesus in the prime of life and sealing their testimonies with their blood. Then followed the feverish days in which the Saints continued the labor on the Nauvoo Temple until it was complete and endowments were given therein and the wicked expulsion of thousands of innocent people from their homes. I recall the departure of the first companies over the frozen river on the ice in the depths of winter and how, shortly afterwards my mother and her family were forced also to take their departure in poverty and wend their way westward with the rest. My Brother John had gone at an earlier day and we overtook him on the journey. Then came the struggle on the banks of the Mississippi where we tried to save means to continue the journey to the valleys of the mountains and my employment as herdboy while we there sojourned. It was here that I had one of the most thrilling and exciting adventures of my life when the Indians made a raid on our cattle and, although but a child, I remember how the thought came to me that if our cattle were taken our journey to the Salt Lake Valley could not be taken. With more than human effort—for I know the Lord was with me—I turned the cattle and started them for home where they escaped although I was taken captive by the savage redmen, but considered so insignificant that they dropped me on the ground where I was left to survive or perish as chance it may and the horse on which I rode was stolen. Then came the journeying across the plains and after many difficulties the arrival in the valley—the promised land—where we were promised rest at least from enemies thirsting for our blood. We moved out on the Mill Creek and started to farm, but before many years had passed away my beloved mother was called home and I was sent out when but fifteen years of age to perform a man's duty in the world,—a duty that was not, however, new to me—for had I not done the like when we crossed the plains?

All these thoughts and a thousand more have coursed through my mind, and I have reflected on many scenes of the days of Missouri, when I was too young to remember the persecutions of the Saints, and on scenes of more recent years, not all of which have been sad, for there have been many bright days in the years that have followed and companionships that have been formed that shall be everlasting. And I remember my old friends, many of whom are now laboring in the great beyond and a few who are still left and scattered throughout Zion. And among these friends I recall my beloved brother and true friend John R. Young. May his days be increased and made happy in his declining years, and may we all meet in the Kingdom of our God when our work is done, there to dwell in joy and happiness forever. This is the prayer of your friend and brother, who greets you in love and remembrance of former days.

Respectfully yours,
JOSEPH F. SMITH.

## IN MEMORY OF PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

*By John R. Young.*

I thank the Mutual Improvement Association of Blanding for the invitation to speak a few words in memory of my boyhood's friend, Joseph F. Smith. I shall not attempt to speak of the activities of his matured life, his splendid manhood and noble, spotless character. It has been well told by his bosom friend, Bishop Charles W. Nibley.

It was my lot, however, to know Joseph in his boyhood. I was with him on his first mission in 1854. We were numbered with the twenty young Elders called to the Sandwich Islands. Joseph was the youngest, (when called he was in his fifteenth year) of the company, but of the thirty men who crossed the desert to southern California together, there were but five who were believed to be his equals in athletic exercises.

As I am limited to time, I shall speak only of the most marked events, delineating his character when a boy. Upon reaching San Francisco, President Parley P. Pratt gave Joseph, William W. Cluff and myself a mission to tract the city. At the close of the first day's tracting Joseph asked to be released. He said, "I can not offer a Book of Mormon without having to listen to a burst of blasphemy and a tirade of falsehood and abuse to my Uncle Joseph, and I cannot be peaceable and hear it." He was released from tracting.

At that time he was lodging at the home of his Aunt Agnes. She was the wife of his Uncle Don Carlos Smith, who died at Nauvoo. After his death she married a man by the name of William Pickett, a man whose heart was full of bitterness toward President Brigham Young and the Utah Mormons, and he seemed to delight in slurring them to annoy Joseph. Pickett's home was on a sandy hillside. One day a man came with a load of wood. In passing through the gate the hind wheels slid down so the hub struck the gate post. Mr. Pickett asked Joseph and the teamster to lift the upper wheel, while he would lift the lower one and slough the wagon back. The upper wheel was lifted, but the lower one was too heavy. Joseph proposed that he try the lower one. Pickett replied, "Young man, if you think you are a better man than I, take hold, and maybe you'll learn something." The wagon passed in, and when the man had unloaded and was gone, Joseph faced his uncle and said, "Uncle, you seem to enjoy making slurring remarks about Brigham Young and the Utah Mormons. I wish you would not do so any more in my presence, and Mr. Pickett remembered the request.

After working two months in the harvest field to earn his passage money, Joseph with other elders, sailed steerage passage, on the bark Yankee, for the islands. As soon as the ship was clear from the wharf, the passengers were lined up on the deck and their names read off to see if there were any stowaways. When the purser called, "Joseph Smith" the captain asked, "Any relation to old Joe Smith?" "No, sir," was the prompt answer, "I never had a relative by that name; but if you had reference to the Prophet Joseph Smith, I am proud to say, he was my uncle." "Oh, I see," said the captain, and he did see a man who had the nerve and manhood to demand that proper respect be shown to the name of the Prophet, whom he loved and honored.

Within one hundred days after landing on the islands, he was preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in the Hawaiian language. After six months' labor on Maui, he was called to be the President of the Molokai Island Conference. Here he made the acquaintance and won the friendship of a wealthy gentleman by the name of Meyers. Stopping, by invitation, a few days with him, he met Jules Remy, a French savant and author, who was making a circuit of the world. With six companions he visited the wild wonderland of Molokai, the Reverend Mr. Dwight, Presbyterian pastor of the islands, acting as guide and interpreter. While all were seated around the supper table, Mr. Remy asked Joseph if the report was true "that the Mormon people were in rebellion against the United States?" Before Joseph could reply, the parson chipped in, "Yes, Brigham Young has always been a traitor, and now he has not only rebelled, but he has ordered his people to massacre all the Gentiles in the Territory. Already they have murdered over a hundred innocent men, women and children at a place called Mountain Meadows." Joseph sprang from his chair, and seizing Mr. Dwight by his collar, lifted him to his feet and said, "Brigham Young is not a traitor, the Mormon people are not in rebellion, but you are a liar, and you will take back what you have said, or I will drive your teeth down your throat." Mr. Remy acted the man and came to Joseph's assistance by affirming the question was to Mr. Smith, and that Mr. Dwight was out of place, and that he should apologize, which he did, and from that time on there was at least one Mormon elder that Mr. Dwight treated with respect.

In relating these incidents where Joseph resented insults and untruthful accusations, I do not want any one to infer that he was of a quarrelsome disposition, for he was not. In all of my acquaintance with him, I never knew him to be the aggressor nor to be tantalizing in the least degree, but he was plain and positive. To me, from a boy, he lived in harmony with the Spirit of God, and I have good reason for believing that his father and his Uncle Joseph watched over him continuously, and when Joseph was nigh to death with typhoid fever at President Hammond's on the island of Maui, I feel sure that those two exalted brothers, walking hand in hand, visited and ministered unto him, whereby his life was preserved and he was enabled to complete his earth life mission, leaving on record a testimony of one of the purest lives ever lived by man.

Bishop Nibley told of a railroad incident where Joseph, by listening to an invincible warning, was kept out of danger. I want to recall the scene at Lahaina. In 1864 Apostles Ezra T. Benson, Lorenzo Snow, and Elders Joseph F. Smith, William W. Cluff and Alma L. Smith were sent to the islands to put a stop to Walter M. Gibson's mischief making among the Hawaiian Saints. When the ship reached Lahaina, (an unsafe harbor) the incoming wave swells were so heavy that the ship had to anchor nearly a mile from the land. In going ashore the captain invited the elders to ride with him in his boat, but Joseph declined, he was so strongly impressed with a feeling of danger that he pleaded with his brethren to wait until the native boats should come; but the brethren were anxious to be ashore and went. The result, the boat was capsized and Apostle Snow was drowned, and it was a miracle that he was resuscitated and his life saved.

In the early days of the Hawaiian mission our elders met with much opposition and with several severe mobbings. At one time in Honolulu, a crowd of ruffians mobbed the aged President, Philip B. Lewis. The harmless old man was knocked down and dragged by the heels, his head bumping on the cobble rock pavement until the ruffians thought he was dead; then they flung him into the gutter, while they went to a saloon to celebrate the achievement. A carpenter, a new convert to the faith by the name of Burnham, from the roof of a house that he was shingling, saw the last brutal act of the mob and gave the leader a severe thrashing. He whipped the brute so thoroughly that it put an end to the mobbing in Honolulu. The manly fight put up by Burnham endeared him to us, and when we returned to the islands in 1864 we found that Brother Burnham had died leaving the family, (Sister Burnham and three children) in poverty, homeless. After the Apostles had cut Mr. Gibson off the Church, Joseph was appointed President of the mission. With the assistance of Elders William W. Cluff, Alma L. Smith, Benjamin Cluff and John R. Young, all the islands were visited and the branches reorganized; then Joseph F. Smith, William W. Cluff and John R. Young were released to return home. At that time it cost $108.00 for a ticket from San Francisco to Salt Lake. President Young sent the money necessary to pay our passage home, but Joseph said, "I will not go and leave Sister Burnham. It was finally decided to go the southern route as our money would take us to San Bernardino; from there we could in all probability, work our way home as teamsters, while Sister Burnham could find a home with the Saints of that place.

For a change we sailed for home cabin passage. Upon arrival at San Francisco we found a telegram awaiting Joseph, requesting him to come home as soon as possible. Bear in mind Joseph was an elder, and a financially poor one at that, as his whole life had been in the mission field and he was the last man on earth to ask for help. What could we do? In council it was thought best for Joseph and William to go by stage, while I with the Burnham family would go by San Bernardino. And now comes the tempter. There were living in San Francisco quite a number of relatives by marriage to the Smith family, and some of them were wealthy. They held a family reunion and invited Joseph to attend. He asked me to accompany him, which I did. We met them at Mr. ——'s; some twenty all told; six or eight strong, healthy looking men. A few stories were told, then the conversation drifted into personal experiences and present home conditions. They pitied Joseph and offered to deed him a good home if he would cut loose from the "Utah Mormons" and stay with them, *his true friends.* He declined, and said if they would excuse him he would bid them good night. All rose up, and then the storm broke. Their spokesman said in substance, "Joseph, we are disappointed in you; we thought you were a Smith, but any man who will come and go at the command of Brigham Young, the man who connived at the murder of your father and Uncle Joseph, has not a drop of Smith's blood in his veins." Joseph: "Do I understand you to say that Brigham Young connived at the murder of the Prophet Joseph Smith?" "Yes, and I can prove the assertion." Then there leaped from Joseph's lips the strongest expression that ever I heard come from them. "You are a damned infernal liar! Joseph Smith never had a truer friend than Brigham Young." To me, how grand he looked. He seemed to expand until he towered head and shoulders above his opponents. While their faces scowled with anger, yet like the tempest tossed waves of the ocean, whose fury had been spent at the foot of the boulder, they recede, leaving the beach cleaner and whiter than before the storm.

How I loved that man's manliness; he not a Smith? The very tension of the rigid muscles proclaimed him the embodiment of the chivalrous Macks and Smiths.

Over forty years ago, while laboring as a missionary in the London Conference, I wrote in my journal:

I knew Joseph F. Smith in life's rosy morn,
When herding cows and hoeing corn;
And though he worked early and late,
Yet he never murmured at his fate,
But smiled to think that his strong arm
Brought wheat and corn to his mother's barn.

His first mark made I remember well;
'Twas when he flogged Philander Bell.
A champion then, for innocence and youth,
As he is now for liberty and truth.
If plain his speech, and strong in boyish strife,
I doubt if he could mend the history of his life.

The years of trial on Hawaii's land
Were more than wiser heads would stand.
Poi, paakia, poverty and shame
Were all endured for the blessed Savior's name.
The crime and faith, and ulcerated sores
Opened to view, bleeding at every pore,
Tried the metal, proved one's pride.
Then was the day of choosing sides.
Then was the hour to begin, and he
Pulled off his coat and waded in.

We need not urge him to improve,
He seeks, as Joseph did, light from above,
And God has given strength to Hyrum's son,
Speeding him on the race so well begun;
For unto him a charge is truly given

To lead erring men from sin to heaven;
To realms of glory, where truth divine
Enlightens life with joy sublime.
But I will leave to pens abler than mine
To paint the beauties of that heavenly clime.

I choose to feast on more substantial food.
One to be great, must first be truly good.
The precious clouds that bless out vales with rain
Descend from lofty peaks and kiss the plains,
So God, Himself, in plainness said to man,
"Blessed are the meek," "I am the great I Am,"
And while His voice echoed from Sinai's peak,
He talked with Moses, the meekest of the meek.
Then look to Christ, and note the keywords given
To lead men back to God and Heaven.

Brother nobly and well thou hast begun,
Now hold the fort until the victory's won,
And when the smoke and din of war is past
Your works and name on history's page shall last.

And I feel in all my being that Joseph F. Smith held the fort and won the victory, giving him a seat with his Prophet Uncle and his martyred father in the mansions of our Heavenly Father.

## TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY TOAST—"UTAH."

O Utah, thou Switzerland of America,
  The home of many a Tell,
For freedom's fires are burning bright,
  In all thy mountain dells.
Thou art the cradle, and the home

Of freedom's struggling child;
For here beneath thy mountain domes,
Within thy canyons wild,
A band of fleeing exiles
Found first a "resting place"
From persecution's bitter blast,
That smote them in the face.

And Utah's pioneers who fled
From Missouri's wrath and flames—
Whose unshod feet so often bled,
While creeping o'er the plains—
Are grateful for the noble men
Who stand as "beacon lights,"
Who "sink or swim, in life or death;"
Stand up for equal rights.
We love our country—north and south,
Her plains, and mountain sod,
We stand for "Freedom of the soul,"
"Our country and our God."

## KILAUEA ON THE WAR PATH.

In 1856 and '57, I was laboring as a missionary on the island of Hawaii, and during that time the volcano of Kilauea gave us an exhibition on a stupendous scale. In company with Elder Henry P. Richards, I went through the forest several miles and met the stream of lava that was running down the mountain, threatening to destroy the town of Hilo. Here is an extract from my journal:

We paused to contemplate the sublimity of this vivid scene. It was one calculated to interest the naturalist, and to please the eye of the poet. The wonderful imagination of a Milton, or the great genius of a Byron could here find a theme on which their minds could feast.

The lava had burst forth from its prison cell, in the bowels of the earth, on the south side of the mountain, some thirty miles above the town of Hilo, which is situated at the head of a beautiful bay bearing the name of Byron. The close approximation of the town to the mountain rendered destruction almost certain. The mountain was covered with a dense growth of timber, and as the mighty stream of running lava drew near, the forest seemed to catch an electric spark, and in the twinkling of an eye, one sheet of flame burst forth, reaching from Pueo to Puna, about three miles in width. The startled Kanaka fled for his life, leaving his grass thatched home to the devastating fire.

I stood, with my companion, upon a craggy peak overlooking the waters of Waikahalulu. Below us was a beautiful cascade, and over this the lava swept with astonishing rapidity. Oh, it was a grand sight—the burning of the forest, the crackling and falling of the trees, the rushing of the lava, the hissing and spouting of the water, the clouds of steam and vapor, mingled with the shrieks and shouts of the natives!

I saw a man in his frenzy try to leap a boiling stream; his foot slipped, and he fell. A cloud of vapor hid him from view, but an agonizing shriek told too well his fate.

Our native guide refused to stay longer with us, but the increasing danger added to our excited fascination, and we declined to retreat. At this moment, the wind shifted, and a strong breeze from the south lifted the banks of smoke and steam, giving us a fair view of the town that nestled so lovingly on the green lawn at our feet.

We could see groups of people laden with what they could carry, hurrying from their homes to places of greater safety. A few ships were anchored in the bay, and between them and the shore, small boats were rapidly plying, evidently carrying the wealthier citizens to these prepared places of safety.

While viewing this romantic picture, a low rumbling was heard. It grew louder and louder until it seemed the heavens were rent in twain, and the ground reeled and tottered beneath our feet. We fell prostrate to the earth, and held our breath, through fear. A thick cloud of vapor, or hot steam, swept over us, followed by the pattering sound of falling stones hurled from the crater by the power of her convulsive throes, but returning to the earth in obedience to the law of gravity.

This shock had hardly passed, when the rain began to fall in torrents, but the flow of the volcano had spent its force. The fiery waves rolled back as if sorry for the destruction they had done, retaining for a moment their red glaring frown, then changed to a black, barren, chasm-scarred waste. Hilo was saved.

Then there leaped forth, from man and maid,
  A song of joy and mirth;
The most sedate could not be stayed,
  From thrilling notes of worth.
It was a song of gratitude for home and lives preserved,
  No sweeter gush of sympathy, by man was ever heard.

# CHAPTER 32.

## A Thrilling Experience on the Plains.—The Stampede.

In 1863, I was living in southern Utah. It was believed the Mormon immigration would be unusually heavy that year; hence great exertions were put forth by the people, to bring the season's gathering to a successful termination. Cooperation was the power which, under the wise guidance of Brigham Young, made it possible to build up a prosperous commonwealth in that isolated desert.

Teams were raised in all parts of the territory, organized into companies of fifty wagons each, four yoke of cattle to each wagon, and placed under the care of experienced men. These were sent to the Missouri river, fourteen hundred miles, to haul back the luggage of the immigrants. The people were required to walk.

Rules of government were established in each camp, and firmly carried out. No swearing was allowed; all assembled for prayers at the call of the chaplain, morning and night; usually at nine o'clock all retired for rest; and at five all arose. These camps were practical training schools of great value.

It fell to my lot to drive a team in Captain John R. Murdock's train. Upon arriving at Omaha, I was selected to take charge of an independent company; people who had means to immigrate themselves to Utah. On the 8th of August, I commenced the task (mission, we called it, for we all served without pay) of leading these people, who were Scandinavians, from Omaha to Salt Lake City.

When it is remembered that these people spoke a language that I did not understand; that they were not accustomed to driving teams; that I had to teach them even how to yoke their cattle, and hitch on to their wagons, it will be easy to imagine the magnitude of the task I had undertaken.

For the first week we made only from five to ten miles a day; but at the end of two weeks, we could make twenty-five. At Wood River centre, the western line of civilization, and the last telegraph station, I received a dispatch from our immigration agent, Feramorz Little, telling me that the Sioux were on the war-path, and that we must be watchful or they would run off our cattle. As a word of encouragement, he added that Captain Preston would overtake me in a few days, and would give me four mounted Utah men to aid me as scouts and night guard for my cattle.

Thus cheered, I pushed boldly out into the hunting grounds of the Sioux. But day after day passed, and Captain Preston did not come. At last I reached Ash Hollow, where there was a stockade and five Utah men guarding supplies left by the down-going trains. Leaving early the next morning, we made a drive of twenty-five miles, across the big bend of the Platte. In the evening a squad of U. S. troops camped on the opposite side of the river, and helloed across to us to look out, for "the devil was let loose"—meaning that "Sitting Bull" was on the war-path.

In the morning they were gone, and when we brought up our cattle, one of our best oxen was missing. It belonged to a Swede, who had only a light wagon and one yoke of oxen. Selecting a large cow from the herd, I yoked her in, and started the train in charge of the interpreter. I then circled the night herd-ground; and being a good trailer, I soon found the track of the ox going back and caught him at Ash Hollow twenty-five miles from camp.

Giving my horse a feed of grain, and taking lunch with the men, I started with the ox to overtake my train. The long, weary day went by, the sun was near setting, and I had just passed the night camp ground, I had left in the morning, when a small cloud of dust coming from the foothills attracted my attention. Just as I was entering a gorge, I drove the ox into the wash, then turned back up the hill, until I could see the dust again.

With the aid of my telescope I made out four Indians rapidly driving a herd of horses toward a patch of timber on the river. A careful inspection convinced me that the loose animals were American horses, and I soon recognized them as Captain Preston's. It now flashed through my mind why he had not overtaken us: The Indians had stolen his horses and crippled his movements.

Well, there I was, twenty miles from camp, alone, with no weapon but my revolver, and almost face to face with the robbers who had stolen my friend's horses. I stood and watched until they reached the timber. Selecting a large tree for a camping place. they threw down their traps, and three of them bunched the horses, while the fourth caught and hobbled them. Then they cut poles, and started down the river. evidently to catch fish for their supper.

I saw that the arroya, that I was in, emptied into the river near their camp; and knowing that the moon would not rise until a few minutes after dark, I instantly formed a plan, and went to work to put it into execution. I was averse to shedding blood, having always been taught to avoid it except in self defense. I resolved, however, to recapture the horses, and then, if followed, I would fight.

Leaving the ox, I moved cautiously down the ravine. and reached the mouth of it just as the gloom of night settled over the plain. The Indians had returned and built a large fire. One of them walked out and bunched the horses, and their movements attracted the attention of my mare. She threw up her head and started to neigh. but I gave the bit a jerk in time to check her. The movement, slight as it was, showed me how dangerous was the enterprise I had undertaken.

The Indian soon returned to camp, and threw some more wood on the fire, which in the still night flamed high in air; rendering objects visible for some distance round, and greatly assisted my movements. I felt that now was my time to act. Approaching carefully the outer circle of horses, and dropping my bridle reins, I moved quietly from horse to horse, cutting their hobbles, then regaining my own horse, moved the band slowly until they found they were unfettered, when I leaped into my saddle, and started them on a run.

The wild yell that rang out on the night air curdled my blood, and made my hair stand on end. For a moment I was quite unnerved, but soon recovered, and lashed the horses at a wild rate across the plain. By the time I reached the ox the moon had risen, and it seemed as light as day. I drove the horses and the ox across the gully, and then wheeled back and stood in the darkness at the bottom of it, waiting for my pursuers.

Soon the pattering of feet reached my ears; and holding my breath until two dark forms came into view, I opened fire. The quick somersault, and rapid retreat convinced me that Mr. Indian had been twice surprised by the white man. Emptying my revolver to give the idea that there were several of us, I sent the stock hurrying toward my camp. The road was tolerably straight and free from hill and hollow, so I was not much afraid of being ambushed. Yet I was keenly alert, and the fluttering of a bird or starting of a hare would rouse me.

As several hours passed, however, without interruption, I concluded that my shots had taken effect, at least so far as to discourage the Indians from following me. But I was suddenly aroused from this feeling of security by another danger I had not counted on. It was the low distant howl of a wolf. Soon an answer came, then another, and another. I smiled, for I had a contempt for the whole wolf tribe, believing them to be cunning and cruel, but cowardly. I turned the cylinder of my pistol to see if it was properly reloaded, and finding it all right, calmly awaited the gathering of the howling pack.

With lolling tongues and fiery eyes they came galloping up, falling into small groups, snapping, snarling, and fighting. I hesitated to shoot for fear the smell of blood would whet their ferocious appetites. My hesitation ceased, however, as a large grey wolf trotted up to my side and crouched to spring at me. Instinctively I put a bullet through his shoulder and he fell backward with a yell. In an instant a score of hungry brutes sprang on to him, and tore him to pieces.

At the same moment, a fresh pack came sweeping across the road in front, enclosing us in a circle. The frightened horses recoiled back upon me, and I began shooting right and left. One of the excited ponies suddenly bolted from the herd, and ran wildly across the plain. Instantly every wolf joined in pursuit. For a moment, there was a rushing sound, which gradually died out in the distance, then I was left alone with my trembling ponies, and my heart wildly beating.

At four a. m. I reached the camp in safety. The Danes had put the children to bed; but the men and women were sitting around a fire in the centre of a corral formed by the wagons. When I rode up they greeted me with four hurrahs, and strong hands lifted me from my saddle and bore me triumphantly to the watch fire.

When the joy had somewhat subsided, I said: "Brethren, that ox has traveled one hundred miles, and I have ridden seventy-five. These horses are Captain

Preston's.* I took them from the Indians who had stolen them. Now, double the guards around the camp and cattle, put out your fire; and let me sleep until sunrise."

It is strange how susceptible of impression the mind of man is. As the first glint of sunshine rested upon my face, I awoke. The camp was bustling with activity. The Danes, though naturally a slow, stolid people, yet when aroused to enthusiasm are like a deep stream almost irresistible in force. And present conditions were such that the deepest feelings of their hearts were enlisted. Their faith, begotten of new convictions, was leading them to gather to Utah. It was their Mecca, their Zion upon earth; and every possible effort was cheerfully put forth to bring them to that haven of rest. Hence, camp rules and regulations were willingly adopted. Even the children seemed to vie with one another in carrying them out.

And needful it was that such faith should exist, for the journey before them was beset with trials and dangers; and no one could tell how or when trouble would come. The first day after my adventure passed pleasantly. We made a good drive and camped on a small clear stream—and the usual horse-shoe corral was formed. At dusk, the horses were placed on the inside, and guards placed at the ends of the corral.

In the morning it was reported that the horses had been restless. I circled the camp; and near the mouth of the creek I found where two Indians had jumped across. I knew that mischief was intended. That night I was cautious in selecting a camp ground, and careful in forming the corral; being sure that no gaps were left.

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*The horses were not Captain Preston's; they belonged to a small company of men who were returning from Oregon.

Before our company left Omaha, two American families joined us. They were rough Nebraskan farmers; and one of the men, whom I will call Jerry, was of great service to me. He was good-natured, strong and fearless. A younger brother of mine was also with me. He, too, was quiet and reliable. At prayer time I told the people that I feared the Indians were following us, and that they would try to stampede our stock, which I dreaded above all things.

I had seen the effects of stampedes in my first trip across the plains. A tornado is but little more to be dreaded than the rush of a large herd of crazy, frightened cattle. I have seen wagons smashed to stove-wood, and strong men trampled to death. I therefore requested Jerry and my brother to spread their blankets near me, and I kept my best horse saddled ready for any emergency.

And the emergency came about three o'clock in the morning. A wild yell like an Indian war-whoop rang out on the air, followed by a rush of cattle. In an instant, all was confusion; women and children tumbled pell-mell out of the wagons in their night clothes, screaming and fainting. The men, guns in hand, formed bands and, rushing in front of the cattle, fought desperately to keep them from bolting; and caused the crazy beasts to run in a circle. Every round brought them nearer the wagons; and I knew if they struck them that we were ruined.

Grasping my two trusted men, I urged them to mount their horses and throw themselves between the cattle and the wagons, and force the cattle, if possible, to bolt from us. I seconded their efforts by mounting my horse, and getting my interpreter, hurried to the men who were fighting the cattle, and led them to where I could hear Jerry and my brother's voices vainly trying at each returning surge of the dark mass, to force the cattle farther from the wagons.

Massing my men at the most exposed angle of the corral, I ordered them, on the return of the cattle, to fire a volley into the air. The sheet of flame from the guns seemed for a moment to paralyze the stock; and then with a rush that shook the ground beneath our feet, away they thundered toward the foothills on the north.

I lay flat on my horse, and crowding him into the jam, was swept along with the herd for about three miles, until I was satisfied no Indians were following; then I straightened up and commenced talking to them. This had the effect of quieting them. They slowed up, began lowing, as if calling to each other, and finally stopped. I was soon joined by my brother; but Jerry's horse, being slow, was soon distanced and lost, and he did not find us. Nor did he reach camp until the next day.

As soon as it was light, we moved the cattle back to camp; but they were nervous, and great care had to be taken in yoking them up. About nine o'clock we broke camp. I put my brother's team in the lead, and told him to drive briskly as I wanted to keep the wagons some distance apart. I strung out the teams and instructed the drivers to not close up. I purposed to drive fast until we should reach Goose Creek, fifeen miles away, and then camp.

All went as I desired, until we reached the summit of the last ridge. From there we had a mile of downhill grade to the creek. I glanced back, and could see the line of white covered wagons following each other like birds of passage, moving in orderly columns to a warmer clime. A feeling of joy filled my bosom, for I felt that the labors of the day would end in peace. I spurred my horse and galloped rapidly to the front to select the best spot on which to form my camp.

Crossing the creek and ascending the bench a few rods to the west, I turned and looked back just in time to see two Indians ride from the head of a hollow on our left. As they rushed past the rear of the train, they gave their wild, blood-curdling war-whoop. As quick as lightning an alarm seemed to flash from one end of the train to the other, and every team rushed wildly down the hill.

My pen is too weak to describe the heart-rending scene that followed the fearful rushing of the wild, stampeded cattle. Wagons were jolted against wagons with such force that the inmates were thrown out, to be run over and trampled under foot by other mad teams following in their rear. On they came, tearing blindly in any direction that their crazy fear led them. Wagons were embedded in the mire of the creek, and the tongues jerked out. At last they began to scatter, and then stopped.

Children ran instinctively to their parents for protection. In groups they wandered from their teams, avoiding them as though they had become beasts of terror to them. I rode to my brother, and directed him to the selected camping place. He unhitched his team, and driving the oxen some distance away, unyoked the right ox and turned its head toward the off one's tail, then yoked it again. In this shape, as long as yoke and bows held, there was no danger of stampeding.

The movement was like a revelation to the people, and they took new hope. I rode from wagon to wagon directing their movements, and checking noise and confusion. By sundown, the camp was formed, the cattle secured, the guards placed, and fires lighted. Then I turned my attention to the wounded ones. I had but little knowledge of surgery; but all eyes were turned to me. With a prayer for God's blessings to attend my efforts, I sewed up gaping flesh wounds. Providentially no bones were broken but there were two lovely women and one man who needed no help of mine. Loving hands smoothed the tangled hair and closed the eyes of the dead, and loving lips kissed the pale brows. Then white sheets were spread over them, and they were left to rest. On the morrow, on the near hillside, we dug their graves, and of the dear old family chests, coffins were made. Then a venerable man, in workman's garb, spoke sweet words of comfort:

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

And whether they rest on prairie wild, or sleep in the city's polished sepulchres, it matters not, so God's will is done. In the resurrection morn, they shall come forth clothed with life and immortality.

## CHAPTER 33.

### A Squaw Fight.

The coming of our people to Utah in 1847 brought us into contact with the powerful intermountain tribe of Utes. Up till then, these Indians had had but little association with the white man; consequently in their social life, they were following exclusively the customs and traditions of their savage ancestors. Many of their practices were horrifying. The law of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" was born and bred in them; hence, if a white man killed an Indian, the tribe took revenge by killing the first white man who chanced to fall into their hands, though he might have been perfectly innocent, having never harmed them. They also took great delight in torturing helpless victims.

At our coming, the notorious Chief Walker was at the zenith of his power. Not only was he a scourge to the Spaniards in California, but he remained also a terror to the weaker bands of Indians inhabiting the intermountain country, from whom he exacted a yearly tribute of children, to sell into slavery to the Spaniards. It was Governor Brigham Young's prohibiting of this child-slave traffic in the territory that led to the Walker war.

Next in brutality to child-slavery was what we termed "squaw fights." They came about in this way: If a brave saw a maiden that he desired, he would go to her father, who, according to their laws, had a right to sell her, and bargain for her, usually paying from one to five ponies for her. If it happened that the girl had a lover, and he would put up as much purchase money as had the first applicant, then the lovers would settle it by a fist fight.

Sometimes conditions would be such that every warrior in the tribe would be allowed, nay, would be honor-bound—to take part in the melee, and aid his tribesman to win his wife. It would then be a national war, and would be conducted on long-established rules and ceremonies which the Indians hold in deep reverence.

In 1861, at the frontier town of Santa Clara, in southern Utah, I witnessed one of these tribal fights. A young, slender, delicate-looking girl, evidently the belle of Tutsegovett's band, was purchased by a brave of Coal Creek John's band; but a brave of the Santa Clara tribe was the girl's accepted lover.

The aspirants were men of influence in their respective bands, though they were unequal in physical ability. The man from Cedar, whom I will call Ankawakeets, was a large, muscular, well-matured man of commanding personality—a warrior tried and proven, while Panimeto, the Clara man, was only a stripling; a youth of fine features and an eagle eye, bespeaking pride and ambition, but fifty pounds lighter in weight than Ankawakeets.

By the rules of the contest, this physical difference made it impossible for the lovers to settle it by single combat; hence, it was arranged by tribal agreement, that twenty warriors on each side should participate in the struggle. The ground selected was a flat just west of the old Clara fort. A square was marked off, the creek being chosen for the south line; a line drawn in the sand marked the east, west, and north boundaries.

East of the east line was Ankawakeets' goal, which, if he could reach with the girl, she was his; contra, west of the west line was Panimeto's goal, claiming the same concessions. On opposite sides of a line running north and south through the center of this square were the braves, lined up, stripped to the skin save for the indispensable gee-string.

At the tap of the Indian drum, with bowed heads, and arms wildly beating the air, the two files rushed like angry bullocks upon each other. The air-hitting was fierce and rapid for a few minutes, until a second tap of the drum, when the warriors clinched, and the mass became a seething, whirling, cyclone of dark figures, cheered on by the squaw, and bv an occasional war-whoop from some interested, on-looking warrior.

To vanquish an opponent you had to throw him and hold him flat on his back for the supposed time it would take to scalp an actual enemy. At the end of an hour's exciting struggle, a few warriors on each side had been vanquished; but the forces remaining were equal in number, so neither party had gained any advantage.

They now changed the procedure. The father led the maiden to the central line. She looked terrified; and well she might, for the ordeal through which she was to pass was a fearful one; one of brutal pain that would test her powers of endurance to the uttermost. The champions ran to the girl, and seizing her by the wrists undertook to force her to their respective goals. Soon it became a "tug-of-war" with fifteen strapping warriors on each side. The flesh of the trembling maiden quivered under the strain of thirty brutal demons struggling and yelling to accomplish their aims.

Gyrating from one side of the field to the other they came, in one of their wild swirls, to the banks of the creek and fell into the water pell-mell up to their necks. The girl, evidently in a swoon, was entirely submerged, only her mass of glossy tresses floating on the surface of the water.

Andrew Gibbons, one of the Indian missionaries, flung himself on the bank; and seizing the girl's hair, he raised her head above the water. Instantly every brave broke his hold, and scrambled on to the bank; and Ankawakeets angrily demanded that Gibbons should fight him for having interfered.

To my surprise, Gibbons accepted the challenge, flung aside his hat, and stepped into the ring. Tutse gave the signal, and Ankawakeets sprang to the fray, only to measure his length backward on the sand.

Three times in succession his stalwart body kissed the earth. Then, moving with more caution, the Indian dodged a blow, and succeeded in grappling with Gibbons, but again the white man's skill was superior to the savage's strength. Ankawakeets was flung to the ground and held until the imagined scalping was performed. Then Gibbons stepped back and folded his arms. His vanquished opponent arose, and with a majestic air, that a white man could not imitate, he stepped to the maiden, spoke a few low words that seemed to have a magical effect, and taking the unresisting hand, led her to the victor and presented her as a bridal trophy for the white man's valor and skill.

Gibbons, with a face glowing with satisfaction at the happy turn of the combat, accepted the maiden, and leading her to Panimeto, gave her to him—a mistake wherein the white man's sympathy for the weak overruled his judgment. The presentation was followed by a war-whoop from Ankawakeets, and his braves. Rushing to their camps they returned with guns in hand, and forming a circle around the girl, ordered her to march.

This fight gave me a deeper insight into the nobility and sterling character of our Indian missionary boys. What fearless men they were, ready for any emergency!

At this crisis it looked as if Ankawakeets would triumph by armed force; yet the whites felt that his cause was not just; but an unsuspected champion, a veritable lion, stood in the path. This time it was

Thales Haskell, another Indian missionary, of whom it was said, "His cheeks never paled, and his voice never trembled." He sprang in front of Ankawakeets and said,

"I called you a chief, but I see you are a boy, and a coward at that. Put up your gun, and be a man."

Then Tutsegavit's voice was heard, commanding the father to lead the girl to the center of the field, and told the warriors that they might go on with the fight until the sun should hide its face behind the mountain. If neither party won by that time, the girl should be released from the father's vows.

Each band of warriors withdrew by themselves for a few minutes' consultation; then, with firmness depicted on every countenance, they took their places, the champions grasping again the wrists of the trembling young squaw. A look of despair deepened the pallor of her face, as if the terror of death was resting upon her; and a death-like silence reigned as both sides waited the signal to begin the encounter.

At this critical moment, the girl's young brother, who had stood aloof with folded arms and clouded brow during all the struggle, bounded to his sister's side and, drawing his knife from its sheath, he buried it in her bosom. She fell lifeless into her father's arms. The brother, holding the bloody knife on high, said:

"I loved my sister too well to see her suffer more. You call me a boy; but if there is a brave who thinks I have done wrong, let him take the knife and plunge it to my heart; so will I join my sister and lead her to the red man's happy hunting ground. I am not afraid to die."

Every warrior bowed his head, and turning, walked in silence to his camp.

On the morrow, our people aided in giving fitting burial to the lovely Indian girl, whose life had been sacrificed to the demands of a brutal custom. I will only add that shortly after this tragedy, Jacob Hamblin, the man whom the prophet Brigham Young ordained to be the "first apostle to the Lamanites," gathered the Indians in a council and talked to them until they promised to give up the squaw fights. It was a step which marked an epoch in the life of the Indians; and incidentally it serves to illustrate the influence for good that this wonderful peace-maker held over our fallen brethren, the Lamanites.

# CHAPTER 34.

## Crusade Against Plural Marriage.

When the crusade against plural marriage commenced in Utah, I was not willing to give up my families; and being of a timid nature, I sought to avoid trouble. In my heart I felt justified in having more wives than one, believing plural marriage to be God's law; and therefore I resolved to cleave to my wives and children, let come what might. On the other hand, I did not court martyrdom; I was quite willing to retire and live in seclusion until the wave of prejudice should pass away.

Accordingly, I took up a ranch on the Boulder Mountain, at a place called Wild Cat, a lonely retreat twenty miles from any town. Here I took my wife Tamar, and began to run a dairy. Albina, my first wife, remained on the farm in Rabbit Valley.

I had learned that there was a warrant out for me in the hands of Deputy Marshal Armstrong, charging me with adultery—adultery, forsooth, with my own wife! On one occasion, I was in Nephi staying with Thomas Bowles. We were walking past Whitmore's store in the evening, when Brother Bowles suddenly caught my arm. "There's Armstrong!" said he, pointing to a man in front of the livery stable who was trying to hold a lantern, and at the same time to do some repair work on a buggy. I stepped forward, held the lantern, and chatted with him some fifteen minutes. He thanked me, and I knew Johnny Armstrong from that time onward.

Soon after my return to Wild Cat I received a communication from my brother Franklin, saying that Armstrong and McGary wanted to meet us, and try to make "terms" with us; pledging their word that we should not be arrested at the meeting. I declined to meet. I knew the marshals, and I didn't intend that by any such ruse they should make my acquaintance.

My brother met them, however, and agreed on terms; and when notified, he went to Beaver and surrendered himself; received as his "medicine" the full extent of the law—three years and three hundred dollars.

Before harvest time, it became necessary for me to go to the city for a reaper. My wife Albina was with me on my way home, and just as we reached the head of the long dugway overlooking Rabbit Valley, Armstrong drove up. I stopped and let him pass. He thanked me, and drove by. I knew him and rejoiced that he didn't know me.

Once I came up from Wild Cat to get a load of rock salt for my cattle. I called at the Co-op. store, but it had none. Hugh McClellan, the man that the deputies always stopped with, said, "Drive me home, and I will let you have a load."

"Am I safe?"

"Perfectly; there will be no one here for three or four days."

I went, and was loading the salt into my wagon when Lish Goff, a rough man, supposedly unfriendly to me, pulled my sleeve, and nodded toward a side lane. There came Armstrong and McGary! I felt I was a "goner." Surely I could not escape this time! However, I picked up my lines and drove off. McClellan was as white as death.

As I turned my back to the marshals, I was not ten rods in advance of them. Goff stepped out, and told them dinner was ready. They wanted to go to the store, but he persuaded them to wait until after dinner. Thanks to Goff and the "deps" not knowing me, I escaped again.

In the fall, I loaded up a four-horse outfit with cheese to take up to the valley. On Monday morning I sent my little boys to the pasture to bring up my horses. As they were gone rather long, I stepped a few rods in front of the house to look out for them, and I heard a voice distinctly say, "Don't go today."

I consequently told the boys to saddle me a riding pony, and turn the work horses out and let them go to the mountain. Going down the road about ten miles, I turned off to Giles' sheep camp. Just as I reached the camp, we were visited with a heavy rainstorm, and as one happy result all previous tracks in the road were obliterated. On my return home I saw a fresh buggy track, and looking ahead three hundred yards, I beheld my friends, the enemy! I followed leisurely until the road made a curve around the head of a hollow, when I cut across and came in ahead of them. They helloed, but of course I did not hear. McGary stood up with his gun in his hand, but as I quickened my pace, he sat down again. Presently we came to the forks of the road; the right-hand went to Wild Cat, the left to Brinkerhoff's ranch. I took the left, riding leisurely so the buggy might follow. When within a mile of the ranch, I rode rapidly ahead, found everybody gone, and the door locked. I next rode over the brow of a rock ridge.

Then from behind a tree
I observed the enemy,

until the shadow of night settled down upon us; and they had unharnessed, tied up, and gathered wood to keep fire until morning. Then I went home to a loving family and a warm supper.

In the morning the deputies hunted until discouraged, and were on the eve of leaving the mountain when they met a stockman who gave me away by directing them to Wild Cat. They came, got their breakfast, then subpoenaed Tamar, and her daughters Harriet and May, to appear in court on a certain day. When the time came, I sent Albina, my first wife, with my daughters Harriet and May; instructing them, when before the jury to speak the truth freely about me, and promising that all should be well with them. They did so, and the court treated them respectfully, Marshal Armstrong being a gentleman and a friend to them. Tamar's health was delicate, and I determined she should not be dragged into court to be cross-questioned by lawyers; and, as often happened, censured and lectured by a missionary judge.

My next meeting with the men who looked so kindly after the "cohabs"was at Thurber. My son Ferra had purchased a strong, nervous, though vicious horse, and we believed that, given a little start, there was nothing in our burg that could overtake him. I had again been for a load of salt, returning with a four-horse team, and had reached Thurber when my son William R. overtook me.

"Father," said he, "you had better ride Selim a little while, and be quick about it."

I had just mounted when Bishop Coleman and my brother Franklin W. met us. They turned across the canal and drove rapidly toward the river, the marshals being in sight and driving furiously toward us. I loitered near my team in hopes to draw the "deps" after me; but they could see Coleman's rig, and wheeled across the canal in pursuit of him.

I jumped my horse across the canal; and galloping around a block, came into the road just ahead of the officers. They called on me to stop; but I could not do it, as some dogs ran out from a house I was passing, and so frightened my horse that he broke into a dead run. I jerked back violently and broke one rein, virtually turning the vicious brute loose. He seemed to go crazy. A man by the name of Keel was working on a vacant rocky lot near by. The horse bolting in that direction, pitched at the man, who struck him over the head with a crowbar. This seemed to daze the animal for a minute, then he commenced bucking; and for a short time he made it mighty interesting for me, and the people who were looking on. Finally, he threw up his head and broke for home, and I was quite willing to let him go. The marshals turned and followed, whereby the other "cohabs" got away again. I took a skurry through the hills, and late in the evening brought up at my brother's, in Teasdale, where I found Willie R. Later still, Bishop Coleman and Franklin W. arrived safe and sound.

Brother C. L. Christensen was living on a ranch about half way between Wild Cat and the Valley. One day the marshals caught him. "Now," said they, "you are a poor man, and we don't want to make it hard on you. We will let you go now if you will promise to come when we want you. You can thus be at home in peace with your family until you are wanted in court." So he promised. "Now," they said, "we are going home, and we will write you about ten days before we come for you; so you will have time to be prepared."

As soon as they were gone, Brother Christensen kindly came over and told me of the bargain, adding, "Now you can stay at home and not worry; for when I get the letter, I will send you word." I was pleased; for staying at home in peace in those troublesome times was pleasant. It was getting cold on the mountain, so I moved down to my winter ranch on Pleasant Creek. One night I woke up, and a low voice said to me, "The marshals will not write to Christensen, and you had better get away from here."

In the morning I rode eight miles to Bishop Joseph H. Wright's ranch, told him of my impressions, and said: "Tomorrow morning, before light, I shall pull for Colorado." He replied, "I will be at your place tonight, prepared to go with you." The next morning, at three o'clock, we pulled out, without letting our neighbors know of it.

I had three horses and a big, snorty mule in my team, and my wagon carried three thousand pounds of freight. About two o'clock, while driving across a smooth clay flat running parallel with the Dirty Devil river, I had raised the cover and was looking at a ranch on the south side, when I heard a moan; and looking around I saw Tamar fall from the wagon onto the heels of the mule. The team, becoming frightened, ran two hundred yards before I could stop them. When I finally did so, there lay Tamar, the nigh front wheel on her breast. I sprang out, pulled the team back with one hand, and lifted the wheel with the other until I rolled it off her.

The mule backed until her feet struck Tamar, then she wanted to run again. I tried with one hand to pull Tamar's body from the road, but she said, "Don't, you hurt my hand." Then I saw that her hand was under the wheel. With one hand and my knee, I lifted the wheel and she drew her hand out; then she fainted.

All this time, little Ray, three years old, frightened nearly to death, was screaming and threatening to tumble out of the wagon. I lifted him down, then examined Tamar's hand, expecting to have to take my knife and cut off her fingers, for they looked, in the blood and dust, as if they were ground to pieces. I found the bones were not broken. Thus relieved, I thought of assistance; and called to Bishop Wright, who was some distance ahead. Luckily he heard me, and ran back. Tamar still lay as if dead. Brother Wright brought some water from the river; we bathed her face, and she revived.

We arranged a bed in the wagon, and placed her on it, then drove till after midnight before we reached a habitation. We finally got into a school-house and spent the rest of the night in administering to, and nursing my wife. Her breast bone was crushed in, and her hand badly lacerated; and I feared the nervous shock and the bruise would bring on premature child-birth and perhaps death. In the morning she felt so much better, however, that we moved on to Hanksville, about fifteen miles.

On the west side of town was a store, in care of Mrs. Dr. Jorgensen, an old acquaintance of ours. At the store the public road shot to the north and south.

The latter led to Hall's Ferry, on the Colorado; the former crossed the Dirty Devil and went to Blake, on Green River. As we drove up, Sister Jorgensen ran out to see Tamar. I jumped from the wagon and stopped her, telling her she must not see her, as it would get her into trouble. She prepared some liniment, and told me how to nurse her; then I bade her good-bye.

We crossed the road, pulled through the town, down the river two miles, and stopped with William Bacon. They gave us their best room and bed, and Tamar rested comfortably for two days. Again in the night, an unseen power said to me, "Move on." Tamar's body was sore; but I knew the road was sandy and free from rocks, and she said she would rather go than be arrested. We crossed the river in Brother Bacon's field, and followed an old wood road up a sandy hollow, until we struck the main road.

Just before reaching it, we saw the tops of three wagons passing. They drove to the ford near the store, and camped. They had scarcely unharnessed when Armstrong and McGary drove up. The freighters assured them we were not on the road, as they were direct from Green River and had met no one.

The officers then wheeled and took the road for Hall's Ferry. Twenty miles out they met Dan Dalton, who assured them we were not on that road. They then returned to the store and questioned Sister Jorgensen, threatening to arrest her unless she would tell them where we were; but she maintained stoutly that she had not seen Mrs. Young, and knew nothing of her whereabouts.

When the marshals first reached the store, twenty minutes' drive would have taken them to us; but when they came back from a forty-mile run, their team was exhausted. They offered fifty dollars for the use of a fresh team; but no one in Hanksville wanted the money, and to this day I have a warm spot in my heart for those good people.

The day we left Brother Bacon's was full of painful anxiety to Bishop Wright and myself. The sand was deep, and our loads heavy; we had to move slowly, walking by the side of our teams and resting every few rods. These, however, were minor troubles; the atmosphere was full of apprehension and danger. From the top of every ridge we looked back, expecting to see our enemy coming; and I had determined that Tamar should not be dragged into court if I had power to prevent it.

Our wives were innocent of crime; they were virtuous, honest, bashful girls, unused to public life. In their innocence and spiritual devotion, they had trusted us for guidance and protection; and I was not going to see my wife slurred and brow-beaten by a profligate lawyer, nor humiliated by a missionary judge. We might suffer by flight—and we did suffer more than my pen can tell; as a matter of fact, Tamar suffered for years from the effect of the accident she met with—but we escaped arrest, and there was comfort in that. I had never felt that the road to exaltation was through the Utah penitentiary; I did not owe Uncle Sam a cent; and I certainly did not want to be honored by wearing the uniform of his boarding house. One more incident and then I am done with the marshals.

By appointment, I met my cousin Brigham in Rabbit Valley, and accompanied him across the desert to New Mexico. Below Hanksville, we met Dan Dalton, who was freighting from the Henry Mountain. He told us there were two marshals at the ferry evidently waiting for someone. We passed on, and when by ourselves,Brigham asked, "What shall we do?" I replied, "You are the captain; as you direct, I shall act." "Well," he said, "I'll tell you: if you will drive the team I will do the fighting, and there are no two deputy marshals living that can take me back to Utah.

When we reached the Colorado, we met Platte D. Lyman and L. H. Redd, the supposed marshals. They took our carriage apart and ferried us over the river in a small boat, swimming our horses. I went to Fruitland, New Mexico, with Brigham, then bought two scrub ponies and went back alone.

In a seven days' ride on the desert, I met but three persons. The first two were Bishop Allan Taylor and Bishop Franzen, who were on the "underground," and later on I met a deputy marshal on this wise: There being no one at the ferry, I swam the Colorado, pack-horse and all; and passing through

Hanksville in the night, I rode out on to the desert about fifteen miles, hobbled my horses and went to sleep. As soon as it was light in the morning I was moving.

Presently I met two grey horses, hobbled, and evidently running away. Tying the greys to my pack-horse's tail I took them with me about three miles, when I met the owner. He was pleased with what I had done, and became communicative, telling me he was a deputy marshal; then, stopping suddenly, he asked my name.

"Brown," said I.

"What Brown?"

"John."

"Where are you from?"

"Kanab."

"What are you to Guernsey Brown?"

"Cousin."

That reassured him. He told me he had been to Kanab after "cohabs."

By this time we had reached his camp. I took breakfast with him, and he continued to interest me by telling me he was after a fellow by the name of Young. I asked him what Young. He said "John R." I told him I had heard of him; but had never met him. He said Young had gone to New Mexico to hunt him a home; but would soon return by way of Blake, and he was going to wait for him.

We rode together until we reached the San Rafael. There we parted, as I was going to the Iron Springs to look at a bunch of cattle I thought of buying. That night, about midnight, I reached my little home in Huntington, and found my wife Tamar very feeble. She had lost her babe, and was still suffering with her breast and mutilated hand, the result of her fainting and falling out of the wagon when fleeing to avoid arrest and imprisonment for having become a plural wife when there was no law making it a crime.

During the crusade, I suffered my family to become scattered. It was one of the errors of my life. The principle of plural marriage came from God; and when honestly lived up to, it purifies the life and enlarges the soul. On the same reasoning, since the Manifesto was adopted, it should be honored, because it came from God, for the temporal salvation of his people.

And now that plural marriage is barred by law, that does not justify men, when in power, in being cruel and oppressive, as some of the judges and many of the marshals were. The intent of the law is to render justice, tempered with mercy; but in this suppression of polygamy in Utah, the Roman idea, that to the "victor belongs the spoil" was adopted; and I felt then, as I do now, that it was unjust and cruel.

# CHAPTER 35.

## Salt Lake Valley in 1847.

Salt Lake Valley, as it lay in eighteen forty-seven,
Was a desert desolate. Its parched wastes were given
As a play ground for the hot winds that in whirlpools
Sent clouds of alkali dust whirling through the air,
Poisoning with its white breath the scant vegetation existing there.
And in the summer, from the grey, sunburned bench lands,
Looking westward, the glimmering lake, and the glistening sands
Of the great American desert, met the traveler's view.
Forming a horizon, beyond which no white man knew.
Only the red man whispered, "Not many moons ago
A train of white men's wagons passed along the southern shore,
Vanished in the murky mirage, and were seen no more;
Save one, who with tattered clothes, emaciate, and footsore,
Came to our camps, and with feverish greed—
Snatched our cricket meal, and wild grass seed;
By signs explained that all his friends were dead,
That he alone was left, the backward trail to tread."
No more was learned, and this gruesome view
Was magnified by Bridger, to the exiles of Nauvoo.

The pioneer camp was silent, no boisterous laughter
there;
Each step was still and careful, each word a whispered
prayer.
In Wilford Woodruff's carriage, the Prophet Brigham
lay
Burning with mountain fever, no skill of theirs could
stay.
O Father, spare thy servant—we need his helping
hand
To guide Thy people's footsteps, till they reach the
promised land.
No power but Thine can save him. Shall thy people
plead in vain?
Stay Thou, the burning fever that is racking him with
pain.
They were camped in Echo Canyon, between those
massive walls
That send back an echo to the thunder's pealing calls.
But the very voice of nature seemed hushed upon
that day
And the peace of God came to them; a peace that
came to stay.
Again the voice of Brigham, like Joseph's, rings out
clear;
'Tis firm, bold, and decisive, banishing doubt and
fear;
"Let Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow move on with
half the train,
And when you reach the Valley, go northward o'er
the plain
Till you strike a mountain brooklet; then camp and
sow your grain,

And you shall reap a harvest. Push on, and do not
doubt—
For it shall be our Zion, the "land of rest, sought out."

Upon the mountain-top, the weary band stood still
And watched their pale-faced chieftain, the man of
iron will,
Who had freed the hosts of Israel from mobocratic
power,
And held that host together, until the present hour.
When George M. Hinkle faltered, and betrayed our
prophet guide,
'Twas Brigham's faith and courage that stayed the
treacherous tide,
That flowed from Boggs' scheming, to sweep the
Church aside;
With matchless skill and wisdom, checkmated Benton's plans
By sending a battalion to fight the Mexicans.
Even President Van Buren, with Benson as his aid,
Was fairly circumvented at the cruel game they
played.
'Tis true we lost our city, the beautiful Nauvoo,
'Twas sacked, and desecrated, by Brockman's heartless crew.
And these, the fleeing exiles that stood upon that hill,
Had faith in their great leader—they loved his iron
will;
But the scenes that lay before them stretched e'en
the chords of faith—
Were they going to destruction? Had they found
their burying place?
Was death to be the outcome, the answer to their
prayer?

Were they, their wives and loved ones, Donner's fate
to share?

O think, you pious Christians, who drove them from
their land,
Could you have stood the trials of that heroic band?
They place upon the altar the treasures of the soul,
The hope of an existence, to God they gave the whole.
And God, who ever watches over his faithful ones,
Sent down the bow of promise; it came through Brigham Young.
"I have seen this land in vision; I saw the tent come
down
And rest upon the summit of yonder rising ground.
There we will build a temple, a resting place for God,
And His Spirit will requicken the hill and valley sod."
These were the sweetest sayings that mortals ever
heard;
It was the balm of Gilead, Jehovah's healing word.
They will stand through endless ages as Brigham's
crowning act;
The strength and inspiration that founded a commonwealth,
Where the love of God, and liberty, will dwell in every
soul,
And Columbia's sons, in righteousness, will govern
and control.
Then the honored name and memory of Brigham
Young shall be
A legacy as priceless as the boon of liberty.

## UTAH'S PIONEERS

Written July 24, 1918

Dear Pioneers, brave Pioneers!
We welcome you with hearty cheers!
I search in vain, in every land,
To find the equals of that band
Of noble men and women true
Who left their homes, their lov'd Nauvoo,
Facing hunger and wintry blasts
To 'scape a foe, whose blood-stained lash
Had scarred the back of sire and son,
And burned the homes of helpless ones!
A lawless mob,whose thirst for blood
Flowed like a stream, a filthy flood—
Submerging Nauvoo's well tilled grounds.
And spreading sorrow all around,
Destroying property and life
And ushering in the bitter strife
That ended the noble Prophets' lives.
And forced the bleeding Saints to flee
To Utah's vales, harbor of law and liberty!
Marked ye, the path the fathers trod?
How close they crept to Israel's God?
Like Moses at the burning bush,
Took off their shoes midst thorns and brush,
And tramped across the cactus plains,
That we our freedom might obtain?
O Liberty, blessed, priceless gift!
For which our fathers bled and died!
Casting all thoughts of self aside!
Giving their lives, if need must be;

That we, their children, might be free.
O precious seed, and wisely sown!
See how the fruit of it has grown:
An Empire State of spotless fame,
No traitor's act has our flag stained,
But loyal to the heart and core
Our sons are mustering by the score ,
And rushing to the battle's van,
To "win or die" to the last man,
Our hearts are set, we lift on high
Our nation's glorious battle cry,
And shout aloud, with trumpet breath,
"Give us liberty, or give us death!"

## A PEACEFUL HOME.

From F. M. Young's Journal.

Better than gold is a peaceful home—
Where all the fireside charities come,
The shrine of love, and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be
Or tried by sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.
— Copied Oct. 18, 1919.

# CHAPTER 36.

## From the Cradle to the Grave.

A little boy at his mother's knee,
Laughing and babbling in childish glee;
A willow horse in his chubby hand;
Acting the role of a grown-up man.
Shaking his head in an angry mood,
As if deep wrongs he had endured.
Tossing a lock from his baby brow—
Catching a flash of repentance now,
Then cuddling close to his mother's side,
As if to heal his wounded pride—
And many a wound, by a mother's kiss
Is changed from pain to a cup of bliss.

A strapping youth at the "garden gate,"
Anxious to meet his expected mate;
With a wish in his heart the future to see,
To catch one glimpse of his destiny.
Willing to give his share of the world
For a warranty deed of his cherished girl;
Nervous to right an imagined wrong,
Nursing his wrath for a battle strong;
Heedless of counsel, for in his own eyes
His case is just and his judgment wise.
"'Tis manly to stand in defense of truth,"
And "I know I am right" is the voice of youth.

Next comes the man, majestic and grand.
And what is grander than a noble man?

In every move there is power and grace,
Revealing the origin of his race;
The depth of thought, the fire of his brain,
Leaping from earth to realms whence he came:
Chaining the lightning with a skilful hand,
Making it serve the bidding of man;
Building a kite to fly to the skies,
Onward, and upward, without knowing why.

From the baby's cradle to the father's grave,
As restless and forceful as the ocean's wave;
The child, the youth, the man in his power
Show that conditions are made for the hour;
That cause and effect are as true to their rule
As any, those laws, we learn in our school.
To mortals, old age is the crowning link,
The last breathing spell, as we stand on the brink
Of a wonderful change, called the river of time,
Or passage of death, a terror and dread
To most of the living, but what of the dead?
The millions of loved ones who've passed through
the door,
And are hid from our view, on that mystical
shore?
Can just spirits answer? speak up if you can,
And tell us the future of him we call man.
Is life there a burden, or is it a joy?
An existence of pleasure, without pain or alloy?
Hark, a voice comes from Joseph, the prophet
and seer;
"'Listen, ye mortals, the glad tidings hear;"
Death is the portal that gives to our sight
An endless progression, in the mansions of light;

And with the faithful meet the Father and Son,
And dwell with the righteous, exalted ones.
'Tis the "lost tree of knowledge" that opens our eyes,
And brings us to Eden, a redeemed Paradise.

## LINES TO SISTER M. L.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Grayson's school-house was all aglow;
Windows were brilliant with borrowed lights,
And youthful feet were tripping to and fro.
"Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,"
And words of cheer sent back a warm refrain;
For every heart was full of joy and pride,
Like the wedded lover, welcoming the blushing bride.
And speech, and song, with hearty zest,
Each one to entertain doing his best.
And wherefore this? In this broad land there is no foe,
No cloud of war, no shadows of impending woe.
The sky serene; an atmosphere of peace,
Inviting old and young as to a feast.
And 'twas a feast, a feast of soul
A prize more precious than a mine of gold;
A sacrifice, free given, on the altar of pure love,
A call to mission labor, from the courts above.

O brothers in a common cause, did you ever feel
Coming to your being a joy you can't reveal?
A baptism, or a birth, an unction from on high?
An evolution of happiness, that moistens every eye?

Like the joy that came to Abraham, when he offered up his son,
When his guardian angel shouted, "Hold! Harm not the precious one!"
The metal has been proven in the crucible of pain;
The dross has been rejected, the gold alone remains.
So tonight, we say to Mary, a daughter native born—
We have known her from the cradle, in sunshine and in storm;
One of the chosen spirits our Father sent to earth
To labor in the mission field, a trust of sacred worth.
And every soul within our town will hasten to the hall
To witness his approval of this angelic call;
Go forth, thou blessed sister, into the mission field;
To meet the mists of darkness, keep virtue as thy shield;
Strong in thine own inheritance, a pure and spotless life,
And you shall be victorious in every gospel strife.

# CHAPTER 37.

**The Young Men's Pledge.—Brigham Young's One Hundredth Birthday.—Mary's Birthday.—Some Things that I Remember.**

## THE YOUNG MEN'S PLEDGE.

### Joseph Smith and John M. Horner.

Two boys were hoeing corn one day,
  Beneath a July sun,
And as they worked, in friendly chat
  Their youthful fancies run.

"I'll be a farmer," the younger said,
  "And study nature's laws—
If there is growth of tree or plant
  I'll know the primal cause."

Thus John, the younger of the two,
  With a bright, progressive mind,
Explained to Joseph what he'd do
  When he became a man.

I watched and listened with interest now,
  To the elder boy's reply;
For his was a fine, intellectual brow,
  And a keen, prophetic eye.

"I'll be a man of God," he said—
  "A student of truths divine;

I'll soar from earth to realms above
Where endless treasures shine.

"I'll study the lives of noble men;
I'll search the Scriptures too,
And I will know, if mortal can,
If Hebrew books are true.

"I'll know if Moses talked with God,
Upon the Mount Sinai;
The paths the ancient prophets trod—
I'll tread before I die."

And each one, happy with the thoughts
That stirred their youthful breasts,
Silently finished the task in hand,
Then sought their home and rest.

As years rolled on, we watched those boys,
And history proves to you,
Throughout their lives they kept their vows,
With motives pure and true.

The farmer became a wonderful man
In agricultural skill;
And boundless wealth came from the soil
In obedience to his will.

His name and fame went round the world,
And kings bestowed their praise.
He is today a shining mark
Of God's mysterious ways."

The other one, would that my pen
Could a truthful picture give,
Of the prayerful, trustful, God-like life
That noble boy did live.

How every word of that first pledge
To the letter was fulfilled;
How his bright mind grasped light and truth,
Until the Seer was killed.

How God the Father, and Christ the Son,
Talked face to face with him;
How Peter, James and John—anointed ones,
Were sent by Eloheim

To lay their lands on Joseph's head,
The priesthood to restore;
How Moses and Elias came with keys
They held in days of yore.

Moroni, the Nephite Prophet, came
In robes of spotless white,
Talked with the boy of hidden things,
From eve till morning light.

We talk of teachers learned and wise,
Of pupils, apt and bright;
But never by man was mortal taught
As Joseph was that night!

History of nations, long since dead,
Were revealed to him so plain

That he in language strong and clear,
Could make them live again.

He learned the solar system's laws,
And measured Kolob's time—
That God, of matter formed the worlds
That now in splendor shine.

That man, now mortal, is Jehovah's child—
A birthright, endless and grand,
The crown of glory, in heaven, is this:
To be an exalted man.

These were the paths the young man trod—
That was the glorious aim,
To pierce the skies, commune with God,
Eternal life to gain.

## BRIGHAM YOUNG'S ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

Our multitude of little ones,
Dear precious souls, so bright and gay—
So full of life and harmless fun,
In neat attire, together come
And shout aloud, "'Tis first of June,
And we have come to sing a tune
In memory of the natal day
Of Israel's chieftain, Brigham Young."

"Teacher," they cry, with faces all aglow
With life and joy, "we wish to know

More of the life, the acts, the worth
Of that great man who came to earth
One hundred years ago."

"Well, children, I have heard my father say
That Brigham came upon a 'blusterous day.'
The June sun rose so bright and clear,
But soon a change came o'er the atmosphere.
Dark clouds went scurrying through the sky—
And shrieking gusts and moaning sigh
Gave warning of a coming storm
That filled the people with alarm —
The elements ceased not their war
Until the day had gone afar
Toward the setting of the sun.
But e'er old Sol his race had run,
A wondrous change again had come;
And all was bright, serene and calm
When Brigham Young was born—
At night within that humble home,
Rest and peace to all had come.

'Twas the foreshadow of that great man's life—
At baptism commenced the bitter strife;
The sneer and scoff of sectarian hate
Increased to town, to county, and to state.
Armed and legalized mobs were soon in line
Against the God-sent prophet of modern times;
And gifted men, once active in the cause,
Turned traitor to the kingdom and its laws;
But Brigham's knees ne'er trembled in that hour,
Defending Joseph with all his might and power.

First at Far West, the storm in fury raged,
And Zion's leaders in chains were caged;
For six long months they wore the galling chains;
In dismal dungeons their weary limbs had lain.
And Clark's militia mob despoiled the Saints,
Till e'en the strongest faith seemed faint;
Then Brigham showed the temper of his soul—
Leader born, and warrior bold.
He rallied the scattering sheep, led them to pastures new,
Till Joseph came, and founded fair Nauvoo.

'Twas in those years of toil and strife, and sin,
That Joseph learned to trust in him,
And pointed the path the Saints should tread
When Joseph and Hyrum would be dead.
At last the storm in fury broke
At Carthage jail, with cruel stroke,
Joseph and Hyrum both were slain—
The Church had lost its head again.

Then Brigham's lion heart was seen—
With master mind he spanned the stream,
And led the bleeding Saints to Utah's inland sea,
And planted them in liberty,
In valleys sheltered by lofty snow-capped domes,
Where God has smiled upon their homes.

And then he brought the poor from every land
And made a strong united band;
Taught them how to till the soil,
Taught them peace—to cease turmoil;
Taught them to give a helping hand

To every soul throughout their land.
He taught our children to be kind
And pure, and truthful, and refined.
And God so blessed the work thus done,
That millions loved the name of Brigham Young.

## MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

Mary Y. Roberts—dear May,
This is a warm, beautiful winter day,
And your mother says it's your birthday;
That forty years ago, precisely at dinner time,
Your earthly life began to shine.
Such a tiny, faint little glimmer—
A mere dot, a spark dropped from above,
From the mystic, boundless ocean of love,
The mother, and Giver of all creation;
We were waiting, looking, and praying for you;
We wanted you, yet we hardly knew
How to prepare properly for your reception.
But your mother did the best she could,
And with Aunt Marinda's help so clever,
And with your grandpa, kind and good,
They nursed the little feeble flame
To life; helped it gain courage to remain,
And it became a source of joy forever.

What ups and downs have passed since then!
Who knew the future, where, how, and when
The lightning's flash from out the storm
Would crush to earth some loved one's form—
Or tear loved branches from the tree,
And shroud the home in misery?

For pain and death come to the earth
Unheralded. Not so with birth.
Death comes; we have no power to stay the blow.
It strikes; the dearest ones are first to go,
No matter how firm the heart-strings cling;
'Tis like a bird upon the wing—
Soon 'scapes the reach of our weak hands,
And takes its flight to other lands
While we, held by an unseen power,
Are crushed by the sorrows of the hour;
We droop, and like the bird we've caged,
Against our prison bars we wage
A restless warfare, seeking in vain,
Freedom from life that gives us pain.
But freedom's boon will never come,
Until we learn, "Thy will be done,"
And every quiver of the soul
By patient guard has learned control;
And prove another law divine,
That every act reaps of its kind,
And all who sow in purity and love,
Reap a rich harvest from above.

You, dear child, born forty years ago,
Have drunk your cup of grief and woe.
This is the arch of the span of life;
It marks the zenith of earthly strife.
For forty years you've climbed and climbed—
It is enough. Hereon the path shall wind
'Mid shaded groves of field and flowers,
Bringing bright days, and pleasant hours;
No storm shall rise to cross your path again,
But what the cold shall turn to summer rain,

And every cloud, by children's love dispelled,
Will whisper peace, and, mother, all is well.

These are the words a father's lips declare;
From this time on your life shall taste, and share
The peace and love, the joy and bliss
That crowns a life of righteousness.

## SOME THINGS THAT I REMEMBER

I am seventy-seven years old today—
My step is light, but my hair is gray.
The ear and eye are not so bright,
Showing a failing in hearing and sight.
And I cannot run as once I could,
When legs and lungs were strong and good.
My breath goes short as I climb the hill,
Showing that strength is not equal to will;
For hope and will, blessed gifts of God,
Are strong in my heart like an iron rod;
Leading my feet in their earthly strife,
Pointing my soul to a higher life.

What a flood of sorrow, what an ocean of joy
Has crossed my path, as man and boy!
O, could I tell the changes I've seen,
'Twould equal in romance Alladin's dream.
It would quicken our pulse with a warm desire
To review the deeds of our noble sires;
For progress and growth in the realms of thought,
Are often with pain and sorrow bought;
And the richest gifts that crown our lives,
Come as a reward for a heart's sacrifice.

I remember when seven summers had fled,
Of kneeling beside a sick mother's bed;
With her motherly hand on my curly head,
She told me that Joseph and Hyrum were dead.
How deeply we loved the patriarch and seer
Was shown by the thousands who wept at their bier;
The Saints at Nauvoo were crushed by the blow—
'Twas my first comprehension of national woe,
For Israel that day lost a heavenly treasure,
A shepherd who fed them with wisdom unmeasured.

I remember full well the Prophet's sweet smile
As he patted my head, I a weak, sickly child,
And said to my father, "Fear not, Brother Young,
For a long life awaits this dear little son.
He will grow up to manhood, the priesthood he'll
hold,
And carry the gospel to nations untold."
Those kind words of promise illumined my soul;
The light is still with me, although I am old.

The next I remember was the ice-flowing tide
Of the great Mississippi, its flood a mile wide,
The shout of the boatmen, the splash of their oars,
As they pushed the huge scow from the river's east
shore.
They were giants in stature, and fearless and bold,
They shrunk not in danger, nor shivered in cold
There was tall Thomas Grover, and brave Warren
Snow,
And three other heroes whose names I don't know.
With skill and endurance they stemmed the wild tide,
And landed their freight on the Iowa side.

Say, what was the freight that faced ice, wind, and snow?
'Twas the Saints who were fleeing from homes in Nauvoo.

I remember the camp fires that blazed high in the woods,
While one side was freezing, one scorched where we stood;
And the anguish of childbirth, when the mother's strength failed,
Was drowned by the fury of the tempest and hail.
'Twas a cruel, bitter struggle with cold and with rain:
The route of our journey was marked with our slain;
With zeal, faith, and courage, ne'er excelled by man,
The journey to Utah our fathers began.
I walked with the children, and helped drive the sheep,
Hatless and shoeless, with sore bleeding feet.

The wonderful journey was ended at last —
Forgotten in pleasures, were the cold wintry blasts;
For the sunshine of Utah brought strength, peace, and health,
With a promise, if faithful, of the blessings of wealth;
The words of the Prophet in part were fulfilled;
Israel had fled to the mountains, an empire to build.

Sixteen summers had passed, and I had grown tall—
Five feet, lacking two inches, as I leaned 'gainst the wall;

And I weighed ninety-six pounds, on Father Neff's
scales
In the old grist mill, overlooking our vales.

At the annual conference, in eighteen fifty-four,
I was called on a mission, new fields to explore,
With twenty companions, young men bright and
clean,
With them Joseph F. Smith, a boy of fifteen,
Manly, studious and faithful, keys to a life and career
That has crowned him as President, Prophet and Seer.
One night, sleeping with him on the isle of Maui(ee),
At President Hammond's, 'neath a banana tree,
I was wakened from slumber by Joseph's sharp cry—
A centipede stung him, in the core of the eye.
The venomous reptile struck the tenderest part;
The poison soon spread from the brain to the heart.
How fearfully he suffered the rest of the night!
It was feared, through our ignorance, he might lose
his sight.
Then the power of the priesthood came to our aid,
By anointing and prayer the pain was allayed.

My mission is ended, four years have slipped by—
Without purse or scrip, repentance I've cried;
The will of the Father I've tried hard to do,
And by doing, I know the gospel is true.
Again, I have seen the dark clouds of strife
Hang over our people, and threaten the lives
Of Brigham, and Heber, and John Taylor, too,
And all the brave spirits that to Joseph were true;
But there's more union in Zion today
Than was found in Nauvoo when they drove us away.

We are nerved for the battle, and first on the program
Is to burn up our homes, leave a desolate land—
Leave it barren and foodless, as when we first came;
Not a tree, nor a shelter will we leave on the plain.
Our wives and our children to the mountains must hie,
Then we'll fight for our rights, for we fear not to die.
The people responded with a hearty amen,
For the spirit of freedom burned bright in our glens;
Then wagons and horses, men and women, with carts,
Form in squads and battalions; for Sonora they start;
For three hundred miles, from Logan to Cedar,
A moving, human stream, without captain or leader,
For the light of the prophets was shining so bright
That the humblest pedestrian could see its bright light.
But He, who moves in curious ways, his wonders to perform,
Accepted the offered sacrifice, and calmed the rising storm.

Today, Zion's cities are the wonder of the world,
And a temple of beauty stands where our banner is unfurled;
And on the waste, where, as a boy, I herded cows and sheep,
Now twice a year, the Saints of God in solemn conference meet.
And many strangers yearly come our temple to behold,
And go away, and often say, "The half has not been told."

These are the scenes that many years have brought
into my view,
And I testify, with soberness, the words I speak are
true;
And to my wives and children dear, who cluster round
my hearth,
I say, with tears of happiness, I'm glad I had a birth.